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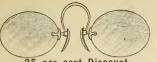
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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

Vol. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 1.

The Aunts of Apollo.

A STUDY.*

N THE two Misses Millard's closet of family skeletons. prim, well-swept, and scented with bunches of sweetgrass, and where, in a spirit of New English practicality, they might also have kept their preserves, there was one——the very king and emperor of all the white bone-lords enthroned upon those neatly papered shelves. He represented to Miss Charlotte and Miss Sarah Ellen the anniversary of a terrible public calamity, the incurrence of disgrace to a long and honorable line of ancestors. There were other commemorating skeletons in that assembly; one to the falling down of Miss Charlotte's embroidered petticoat as she was dancing at a grand ball given in honor of the Governor at the Town Hall; and another, keeping green the memory of a certain dish of crimson cranberry sauce, which Miss Sarah Ellen, upon the minister's bald head and the foam of white locks that broke (And it was about that theological islet, had upset! this same day, Miss Charlotte was wont to observe, as she told the story to a sympathetic lady caller of an afternoon in the darkened back parlor; it was this same evening that Sarah Ellen was spoken for by Joseph Curtis, and refused him!) But these were but alabaster infants that sat one upon the left hand, the other upon the right of that giant which stood for one fourth of July spent in Boston with their nephew Kenneth.

They had purchased a camel's hair shawl that day, and this was buried, together with an embroidered petticoat, in an old oaken coffin of girlish ribbons and bows up in the garret. When either of the sisters had been to this chest the other by certain sure signs might know it: then if perchance Delia, the damsel who served these two memory haunted ladies, had cranberry sauce ready for tea it were well that she

^{*}Note-From Apollo, Evangelist. See note at the end of the article.

should save it till the morrow. For, aside from the vaguely melancholy odor of camphire that spiced the air, there were other tokens, of oracular significance to the watchful Delia: there was a little shining in the sisters' averted eyes and a little flush burning through the powder on the delicately wrinkled cheeks (the sisters used powder, softly and lightly and prettily, as the earth silvers over her autumnal foliage with the frosts of October).—Ah! poor old virgins, waiting lonely in the darkness for the bridegrooms who come not, would God that when the Spring was young in those thickets of your cheeks other roses might have bloomed there, more sweetly shameful!

They were old maids. Two of that sisterhood, most numerous in New England, in whose members' lives, as rose leaves and immortelle are stored in caskets of sandal wood, are lain away, our sweetest comedies, our saddest poems, our most exquisite tragedies. They are the vestals of sad statistics, guarding the sacred flame of monogamy in a temple of the ideal—on an altar of the real. Poor working bees, gathering honey from life's flowers without that final knowledge that makes it sweetest and most golden, is the occasional child they hold to their empty breasts more to them than an unopened book? What does the little pink-bound volume say to them, of days and nights, of joys holy and pains more holy, of flowers brighter, of waters greener, of skies deeper, of tears hotter, of songs more silver?

They were old maids, Miss Charlotte and Miss Sarah Ellen, living in a little seaside cottage, so neat and set upon a little lawn so square and smooth that one looking at it from a passing steamer would have called it a child's forgotten toy, left lying on a green rug. Every year the Misses Millard spent a month in the White Mountains, where they met other ladies, very like themselves, and whence they brought fresh quantities of balsamic fir for the front parlor sofa pillows, this latter being the more important item. The rest of the year they spent at home, living an arduous and busy existence of herb-gathering, fruit preserving, and dusting. Each sister's room was filled with little gifts the other had given her on her birthday or at Christmas. There were tiny bits of silver and china, faint and fading water colors, and silken things upon the chairs, and knitted lace that seemed to hold immeshed the snowy winter twilight of the many natal evenings. Then, in Miss Sarah Ellen's room there was a motto, hung next her certificate of graduation from the Boston grammar school. The motto said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Misses Millard did not read much. There were several books on the front parlor table into which they dipped once in a while, with a sense of duty; for the books had been given them. There had been a time when they had read little love stories, sometimes aloud. But they did not care for them now. The oil was burning low. They did not even talk very much, nor very loudly. In thirty or forty years' companionship one has said most of one's mortal repertoire.

Sometimes when the sisters were walking out on the lawn before tea Miss Charlotte would say, "See the sunset." And Miss Sarah Ellen would look up softly questioning: then Miss Charlotte would repeat her remark. For Miss Sarah Ellen was perhaps getting a trifle deaf; and it ishard to keep up one's end of a conversation when one has many intricate lace patterns to remember, as well as the morrow's dusting. Then they would go into tea lest the evening dampness should catch them. Once, at this meal, Delia had served them a new kind of sauce which she had learned in Lynn, but neither of the sisters would eat of it.

After tea they would sit waiting for darkness, in the parlor, where the pale pink geraniums in the window box faded gradually into the gray of the twilight, They were very like the sisters' cheeks, those flowers, smitten by the ocean's breath.

If you had asked the Misses Millard whether they knew any men, they would have answered, to be sure they did. Was there not the man who mowed their lawn, and who very politely took off his hat, always, when either of them went out to him first in the early morning. Then they know their bankers in Boston, men who sat in leather chairs behind great plate glass windows, like prosperous gold fish in upper front aquariums. And they were quite as large and quite as red as is given mortal man to be. Besides these there were at least twenty men whom they did not know so well. Oh yes, they knew men. Nevertheless it was rather a trial when their nephew, Kenneth Millard, came up from his home in South America to attend college, and they realized that, as their brother's son, they must pay him some attention. That was eight years ago, when Kenneth was about twenty years old.

If it was a trial to his aunts it was certainly one to Kenneth

also, that first visit to the cottage. His life on a ranch in Brazil had been a very lonely one. He had seen very few women and known scarcely any, other than his mother. But he must have known her very well. These slender, white, flat-chested sisters of his father interested as much as they troubled him.

Their hands are like this china, he was thinking, as they gave him tea in thin, white porcelain, with rings of gold about it, telling him in their small voices, and with but little hope of interesting him, that it had been brought over from England.

Their two little voices worried him as mosquitoes do a sleeper. They would sing towards him out of the silence with an irrelevant question about his home, or an entreaty, often reiterated in the kindness of their hearts, to have some more preserve or another piece of bread; and he would brush at them with a hasty "Yes" or "No" and go back to his thoughts. He had tried telling them about Brazil in an interesting and connected manner. They were very curious concerning that distant land but they did not seem able to grasp his rapidly spoken words, perhaps with an accent a trifle strange to them. They would listen quietly, then astonish him with a question that made him wonder if they had been asleep. This method of questioning continued in use during several of his earlier visits, they kept a written list of questions to ask him when he should next come. At last, wearied past endurance, with the calmness and determination of a vivisector he experimented, trying to produce astonishment in the two innocent old ladies. Some of the facts he told them would have caused considerable agitiation in scientific circles had either of the Misses Millard chosen to write a monograph on Brazil.

Kenneth was a well built fellow of medium height, with a kind of changeable beauty about his dark, irregular features. His hair was rather longer than the conventional young man's, and he wore a sombrero, that afternoon when he first saw his aunts. They looked at his hair, as he shook hands with them; then their eyes met.

"He wears it longer than Mr. Broadstreet's," said Miss Charlotte, hesitatingly, after he had gone upstairs. "Some men do." Mr. Bradstreet was one of their bankers.

After a few moments silence, Miss Sarah Ellen, with seeming irrelevance, reminded her sister that the grocer's boy wore a hat that might be called large. She had been holding Ken-

neth's in her lap. She noticed that it had a faint odor, not unpleasant: then she remembered that the hat of Mr. Joseph Curtis, while he was waiting upon her, smelled of hair oil.

The two ladies looked upon their nephew as they might have done upon a large Newfoundland dog. They were disposed to like him but—he was hard to get used to. Then they realized dimly that he was strange even of his kind, and that troubled them.

He began to come more and more often to the little cottage. At first he had come on holidays occasionally; then he would run down from Boston between whiles; finally he decided to spend a summer with them. The ladies liked to go about with him; it pleased them to meet their neighbors, going to or from the station, and to see their young man, as they called him, take off his hat as they passed and spoke. As for Kenneth, he was very fond of and deeply interested in his aunts.

It was on his third or fourth visit that, as they were having tea in the geranium scented parlor, he crushed one of the porcelain cups in his strong brown hand. He watched his aunts attentively, while he was apologizing for his awkwardness. They were pale. It had been many years since they had lost a piece of that precious old china. They always washed it, wiped it and put it away themselves.

"It is good," said Kenneth to himself, "that they should have something hurt them occasionally besides headaches."

That night for the first time he kissed one of his aunts. It was Miss Charlotte, as she sat in the back parlor sewing a button on one of his shirts. He leaned over the back of her chair and put his lips to her cheek. Then he went out into the garden, leaving Miss Charlotte sitting quite still and upright in her chair. She finished sewing on the button and went upstairs to her sister. She said nothing about the kiss, though her conscience troubled her for being silent. The next day she was comforted. She saw Kenneth caress her sister in the same way, as Miss Sarah Ellen was trimming a rose bush in the garden.

"My hair is not quite so gray as sister's, I think," remarked Miss Charlotte thoughtfully, and with her accustomed irrelevance, as she glanced at her mirror a moment afterwards. When the sisters looked into each other's eyes the next time each was much surprised to observe the other blush. Like-

wise they both fancied they could detect a faint bit of camphire in the air.

"The camel's hair shawl!" thought Miss Sarah Ellen.

"The camel's hair shawl!" thought Miss Charlotte.

"Dear old girls!" thought Kenneth, sniffing the roses in the garden. "It is a damned shame that a fellow can't have every woman too old for him to marry, for his mother."

And now about the camel's hair shawl: and what happened on that never-to-be-forgotten day in Boston: it was shortly after Kenneth came from South America the first time. The details of the matter were, for me, shrouded in mystery until several years ago when he himself told me all about it. I don't think the Misses Millard permitted themselves even to think about it, except perhaps at midnight, in the dark of the moon.

Kenneth wrote up the happenings of that day in a story which he named "Bacchus and My Aunts." Then under a nom de plume he sent it to a large magazine. The characters were well disguised of course. He told me the tale was so well written and he enjoyed its acceptance so greatly in anticipation that he quite exhausted the pleasures of fame and did not care at all when it was rejected, first by his chosen magazine, then by nearly every other, each in its turn. At last one tiny, mush-room publication paid him twenty-five dollars for it, and it became the first of his printed ego.

Now the most exciting chapter in the Misses Millard's life (it would be sheer flattery to pretend that they had more than one life between them, and of the very smallest size at that), and the first chapter of their nephew's publication began thus.

During Kenneth's second or third stay at the cottage, when his aunts were becoming better acquainted with him, at a moment when, after a peculiarly ingenious fabrication on their victim's part, the ladies had withdrawn from the Brazilian discussion for a breathing spell, Miss Charlotte began to sound him on the temperance question. (It is a peculiarity of our every day logic that when we speak of the temperance question) was it true, Miss Charlotte asked, that some times—not often of course—some of the oldest boys at his college—occasionally—drank—beer? That — much less often of course—when they had drunk a great deal—perhaps three or four glasses—they became—intoxicated? That when in

this condition they did not go home till very late—till morning in fact—even singing songs to that effect—and—there were—peculiar mechanical effects of illumination? She supposed there was very little truth in it. She had merely overheard two young men talking about it at the railroad station.

Kenneth replied with grave deliberation and lovingly, (they reminded him of his mother strangely, though she was rather a woman of the world, certainly not an ignorant one), that it was quite true. That some of the very oldest fellows—occasionally did drink—beer. That there were—results!

Whereupon his aunts informed him that at the very next monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union they were going to have their names proposed for membership, in order that they might do their little to prevent the spread of intemperance, and to put a stop to it in his college and elsewhere.

Kenneth, after a moment's silence, asked whether as respectable spinsters they would presume to advise anyone on the management of infants.

The ladies looked at each other, as ones having guilty memories, but shook their heads in denial, while Kenneth, happily ignorant of the illustration's inapplicability to maidens of uncertain age, went on to ask whether, as inland dwellers, and persons never having seen a storm at sea, they would try for positions in a life saving station.

The ladies in utter bewilderment, protested that they would never under any circumstances think of trying for positions in a life saving station. Miss Sarah Ellen as the elder deciding on the spur of the moment that it would not be proper.

When Kenneth returned from the garden, whither he had gone in an extasy of laughter, (he had never troubled after the first to conceal his amusement at his aunts, and they, never dreaming that they could provoke smiles, considered sudden merriment an independent characteristic of the animal, as of a dog to wag his tail) he surprised them by proposing that they come to Boston on the next Friday, the third of July, stay over night at a quiet hotel, and witness the celebration of the national holiday.

Here in justice to myself I must say that I do not agree with Kenneth's reasoning at this point of his proceedings.

I do not think it needful for a physician to have suffered with every sickness he may undertake to cure, and I do think that without having experienced either murdering or being murdered, a man may very vigorously and with reason object to that practice. I have heard him say that it would be expedient as well as more consistent if there were required of every candidate for temperance work a physician's certificate of having been at least once pleasantly intoxicated. But perhaps both our views are wrongly extreme. Kenneth says that immediately he had a sincere desire to broaden their lives, to wake them up; that generally he disliked to see people applying their living energy to some vast theoretical abstraction, when the plants in the window needed water. Whatever may be the ethical aspect of his motives, Miss Sarah Ellen and Miss Charlotte came to Boston.

In the afternoon his aunts did some shopping, rested, and rather hastily finished their dinner that they might accompany him to the theatre. In their girlhood they had seen most of Shakespeare's plays and many of the old comedies, so that he had no prejudices to fight in that direction.

From a comfortably large list of attractions he had chosen a comic opera, as calculated to shock their ideas of dressing into a state of healthy broadness, as well as to amuse. He was unable to decide whether or not they had enjoyed the play: they were very silent. But as he had expected they were a trifle hungry. They went to a café and ordered some light food, Kenneth suggesting as an afterthought that they have also some beer.

This was the critical moment. Would they refuse? They were not women who had very positive ideas on any subject. They had never tasted beer and they realized that by some it was condemned. But there were many deserts of which they had never tasted and which they thought might nevertheless be very good. Also they knew that people disagreed even on such important matters as religion and politics, to say nothing of beer. Miss Charlotte was the more opposed to it of the two. She had a confused recollection of a certain temperance lecture she had heard in her youth. In her memory, over a mazy landscape of magic lantern slides, shone as a red harvest moon, the inflamed nose of that unfortunate inebriate whom the lecturer had used as a living exclamation point to punctuate some of his most telling sentences.

In the meanwhile, as a matter of course, the beer had been brought and opened. It was by their plates, yellow, foam-capped, and purring in airy satisfaction at having escaped the bottle. At this moment Miss Sarah Ellen, looking at the next table beheld a lady sipping from just such a glass of amber fluid as her own. The lady was attired in magnificent black velvet brocade, heavily trimmed with jet. Could a creature robed in that fabric do wrong? Miss Sarah Ellen, fixing her eyes on the brocade, placed the glass to her lips. "It must have cost seven dollars a yard if it cost a cent!" thought she.

Miss Charlotte had been to the Centennial at Philadelphia. While there, of a western man happening to stop at the same house, she had learned the details of a quaint game called poker, played with cards. Was she, having been looked upon for many years by Miss Sarah Ellen as comparatively a woman of the world, was she in the latter years of her life to be surpassed in worldiness by her sister? Get thee behind her thou moon nosed exclamation point! Get thee into the mountain heights of thy magic lantern slides! Miss Charlotte drank deeply of her beverage.

Really, in spite of its unpleasant taste, it was not very unlike cider. A little lighter in color certainly but that was a point in its favor. Its warmth in the throat was soothing. Miss Sarah Ellen with a glance called her sister's attention to the brocade. Yes, about seven, she should judge, signified the eyes of Miss Charlotte. They sipped their beer industriously, considering it better to dispose of all unpleasant business, before settling to a discussion of the black brocade. The trimming is very like that on sister's dolman, thought Miss Charlotte. Kenneth was beginning a story. She was sure it was going to be a funny one and easy to understand, it sounded very pleasant, and slow and vibratory. Kenneth had moved further away evidently. A glance from her sister called her attention to the lady in black. She of the brocade was just having her glass refilled. Then for the first time Miss Charlotte noticed that her glass had likewise been filled again. She sipped the liquor slowly, smiling. What a good boy Kenneth was! She was surprised to perceive her sister wink! That is, she felt that she ought to have been surprised. Her sister, hater of all vulgarity, wink! Following the direction of Miss Sarah Ellen's eyes, she saw that three of the jet stars which decorated the hem of the brocade skirt were missing. Frowning to show her disapproval of such criminal carelessness, Miss Charlotte winked three times in rapid succession to denote that she understood exactly the extent of the loss. At least she thought she had counted three. It was very difficult. It occured to her that the jet ornaments were—yes she felt she could apply to them an adjective that she had heard Kenneth use rather often—they were—they were—athletic! She heard Kenneth and Miss Sarah Ellen laughing. So he had finished his story; it was certainly a very funny one, something about Cuba. She remembered a story herself—about a certain hive of pigs which—she beheld her sister smiling peacefully, if rather strangely, across her third glass of beer—or perhaps more correctly through it, for certainly . . .

"He timpers the wind to a shorn lamb!" exclaimed the motherly woman with a strong Irish accent, who came out of the Misses Millard's room. "They're sleepin', peaceful as babes, a bit of a cocktail in the mornin' an—" "Yes" said Kenneth, waiting in the hall. "Don't go into them until very late in the morning, will you, Mrs. Karney? And be very good to them!"

He had taken his aunts, two very happy and quite dignified little figures in black silk, directly from the café, to their hotel, there giving them into Mrs. Karney's care.

The next morning he sent them by that good woman, a basket of flowers and a blue bottle containing a powder, advising them, in an affectionate little note, that its contents would make their heads feel better.

"How could he have known!" exclaimed Miss Sarah Ellen, sitting up in bed. "Charlotte, did you—did you—notice anything—that is—I looked most particularly at the lights—you remember?"

"Oh, Nellie," moaned Miss Charlotte from the pillow, "I did not notice anything."

The next time Kenneth came to the cottage it was without having been invited. His aunts, seeing him coming up the path, fled each to her room and there wept. Shortly after, secretly approaching Delia by the back stairs, to that damsel's consternation each had deposited with her a list of all

the things Kenneth liked best that she might prepare them for tea. Meanwhile they had not joined the temperance association.

Jean Ross Irvine.

*Note.—See first note.—The lack of unity in this article, the insubordination of apparently minor details, the, to a certain extent, plotlessness of it—its general lack of organic wholeness—makes it well perhaps to explain that it is but a sketched part of a future writing, scarcely more than bits of description, some of which seemed pleasant to the writer, wherefore they are published.—[Editor.]

The Chartreuse.

'Twas o'er a dusty cobwebbed bottle, old, From which he poured a wine of ruddy glint, Of choice selection from the Chartreuse vint; Mine host, a travelled man, of these things told.

T'was not when warm and balmy nights
Allure the traveller to the Alpine Heights;
But Nature wrapped in linen pure and white
Lay sleeping 'neath a starry night.
Such was the night, when I fatigued and slow
With trudging all day through the fallen snow
Arrived within the precincts of a holy town;
And near its walls I laid me down—
Earth, shrouded in the sable wings of night;
My roof, the vault of heaven with gems bedight—
I slept.

But scarce my limbs had found repose
When loud into the midnight air arose,
The weird unearthly clanging of a bell.
The monks who in their tiny chalets dwell
Came forth. Silent as stars, when one by one
Their first faint light the earth they cast upon;
So were the friars, as each a lantern bore
And the white sacred Chartreuse cassock wore.
Two thousand forms ascend the heights;
With silent tread they come, with flickering lights
Into the chapel, plain and dank and cold;
Like caves wherein sea's mighty waves have rolled.

Then sweet as rippling music of fountains; Clear as streams of virgin woods and mountains; The priests at mass their heavenly strains outpour. As rumbling torrents through the gorges roar, Thus did the monks with heart and voice reply.

The midnight mass was o'er. Then dumbly, Cowléd ghostlike forms, they mix with night.

I. Stafford Goddard.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

[Cyrano de Bergerac is the title of a play recently written by Edmond Rostand, a young French author. For the three years, since it appeared, it has created a furore at every representation. Coquelin, claimed to be the greatest living actor, after a continuous success in Paris, took it to London and is to bring it to the United States this winter. Translations have been made for Irving and Mansfield Even in the English, although much of the beauty of the verse and the innate French charm must be lost, the presentation has had an immense success in New York. Critics rank it among the greatest works of the French dramatists.] *

THE Gascon is the ideal type of Frenchman. Coming from a little corner of southern France, he has furnished the greatest heroes to Gallic history and fiction. The famous king, Henry IV, was Gascon to his last breath. D'Artagnan was but the greatest of the Languedoc nobles, who, penniless and landless, yet haughtier even than their superiors, and ever looking out for a quarrel, came to Paris in pursuit of fame. Brilliant, daring, a strange compound of impulse and deliberation, faithfulness and insubordinancy, fierce in love and war; the Gascon is known as the best friend and the bitterest enemy. In physique they are all alike; tall, thin, quick as a cat, with sharp, nervous faces.

"Oeil d'aigle, jambe de cigogue, Moustache de chat, dents de lout."

They were the most dreaded adversaries in those duels, which formerly bedotted a gentleman's life. But their distinguishing traits were the nasal accent, and the innumerable strange oaths, used on all occasions.

About the time of Henry XIII, there was a member of the Gascon guard, who by his literary genius and brilliancy in duelling attracted the attention of all Paris. He was a Langnedoc baron, Cyrano de Bergerac. Gifted with a wellformed body and a noble mind, he was considered the ugliest man of his time. His face was well-formed, surmounted by a lofty brow, but it was disfigured by a tremendous nose. "Ah, sirrahs, what a nose is that! You can't see such a one without thinking 'surely he is going to take it off' but M. de Bergerac has never done that." And whoever made a reference to it by even snuffling was liable to be impaled on Cyrano's ever-ready, ever-successful sword.

Although he was full of whimsical conceit, nevertheless he was willing to acknowledge any good. Boasting loudly, yet not vain-glorious, since he ever told the truth, and proved it with his sword. Free from all convention, without even a titled protector, he dared to attack in lampoons the folly or wickedness of the most powerful. Even when patronage was offered he refused it. "What! to breakfast on a toad; to have your skin grow dirty first about the knees; to execute feats of dorsal gymnastics? No thanks! no thanks! no thanks! But to sing, to dream, laugh, saunter idly, be alone and be free. To have a fearless eye, a voice that vibrates, to wear, if you choose, your hat on your ear, for a yes or a no to fight,—or write verse. Not to climb high, perchance, but alone."

His best characteristic was his high, unselfish love for Roxana, a cousin of his, but who, though he had loved her since childhood, had never known of his love.

"Without so willing it

A mortal danger. Dream at once and lure Of Nature, exquisite! A perfumed rose Wherein Love sets his subtle ambuscade

Who knows her smile knows perfection," so he describes her, but, in the next breath, he adds:

"Consider what illusion I could keep
With this protuberance! Sometimes, I must confess
In the blue evening, when the garden sweets
Distill their perfumes, that I, too, grow fond,
And my poor old probosculum breathes in
The gifts of April. Then if 'neath the moon
Passes a cavalier, and on his arm
A lady leans, I dream of a like burden
Until I see upon the garden-wall
The shadow of my profile—
My friend, I often pass bad hours
Being so hideous."

He even ordered an actor, who had so much as dared to ogle her, to stay off the boards for a month, and, when the fellow tried to disobey, he was driven from the stage at the point of Cyrano's sword. The same night, just as he was leaving the theatre, Roxana's duenna came to make an appointment in behalf of her mistress for the next morning before mass.

About this time a young baron, named Christian de Neuvillee, enter the Gascon guard. During the short time he had been in Paris, he fell in love with a woman, whose name he did not know, until some one told him that she was Roxana, a cousin of the famous Cyrano.

The next morning an hour before the time, Cyrano was at the rendezvous. Finally Roxana came. She had come to tell him that she loved a certain cadet of the Gascon guard, whom she was sure loved her, who was young, noble, brilliant—and handsome. Cyrano, having for a moment thought himself the chosen one, jumped to his feet with a cry of pain. He mastered himself, finding an excuse in a newly received wound. Then Roxana made him promise to tell Christian, who was her chosen one, of her favor for him.

That day Cyrano drew Christian aside, and told him of Roxana's love. But Christian could not be overjoyed; he knew that he had neither wit nor brilliancy. But Cyrano, foreseeing how Roxana would suffer at the young fellow's boorishness, keeping, however, his own love secret, offered to teach him suitable words. For a time this arrangement worked perfectly; Christian, learning his impassioned speeches, and repeating them to Roxana. One unlucky day, the young fellow rebelled against this borrowing. But, when he was with Rozana, he could only blurt out, "I love you," "I adore you." Thoroughly disgusted with his unaccustomed stupidity, Roxana left him. The poor fellow rushed to Cyrano, beseeching him to restore him in favor. Cyrano consented, and together they reached Roxana's garden just at dusk. She comes out on a balcony. Then Christian repeats the words which Cyrano whispers from the shadows. In a moment this becomes impracticable, and Cyrano, pushing Christian out of sight, takes his place. At first he is confused, but his tremendous love takes possession of his whole being, and whispering, in order that she may not know him, he pours forth his soul in a wonderful love-pleading. As

Cyrano, now unconscious of himself, of Christian, of everything, reaches a climax, Christian from beneath the balcony cries, "A kiss." For a second, Roxana is brought down from the stars, but Cyrano takes up the word: "A kiss, what is it when all is said? It is an oath a little more binding, a promise more exacting. It is the rose colored dot over the verb aimer; it is a secret which mouth tells to mouth; it is a moment of infinity, which brushes by with the sound of a bee; a communion-wafer bearing the taste of flowers; a way of letting one heart breathe of the other's fragrance; and of one soul tasting, at the lip's touching, the soul of the other"

Now he pushes Christian forward, that he may climb the balcony, while he himself, racked with the tortures of panting unrequitted love, stays beneath to content himself with bittersweet philosophy.

"Aïe, my heart, a kiss? Love's feast is this, And I, below, play Lazarus? Yet a crumb From that rich table falls of right to me, Since, from the lips, where falls Roxana's kiss She sucks the sweet of words that I have spoken."

At this point a capucin enters, bearing a letter for Roxana. Cyrano appears as if he had just arrived. The letter is from the duke de Guiche, a powerful suitor of Roxana's, and it says that he will soon come to see her. Roxana with the ready wit of a woman, reads it as bidding the capucin to marry her to Christian. But the duke's revenge is easy; he orders the Gascon regiment, which is under his command to depart for the seige of Arras. The virgin-bride can only exact a promise from Cyrano that her husband will be protected.

At the seige, through de Guiche's hate, the Gascons are given the most exposed position, and are the nearest starved in the famine. At last, harrassed by the pangs of hunger, they rebel. Cyrano tries to rally them.

"Oh, you always have a joke ready," says one.

"Yes, the point! the pun!

And I would like to die some evening under a rosy sky, making a bon mot for a belle cause."

ALL.

I am hungry!

Approach, Bertrandon the fifes, ancient shepherd; From its double case of leather take one of thy pipes, Breathe into it and play upon that confusion of holes and keys

Those old airs of our country with their sweet haunting rhythm.

Each note of which is dear as a little sister
In which remains imprisoned the sound of loved voices;
Those airs whose slow movement is that of the smoke
Which the natal hamlet exhales from its roofs.
Listen Gascons—No longer 'neath his fingers
Is this the fife of camps. 'Tis the flute of the woods.
'Tis the slow warble of our goat-herds at home.
Listen? 'Tis the vale, the plain, the pasture, the forest,
'Tis the little brown shepherd under his cloth cap.
Listen Gascons, 'tis all Gascony!

Heads are bowed, tears furtively wiped away, but they rouse immediately at the sound of a drum. It is announced that they are to withstand an attack of the Spanish, while the rest of the army goes foraging. A carriage drives up just now, with the coachman crying: "Service du roi." When the door is opened, to the amazement of all Roxana steps out. When she is entreated to leave, on account of the approaching battle, she refuses absolutely. Meanwhile Cyrano is confessing to Christian that he has written to Roxana twice a day, since the regiment left, and gives him one he has just written As the young man reads it, he begins to see through Cyrono's magnificent deception. When he sees teardrops on the papers, he is convinced, and Roxana in her first tête a tête with her husband tells him that now she loves his genius far more than she had loved his body; that even if he became deformed, her love would be unabated. Christian does not hesitate a minute, he calls Cyrano and tells him to have Roxana choose between them. For a moment the selfish temptation is strong, but Cyrano crushes it down. Meanwhile there is a volley outside, and cadets enter bearing a body. Cyrano tries to prepare Roxana, but, tearing herself away, she rushes over to where her husband, shot in the first volley, lies dying. He tries to speak but Cyrano whispers to him that she loves him still, and the poor fellow, looking toward his wife with a radiant smile, dies. Outside there is continuous firing. The cadets rush in and group themselves around Cyrano.

CYRANO, (speaking Gascon patois.)

"Hardi! Reculés pas drollos!" (To the Captain.) Have no fear.

I have two deaths to revenge: Christian and my happiness. Escrasas lous! Toumbé déssus!

A CADET (appearing on the rampart cries:) They come!

(and falls dead.)

(The rampart is crowned with a terrible mass of the enemy.) A SPANISH OFFICER:

Who are those people who are killing themselves.

CYRANO, (in the midst of the bullets:)

Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne

De Carbon de Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.

Bretteurs et menteurs sans vergogne.

The scene opens again fourteen years afterward. has entered a convent, where she lives in the memory of Christian's genius and love. Cyrano, visibly older now, lame, and with whitened hair, but still the same Cyrano, sweetened and saddened by age, comes to see her every week. He has never told her of his deception, because of his last words to Christian. He still is fighting against cowardice and vice, though he is now slowly dying of starvation and want.

One afternoon, as the leaves are falling and covering everything in the old convent garden, he is late for the first time in years. Finally he appears very pale, and leaning heavily on a cane. The two sit happily and quietly under the cool, autumn sky among the fast falling leaves.

"How beautifully they fall!

A final grace and beauty is revealed

Since they must lie and rot upon the ground,

They glide to earth like young birds from the nest," Cyrano says. Then he gives a gazette of the week's news,

stopping suddenly at Saturday.

The short October sunset begins. The talk turns to Christian, and Roxana hands Cyrano the letter which she, since his death, has treasured as her dearest possession. Cyrano reads it aloud, not as her husband's letter, but as the expression of his very soul about his own approaching fate.

"Adieu, Roxana, my hour has come 'Twill be tonight, my well beloved. My soul the burden of a love Untold still bears, I die-No more these eyes, Ne'er sated, may foresee the kiss My lips still long for. Adieu, Roxana!"

He reads in a half-whisper. The dusk is falling quickly. As he speaks, Roxana feels the years slip away; she is back on the balcony, while from below comes that golden whisper of panting, yearning love. Crossing over, she stands behind Cyrano. The night has come and she can no longer see the lines, but he continues from memory:

"My heart has never ceased to be with you. I am—and shall be in that world to come He who whom for you an infinite love Ever possessed."

The light bursts on her mind; she sees his glorious love and the whole noble deception.

At this moment, two old friends of Cyrano rush in. "'Tis true, I had not finished my gazette. And Saturday and hour before dinner, M. de Bergerac was assassinated."

(He uncovers showing his head covered with bandages.)

A lackey, hired by some powerful enemy, had dropped a plank on his head while he was passing under a window; he had risen from his death bed to see Roxana. One of his friends, hoping to please him, tells how Moliere in his newly-presented play, Scapin, had plagiarized from Cyrano's works. Cyrano answers; "Yes, mine but was the life of one who breathes—and is forgotten. Do you remember the evening when Christian spoke to you beneath the balcony? Well my whole life is there. While I stayed beneath in the shadow, another climbed to cull the kiss of glory. Moliere has genius and Christian had beauty."

The organ in the convent chapel begins to play softly, with distant thunder of diapason. Cyrano feels death creeping upon him; he cannot die, as he is, sitting in a chair. He gets up, and, placing his back against a tree, draws his sword. As he slips into the arms of death, a paroxysm of exaltation passes over him. Grand and beautiful though his love for Roxana may be, it drops from his sight; he can only see his life's work.

"What say you? Useless? No, one does not fight For victory alone. 'Tis finer when you know Defeat is sure. Who are all those who stand? Those thousands there? I recognize ye now As ancient foes. Lies, Compromise and Hate And Prejudice and Weakness—all the brood Who long to beat me down. And Folly, too, 18

Who always wins the fight. No matter so, If still I swing my aword.

(He strikes out with his sword, and stops, panting.)

You tear from me the laurel and the rose.

Snatch, if you will? But yet there is one thing

Which, spite of you, I'll carry, when this night

I enter in God's house. For this one thing

Is mine without a stain, which I have made

My Honor's gage. My soldier's White Cocade.

Robert Lounsbury Black.

*The quotations are from the play. In some cases it has been impossible to turn the English equivalent into metre, while in others it is impossible to translate without losing the beauty of thought and expression.

A Roundel.

In Spring-

On our lawn was a sapling tree, Like to a young maid, soothly lean. As maid is clothéd, so was she, In webs of green.

In Winter-

When snow was, had she not so been.
In snow up to her kneen—ah me!
She stood, stark in the snow's white sheen.

In Autumn-

With joy's shame bore she tremulously— E'en of the flowers to be so seen— Jove's love-gold, like to Danea, Gold showeréd queen!

Jean Ross Irvine.

The White Death.

A HAWAIIAN INCIDENT.

THE prophet Mohammed as he saw in the distance, the beautiful city of Damascus, said, "I will not enter the city, for I hope to see a heavenly paradise hereafter, but I will not desire to reach it, if I first visit this paradise on earth." The traveller as he nears the beautiful Sandwich islands, may also feel that he is nearing an earthly paradise. In the midst of the sunny Balboa seas, rise the eight small isles, of

which Hawaii is the largest. Their mountains are covered with everlasting snow, their valleys are gardens of flowers and fruit. The climate is soft and mild, while the inhabitants of the lovely islands are gentle, kindly and well educated. In short everything tends to make it as charming a land as any in the world.

But over this little sea-world there hovers like a shadow, an awful blight, leprosy, the "Mai Pake," or Chinese sickness. Year after year hundreds of the happy islanders are stricken with the awful disease, and driven from their homes to perish on dreary Molokai. This rocky and barren island is set apart by the government for lepers, and thither every victim of the disease is transported. It can be reached only by sea, and for a person to escape from it, is next to impossible. Here among two thousand hopeless and heart-broken people, the poor wretch who has the pestilence, shut off from all communication with the outside world, drags out a miserable existence, till the disease has fairly rotted his body to pieces, and kind death comes to release him from his agonies. Some are children torn from their mother's arms, some are brides, some are educated and refined young men, who a year ago were full of hope and ambition.

On one of the loveliest of the eight islands, the island of Mauai, there was living not many years ago, a rich and prosperous native family by the name of Sunallillo. Surrounded by every luxury that the island could afford, these happy people, father, mother and daughter lived in contentment and happiness, till the daughter was about seventeen. Then there came an awful day, when it was discovered that both father and mother had become victims to the white death. Accepting as best they might the inevitable, they sold their home, and left the bright island of Mauai to join their fellow sufferers on rocky and desolute Molokai. But though she was carefully examined, no trace of the disease could be found in the daughter, Muloa, and consequently she was left with relatives on Mauai.

The Hawaiian women are among the most beautiful in the world, tall and erect, with a rich olive complexion and large dreamy eyes. Of the very finest type of native beauty was the orphan Muloa. Handsome as she was, she might well have fascinated any one, and it was not long before she attracted the notice of a young Honolulan, Panua, by name.

Between the two a friendship sprang up, which soon became love. Panua desired to make her his wife, and there was but one hindrance to the match. Under ordinary circumstances, there would have been no trouble, but it was a well known fact, that the parents of the young girl were both lepers.

Leprosy is a disease that runs in the family blood, and is passed on from father to child, therefore it seemed more than probable, that the disease which had stricken both father and mother would attack the child as well. It was difficult for Panua to tell what he should do. Most devotedly did he love Muloa, but could he take the risk of marrying one who might develope the leprosy after he was joined to her. His good sense, his better reason, urged him to give her up. But how could such a vile malady attack so lovely a creature as Muloa. The young man's passion proved too strong for him; it overcame his discretion. He could not sacrifice the object of his love, for a possibility or even a probability, that evil would attend his marriage to her. Panua determined to risk all, and turning a deaf ear to the repeated remonstrances of all his friends, married Muloa.

An elegant home was built for the pair on Mauai, and there they lived for some years, enjoying all the happiness that comes from youth and health and wealth. They were as happy as two young people possibly could be. No cause did they have for regret. On the other hand, often and often, they laughed at the fears and doubts which had assailed them both before their marriage.

In the seventh year of their married life a child was born them, and it seemed that their complete happiness was to be achieved. Before the child was a day old, it was seen to be a leper. The disease had spared the mother; it could not spare the child. Like tuberculosis, that terrible disease so prevalent in America today, like some hereditary disorder of the mind, the disease which was in the family blood spared one generation, to fix with redoubled strength on the next.

With what agony did the father and mother awake to the full realization of the awful calamity which had befallen them. Their child was a leper, doomed from its earliest infancy to endure a living death. But the end had not yet come. Time dulls all grief, and after a while the parents began to become as reconciled as could be expected to the misfortune which had befallen them. But one day, by some accident,

Panua spilled some drops of boiling water on his leg. Strange to say, he felt but little pain. What did it mean? The thought of leprosy at once entered his mind. Crazed with fear and anxiety he rushed to the village doctor. With much attention the doctor examined the leg, and finally, with a great deal of hesitation, gave his verdict. Panua's worst fears were realized. The leg was dying; leprosy had set in.

Father and child were lepers, yet the mother who had given it to both was clean of the scourge. At first they were so overwhelmed as not to be able to realize what it meant. Then slowly they began to awake to the full horror of the situation; to see the enormity of the calamity which had befallen them. Their home must be broken up. Father and child must soon exchange their sunny Mauai for dreary Molokai. They must go and join Muloa's father and mother. The father and child must go, but the wife must stay; for no person, if he be clean, is allowed to visit the lepers' island.

The thought of this separation, of what his wife would suffer, of the fate which awaited him, rendered Panau desperate. He had rather die than endure this separation. He resolved never to yield to the authorities, if they should try to move him, which they certainly would, as soon as ever his case became known in Honolulu.

But leprosy spreads slowly, and it was long before it became apparent to any but a doctor that Panua had the pestilence. The poor fellow endeavored to keep his secret, but in vain. After a time it became known to the village folk what had happened. But still these were kind and full of pity, and kept the secret faithfully for a time longer. In some way or other, however, the authorities at Honolulu found that there was a case of leprosy in the village, and at once sent their officers to seize the victim.

The approach of the officers was communicated to Panua, and as he had been expecting something of the sort he immediately put into execution the plan which he had formulated. With his wife and child, he retired to his house and carefully barricaded it. Then arming himself with a rifle, in the use of which he was most expert, he calmly awaited the arrival of the authorities.

After a short time of terrible suspense to the hunted man,

the officers reached the village, and learning where Panua was, proceeded to his house. As they approached, they saw that a grim reception had been prepared for them. Surprised at this, for lepers usually yield themselves up without resistance, they halted before the house and deliberated what to do. In a moment Panua appeared at a window, rifle in hand, and ordered them on their peril not to attempt to force the entrance and then spoke to them as follows:

"I know of course," he said, "that you have come to take me away to Molokai. I have been expecting your arrival, and to you I own frankly that both I and my child are lepers. Furthermore, I am, and always have been a law-abiding man, and I have no desire now to cause any trouble, or to resist the law. If you will grant me one thing, I will yield myself up to you and go peaceably to Molokai, but under no other condition will I yield. A few years ago my wife's father and mother went to Molokai as lepers, in a short time her husband and child will also be there, all that she holds dear in the world will have gone to that island, and now she, though clean, desires to go with me thither. It will break her heart to have us leave her here alone. I can not desert her. If you will allow her to go with us, we will go willingly, but if you attempt to part us, I will resist to my last breath."

The officers listened to this speech in silence, and then held a consultation among themselves. They clearly saw that it would be foolhardy to attempt to seize the man by force, protected as he was in his house, and rendered desperate by the situation, so they decided to return to Honolulu and see if they could obtain authority to allow the wife to accompany her husband. They went back to the city and consulted all the statutes and laws and all the higher officials. But in vain, they soon decided that it would be impossible for them to grant Panua's request. The laws were so strict, that they could not by any possibility allow a clean person to go to Molokai. The only thing to be done was to return to Mauai and take Panua by force. After collecting a larger posse therefore, for they anticipated trouble, the officers set out unwillingly to perform their disagreeable task.

The delay caused by the officers' going back to Honolulu, had given Panua ample time to prepare for what he thought probably would happen. In the short respite, he carefully matured his plans.

A few miles from the village, high up on a cliff overhanging the sea, was a spacious cave, which Panua had often visited while strolling about the country. This cave had only one approach, and that was along a narrow ledge where only one person could go at a time, and that with difficulty, for with a high wall of rock on one side, and the sea three hundred feet below on the other, a misstep would send the incautious traveller from the path to a horrible death, and it seemed to Panua that if there were a man to dispute the passage, the cave would be well nigh impregnable.

The cave was very lonely and very dreary. Within, nothing but dark, damp rock; without, nothing to be seen but miles on miles of sea, with an island or two far away on the horizon. But this cave Panua decided to make his home, if he should be pursued by the law. With the aid of the pitying villagers he fitted it up in as comfortable a manner as the circumstances would allow, and laid in a stock of provisions sufficient in case of a siege. At least, he could make here a last stand for liberty.

The cave was prepared so that the poor fugitive could retire to it at a moment's notice, but Panua lived on in the village as long as a gleam of hope remained with him. At last one dark night about twelve o'clock, he was roused by friends who came to tell him that the officers were approaching, and had almost reached the village. Being prepared, Panua hastily roused his wife and child, and taking what they needed, hurried to the cave. Reaching it in safety, they waited in breathless anxiety for what was coming.

The thought of what was about to happen maddened the poor fugitive. Perhaps he might become a murderer; but it was for his wife's sake. He resolved to kill and be killed sooner than to submit to a separation from her.

The feeling of uncertainty as to what was to take place, was terrible. How changed was life for the poor fellow! A year ago, full of hope and bright prospects, with a beautiful and loving young wife. Then he seemed as happy as a man could be. But now he is a man stricken with a loathsome and deadly disease, a hunted wretch, forced to fly from the face of his fellow creatures.

About ten o'clock on the morning following his flight, Panua, from his lookout, saw the officers coming toward his place of refuge. He felt that the crucial moment had come. Standing rifle in hand by the cave's mouth he waited silently, grimly, till his hunters reached the further end of that path along which they must come to reach the cave. Then in a stern tone he ordered them to halt. All his nervousness and excitement had vanished, he was as cool and self-possessed as ever in his life. Standing with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, with a hard, set look on his white face, he repeated in a calm, even tone, his former proposition.

"I am desperate," he said as he ended. "Never while I live will I consent to being separated from my wife. I am determined, if you force me to it, to shoot you down without mercy."

"We are very sorry for you," responded the German official who was commanding the detachment of officers. "It gives us the deepest pain to molest you in any way. We cannot help it if the laws are strict; we cannot grant your request. It is impossible for us to allow your wife to accompany you to Molokai. We realize your position fully, and truly pity you from the depths of our hearts, but we are officers of the law who have been sent here to take you, and we will have to do our duty."

"Come on then," shouted Panua.

The officers were in a very difficult position. They saw that the leper had them at a great disadvantage, and that to take him would probably require some loss of life on their side. They knew that Panua was an expert marksman, and as they should come along the face of the cliff, could pick them off with the utmost ease and certainty. To venture out upon the path seemed certain death. They felt that the desperate man would have no mercy. But the leader of the band, the German, was a brave fellow. He had been sent to capture that leper. He saw his duty and he did it.

He prepared himself as best he might for the desperate attempt before him. He looked at the wall of rock rising sheer on one side, at the sea three hundred feet below on the other, and at the man standing so calmly at the further end of the path. Then, with steady step, he started forward. Panua raised his rifle, and at the third step fired. Without a groan, the German plunged head foremost from the cliff down, down, till he sank in the waters far below. Another officer sprang forward, and he too fell a victim to the unerring rifle. A third advanced, only to meet a like fate. Panua still stood

in the same attitude, calm and pale, no nearer being captured than at first. The surviving officers saw the futility of further attempts, and returned to Honolulu.

Party after party the government sent to capture the leper, the murderer, but each time the unhappy man was warned by friends, and was able to bid defiance to all who came against him. At last the officials in Honolulu decided to give it up, and let the man and his family live in peace. So from that day to this in the dismal cave on beautiful Mauai, Panua has remained. Unless it be to procure food, he seldom leaves the cave, but with his wife and child, perched high above the sea, he awaits Death, the Destroyer, the Avenger, the Liberator.

Alan Fox.

A Dartmouth Chost Parn.

BOUT ten years ago, Hanover, the site of Dartmouth College, was the scene of a very tragic happening, which is still recorded in the annals of the college. Hanover was then a small town with but few inhabitants outside of the college men. For this reason the arrival in town one day, of a strange young man, was the subject of some comment. Many of the college men were curious as to the character of the arrival and wondered if he were to enter the college. For a number of days he was seen about town, but nobody succeeded in satisfying his curiosity as to the name or business of the mysterious stranger.

A few days later Charles Hanson, one of the college men, returning from a stroll, chanced to meet the young man in question on the edge of the town. As they were going the same way, he fell into conversation with him and found that his name was Frank Gray. During the conversation, he further learned that Gray had formerly lived in Hanover but for some reason which he seemed unwilling to disclose, had left the town at an early age and had never returned until the present time. He said that he had come back to look over the town and see the familiar places of his childhood. Many such places he pointed out to Hanson, remarking that presently they would come to his old home.

On the outskirts of the town proper, stood an old, weatherbeaten house which had not been inhabited for a long time. As the two came in sight of it, Hanson remarked that he supposed the "Haunted House" was there in Gray's time.

"Haunted House!" exclaimed Gray, "why that is my old home." He proceeded to relate how his mother and he had been obliged to leave there on account of the desertion of his father. For this reason it had become dismantled and ruined. Hanson, although he himself was not a believer in ghosts, maintained that he and many others had heard mysterious sounds issuing from the house during the night, but no one had as yet investigated the cause. So firmly was this belief in the uncanniness of the house imprinted on the minds of many, that they refused to go by it during the night. Gray scoffed at the idea of his own house being haunted and wished to know the particulars of the whole affair. Hanson told him that the mysterious sounds resembled the tapping of a hammer and came at exactly twelve o'clock every night. The regularity of the occurence made a natural explanation seem impossible, but determined to get at the root of the affair, Gray challenged Hanson to accompany him to the house, at twelve o'clock that night. Hanson agreed to the proposal and said that he would meet him on a certain spot at eleven o'clock.

Eleven o'clock found the two men at the appointed place, together with several other college men who had got wind of the affair. Hanson and Gray had provided themselves with revolvers to guard against any emergency. As they approached the Haunted House the resolve of all began to weaken a little and as they proceeded one even proposed that they turn back. Nevertheless they kept on and finally came to the house. The hour of twelve was approaching while the party anxiously awaited the mysterious tapping.

Suddenly it commenced, ghostly and sephulchral in the cool night air. A chill struck the whole party. All of them, with the exception of Gray and Hanson said that they had had enough and silently and quickly disappeared.

Gray was determined to see the thing through, and Hanson equally determined to stand by him. They decided to investigate the noise. Opening the rickety gate they advanced to that wing of the house whence it proceeded. The sound seemed to come from the roof and when they had cautiously crawled around the end of the L they saw by the dim light of the crescent moon through the clouds, what seemed to be a crouching figure on the edge of the eaves. It seemed to be hitting the roof with some instrument.

Gray whispered to Hanson, "I'm going to shoot!" Suiting the action to his words he took aim and fired. A wild shriek followed, the figure leaped into the air and for an instant they saw in the moonlight the almost inhuman face of an old man. Gray, being in advance of Hanson, rushed to the spot where the body had fallen and as Hanson was endeavoring to come up with him, to his amazement and horror he saw his friend give one terrible cry and disappear. This so frightened Hanson that he completely lost control of himself and rushed madly towards town. He met some friends who, after they had calmed him down a little, got the facts of the affair and volunteered to go back and investigate. Hanson being now a little ashamed of his flight consented to go with them.

They neither saw nor heard anything until they reached the house, when they were chilled to the heart by the terrible cry of "I've killed my father! I've killed my father!" issuing from the house. As they stood there, not knowing what to do, a wild figure rushed out and past them down the street, still uttering that terrible cry, "I've killed my father!" You may judge that after this they were in no mood for further investigation, nor for finding out the meaning of that terrible cry. So they returned to their dormitory and sat up the rest of the night discussing the occurrence. During that time at regular intervals the people of all Hanover were awakened by a clatter of feet on the sidewalk and that almost unearthly cry, "I've killed my father!" of which they could not conjecture the meaning.

Early the next morning a large crowd had gathered, with the intention of going to the Haunted House to clear up the matter. Hanson led the party to the spot where the figure had fallen, and there in a hole in the ground lay the dead body of an old man. He was bent with age, his hair and beard were white and of great length, his cheeks were hollow and his features seemed ghastly and unnatural. A little later Gray was caught, incurably insane and uttering nothing except that cry, "I've killed my father."

The only explanation ever offered in regard to the affair, is that Gray's father was somewhat out of his head and had left his family in a fit of insanity. Then later, filled with remorse he had returned, only to find his wife and son gone and his house vacant. This probably again turned his head and left him with the one thought that he must remain there

the rest of his life and do penance by tapping on the roof every night. This he had done, living in a burrow which he had dug and eating what little he could steal at night.

Emerson Woods Baker.

A Color=cord.

Dead day away
Fades, softly as the wind goes.

Behold, in
Diamond star-dust sown,
The seed for night's dark-petaled rose.

Still westward far

The pink dead are,—

Last leaves of day,—
Pink, wan, God's grey

Alone

In.

Jean Ross Irvine.

MIRAGE.-

A Toast.

When Earth's last peanut is roasted, and candy has lost its taste,

When gum-drop and taffy are frowned on, and marshmellows go to waste,

We shall die, and Death will be welcome, for Life will have lost its zest.

When we find that we've pressed the button, and Dypepsia is doing the rest.

Ah, then in our dying moments we shall think of our youthful days;

And of how we poisoned our stomachs in a thousand different ways.

Then visions will rise before us, of sugar, molasses, and nuts;

Which made up the sweetest of candy, and furnished excuses for cuts.

Yet never an ache shall we grudge them, nor even regret one pain,

But long with an awful longing, for a taste of that stuff again.

And whether it isn't cooked enough, or whether its cooked too much

Here's to it, and through it, the best we can do it, the candy that beats the Dutch.

Zoeth Stanley Eldredge, '98,

The Captain's Story.

The Cap' always was a good hand on stories—not of a nature as wonderful as the esteemed Munchausen was wont to narrate, neither were they as highly exciting nor blood curdling as those of the late lamented Nick Carter, but he could tell a good story in his own way. He was a white-haired, brownskinned little man, who had seen a good deal of the world. In his youth he had been in the West Indian trade and, to use his own phrase, he had navigated to countries where a man is considered dressed up in a pair of stockings and a set of false teeth. Finally he had dropped anchor for life at one of the summer resorts on the Maine coast, and he is there now engaged in the unromantic but highly profitable business of

taking out sailing parties at twenty-five cents per summer boarder.

When he had navigated his daily party well out to sea and some one else had kindly taken the wheel, then and then only does the little capt'n draw from his pocket the red leather case that holds his quaint old pipe, light it with a match scratched where all matches should be scratched, and smoke in silence until some one says:

"Let's have a story, Cap."

To this appeal he would pull the visor of his sailor cap well down over his eyes and with his hands crossed behind him, begin pacing to and fro while the rest of the party are arranging themselves in comfortable positions.

"No sir, I'm no dude," the Cap had a way of denying some imaginary and wholly improbable accusation, "an' if there's one thing more'n another that I didn't like was wearin' cuffs. But about thirty-five year ago, along in the sixties, me an' old Jim Sprague, you know Jim, we went way up the coast lookin' for big fish, an' we played 'pitch' all the way down. I cudn't begin to tell yer how many games of 'pitch' we played, Jim and me. Hard luck was up to me the whole out'ard voyage. We was playin' for cigars an' as we was never intended to pay our bets nohow, were bettin' pretty heavy. Sometimes we'd play for seventy-five boxes at one time, an' when we started for home, I owed Jim somethin' like a thousand boxes. Well, we kept aplayin' all the way back and when we sailed into Portland harbor with a rattlin' good breeze coming up the bay, Jim owed me just nine cigars."

"Well, Jim was crazy, and I was afeelin' pretty good. So when I went ashore I bought a pair of cuffs jest for deviltry, jest for sheer deviltry, gen'lemen, and put 'em on. Bein' it's you what always wear such dude things you don't realize no way how queer and ashamed-like I felt with them cuffs on. Whenever I'd see an old fishermen friend comin', I'd tuck 'em up as far as ever I cud. But they made me feel a leetle proud and bold-like, an' all unbeknown to myself, I began aputting on cityfied airs an' runnin' rather close up into the wind.

Well, I come home and who should I meet but Sarah Green, old Uncle Charlie Green's darter, who I'd been amakin' love to all to myself ever since I wuz old 'nough to know how, but

I hadn't said nothin' to no one, her nor nobody else. But says to myself:

"'Lige, you ol' coward,' says I, 'you've got a good breeze now an' if the sails don't fill today, they never will.'

"So I took a new tack and come up alongside with cuffs down an inch an' a half an' all sails set."

"Good mornin' Sarah,' I says."

"'Good morning',' says she, but she warn't very cordial an' never was with me. But I never let up, an' says right off:

'Sarah,' says I, 'I want yer to be my wife,' says I, 'but I don't know nothin' 'bout your tastes and them sort of things an you don't mine neither. But jes' let me come over to the house sometimes' says I, growin' bolder, 'an' see how we get along together.' "

"Well, that gal looked as if she didn't know whether to laff in my face or give me a good slap. She looked me over from jib to tops'l an' then she lit on the cuffs an' her looks changed. For Sarah'd been up Boston once't an' them cuffs touched her heart."

"'Well Lige,' says she, 'you can come over once't a week if ye really, truly wanter' she says, kinder shy-like, an' she give another tender glance at the cuffs an' I tell yer gen'lemen, I blessed the day I bought 'em.'"

The Captain took a few turns in silence chuckling at his thoughts and then turning on the crowd said:

"If any of you gen'lemen wud like to know that thar gal, come up to my place some day when she aint too busy with the grandchildren, an' I'll interduce yer."

Fred Lewis Collins.

Shadows.

Along the slope of sunny hills
Some shadow rests alway.—
Alway some heart sad music thrills
To sorrow's lonely lay.

Grief's age has dimmed some still young face—
Some woman's heart has bled
These crimson rose leaves on this place,
Where lies her most dear dead.

Walter F. Dennison.

B00KS. -

- Whoever Zack may be, surely he can call his first book a great success. Under the title "Life is Life"* he has published some stories of Northern-England farmer life and a few of Australia. A small number have regular plots, but the most are rather descriptions of cases and crises. The book is not always agreeable with its pictures of naked humanity, though it is wonderfully true and wholesome. Zack has given us some grand characters, rugged, primitive, relentless, but indescribably human and naturally majestical. As Kipling says: "he draws the thing as he sees it," not through the hazy distance of romance, but from close at hand, as he himself knows it.
- In many instances there are passages which would save an impossible book. "A Woman is not a woman unless she is loved—she remains a half-finished sketch of something she might be;" is one of the best, while there are others, too long and too numerous to quote.
- with the tone of the book. The men who speak and foster this harsh sibilant speech cannot but be the unsophisticated rugged heroes that Zack has painted them. In Life, a short time ago, there appeared a quotation, showing how the English language could be abused. This much to my surprise I found in Zack's book. It is as follows: "He had a vonderful kindeddlin zmile... thickey zmile wez on his face kind o' pacevile-like. I stopped azide him droo the night." It is manifestly unfair to an author to quote his dialect without the connection, but this example is a representative one.
- Among the modern milk-fed, love-sick novels, "Life is Life" cannot but stand alone in its strange fascination for all who know it. Not only is the material splendid but the style and dramatic instinct of the whole is excellent.

 B.
 - * "Life is Life," by Zack. Scribner's, N. Y. \$1.50.
- There is no greater pleasure for those who love books than to have a pretty pocket-edition of their favorites. A pocket-edition is a blessing in itself, but a pretty one has an increased value. The "Little Masterpieces" in their green and gold bindings, and the "Lark" † series in blue should

please every one. The first are selections from the greatest authors and orators of America,—selections, it is true, limited by the size of the volumes, but excellent in the tact with which they have been chosen. The second republish in separate books a varied number of poetical classics.

- We have received three of the "Little Masterpieces." One containing the best of the wonderful orations, and the famous "Lost Speech," printed for the first time in book form, delivered by Lincoln. Another with two speeches of Webster: "Adams and Jefferson," and the tremendous "Reply to Hayne." The last giving parts of the autobiography of Franklin, some of his letters, the "Rules of Conduct," and, selections from "Poor Richard's Almanac." There are three others of this set: Poe, Irving, and Washington, all of which would be an almost invaluable addition to a small library.
- In the little blue Lark Classics, we have two of the most widely different varieties of verse possible: one singing of life and death, wine and the rose, of the spiritual; the other of action and force, war and the soldier, of the material; one old and forever immortal, the other new, and, it is prophesied, to die with this generation. Fitzgerald's translation of Omàr Khayyàm, in spite of the claims against its correctness, is still the best; while any reprinted volume of Kipling's poetry, especially if it contain the "Recessional," is always welcome. Andrew Lang's "Ballads in Blue China," and the odes of Anacreon, in the same series, are still on the press.
- Though of a comparatively small country, the history of Switzerland; is so involved with those of other nations, that it seems strange we have no standard work on it. Julia M. Colton has lately written a history entitled the "Annals of Switzerland," which makes up for this deficiency. The book is well written, and care has been taken to make the political situations, intricate in many places, brief and concise. The volume has great value as a reference book, but it seems that the history of a people, containing so many glowing tales of bravery and patriotism, might have been made a little less dry.
- The book itself is very handsomely gotten up by A. S.

^{*}Little Masterpieces. Doubleday & McClure Co., N. Y. 50c each. †Lark Classics. William Doxey, San Francisco. 50c each.

[‡]Annals of Switzerland by Julia M. Colton, A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

Barnes & Co. It is printed on rough edged-paper, and contains many good pictures of the well-known scenery of modern Switzerland.

B.

"Well printed on thick paper and prettily bound." - (Glasgow Herald).

- Well printed, if not artistically, but the paper we do not consider particularly thick, nor have we that strong partiality for red and black which seems observable in The Glasgow Herald, otherwise our opinions in regard to Shantytown Sketches* are approximately the same. The Boston Globe says "Mr. Biddle is a successful maker of books"—referring to him evidently in his capacity of publisher rather than of author. The Independent of Sheffield, England, informs an unsuspecting British public that the sketches "show a close acquaintance with Irish, Jew, German, and Negro English as it is spoken in America." The Manchester Guardian, also an English paper, grievously embarrassed in the kindness of its heart, retreats into generalities with the interesting statement that "Verses in the style of Hans Brietman are amusing."
- As long as Mr. Biddle continues to publish this small volume with a sugar-coating of its own press notices, it will never lack readers. There are several pages of these little curiosities, absorbingly interesting, and deliciously, if unconsciously, witty. They have in general a tone of glowing eulogy—wherefore one wonders how on earth Mr. Biddle can have accumulated so numerous and widely distributed a circle of friends and relatives.

 1.
- In spite of much proverbial advice to the contrary, and though we realize that it is an abominably narrow and Philistine thing to do, nevertheless we do to a great extent judge the humanity with which we come in contact by its clothes. So we do books, with considerably more reason, since the publishers who clothe books, in their distribution of bindings, more nearly approximate our ideas of justice than do the powers who bind humanity, in their distribution of coats.
- The Legends of the Rhine† is a book the sales of which we believe will be cut down by half because of its unfortunate cover. The untidy looking female who sits thereon, in an

^{*} Shantytown Sketches, by Anthon J. Drexel Biddle. Drexel Biddle, Publisher, Philadelphia.

[†]The Legends of the Rhine, by H. A. Guerber. A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y.

- iron-gray robe de nuit, repels acquaintance. She is engaged in playing upon some musical instrument immediately in front of a counterfeit silver moon, across the face of which floats an old hammock, which the Lorelei (we hazard a guess at the lady's name and rank) has evidently worn out during a previous season. The general tone of the binding is a hideous melancholy gray, more befitting a warship than this truly beautiful collection of legends, half history, half fairy tale. The labor required for their compilation is well shown by their number and absolute newness. Excepting the stories of such of the Wagnerian operas as are connected with the Rhine, we doubt if six of those lovely little bits of folklore have ever before been seen by the general reader.
- The book is intended, as undoubtedly it will be used, for a sort of guide book-supplement in travelling through the Rhine lands. The general subject matter reminds one of the quaint beauty of some of the ballad stories in Percy. The style is by no means that of a guide book or work of reference, but on the contrary the graceful conversational tone of the writer adds much pleasure to the reader's interest in the tales themselves. To literary men this collection can be recommended as endlessly suggestive of themes for prose or verse. Though some of the translations are beautiful, it is perhaps to be regretted that others of them were not left in the original German verse, rather than divested of much of their real beauty, by an inaccurate or ineffective rendering into English.
- "The Later English Drama" is primarily a book for students of literature, giving unabridged the text of "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," "Virginius," "The Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu,"

^{*}The Later English Drama, by Calvin S. Brown, A. S. Barnes & Co., New York \$1.20.

divested of theatrical business and stage directions, in the form most suitable for pleasant reading and profitable study. In addition, this neatly bound and well printed volume contains an introduction treating of the English drama from the time of Shakespeare to the middle of the present century, very briefly but thoroughly; the bibliography of the six plays given, together with various notes relative to them and to their authors, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Knowles, and Bulwer-Lytton; of whom also brief biographical sketches are given. The book is valuable chiefly in that it contains uniformly and conveniently for reference and comparison these six great plays which generally would be found in separate small volumes, or bound up with other matter of less value and importance.

- & Writing is not Mr. Henry Fuller's profession; it is seldom that he publishes a book, but, whenever he does, the reading public is sure of a treat. Perhaps, because his bread and butter is otherwise provided for, he does not write with the inspiration of hunger, yet his work is so minutely elaborated, so beautiful in finish, that it is nearly perfect artistically. His latest work is a collection of Transatlantic travelling tales under the title, "From the Other Side."* Each one is told as if the thoughts of the relater had been crystallized into print; all except the last are in the first person. The first is as if taken from the diary of a clever young painter. Another as of an English lady of the upper-middle class, yet another is as of a decidedly mediocre American, and the last is in the bright sun-golden, impulsive manner of a Venetian. character of each narrator can be read between the lines, and Mr. Fuller has been most happy in his adaptation of agent to material.
- ❖ One passage is too fine not to be especially honored, in spite of the proposed copyright law against reviewers. It is a paragraph of a letter from a philosophical, rather cynical old man to an American friend, who, after finding suitable ancestors, has determined to make an entrance into English society.
- "And now welcome to the sawdust palace. It is magnificent without, and if it is all hollowness within, may you not discover that too soon. But I warn you that it is founded on a

^{*}From the Other Side, by Henry B. Fuller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.50.

sapless selfishness, and that its crumbling walls are always calling for repairs, and that the latest comers must contribute the greatest share of the labor. All your spare hours must you dance away on sawdust, until your poor knees sink beneath you as the result of your arduous and aimless scufflings. You feed on sawdust, and the more you are stuffed with it, the hollower and hungrier you become. You think in sawdust, and your poor brain becomes dry and disintegrate, and finally blows away. You dream of sawdust, and wake from the frantic rivelries of the scrambling throng to the real business of the day, which is to furnish more sawdust and more sawdust. You must contribute it incessantly, strictly of the grade and quality the supervisors require, and the more you give the more you may. And in the end you sigh for the wholesome forest where grew all the great trunks that have been betrayed and dismembered merely to provide material for so much empty and crumbling folly."

- Mr. Fuller's book must have a great success in the midst of the prevailing style of writing, where all beauty is subordinated to terseness and realism; it is remarkable in its accordance of artistic thought, conception, and style to truth. When we have finished, we turn back to some especial paragraph, and then we all look forward to another book still to come from Mr. Fuller's pen. May it soon arrive!
- There is a unique relation between the very young reviewer and the author whose work he is reviewing, when that author happens to be Stephen Crane—the very youngest of those authors who are at all well known either here or in England. The reviewer has a comfortable and unusual sense of contemporaryship, of having been personally introduced to his author by Time himself. Then if he be writing in a school or college paper—he is a young man talking to young men about the work of another young man. Which is good.
- Boat,* "Being the experience of four men from the sunken steamer Commodore," Crane himself figures as the "correspondent." We know from the newspapers that he did experience shipwreck some time within the last year, also that he went as a newspaper correspondent to Cuba, or thereabouts, during the late war. So we read these two stories, since they are interesting, with that interest which the Fates always wrap

about a happening that really was, enjoying the "canton flannel gulls," the "coast, black as the side of a coffin," and the other bits of art that lie about the studio of one of Crane's stories, and feel that to a slight extent we are studying and learning, that Crane really knows what he is talking about. With the other six tales, excepting that one called The Wise Men, which can scarcely be called a tale and which one reads only because he has a desperate hope that something may at last happen, one does not have this feeling of security.

- He stories have a wide field of geographical distribution, and a wide range of incident. They are stories of adventure. It is possible that Mr. Crane has experienced all these things but it is hardly probable. Most of us have never had even one what may properly be called an adventure. Now we recollect a certain Red Badge of Courage which, though its author knew absolutely nothing from actual experience about war, was declared by old soldiers to be wonderfully true in depicting the psychic conditions of a young soldier, wherefore, by a goodly number of nice people and of those who ought to know, it was labelled a work of genius. We have the greatest respect for a genius as we have for a compass, but before trusting much to either we wish to be assured that it is reliable. As long as Mr. Crane writes about war and the young soldier there are many, even among the critics, who can tell whether he is telling the truth, even if he does not About such tales of adventure as these, howknow himself. ever, it is different. If Mr. Crane has suffered them he knows whether or not man feels thus and so under these conditions, and his knowledge is all we require; if he has not, the general reader can not assure himself. We do not require truth in a fairy tale nor realism in one of Rider Haggard's splendid night-mares. But Crane's tales have neither the waxen beauty of the one, nor the thrilling interest of the other. Almost their only value lies in their description of one's inner being under certain unusual outer conditions; if the description is not true—they are nothing. they true? Is Crane writing as a genius or as a traveller?
- → The book's general impression is not pleasant, it lingers in one's mind as having been bound by Doubleday and McClure, rather than as written by Stephen Crane. When Crane's words are beautiful their strangeness often adds a delicious quintessence of beauty to them; when they are merely strange,

they are not beautiful—and most terribly tiresome. There are two or three pages of the book that are as lovely as a bed of lilies in the moonlight; the description, for instance of "a certain place of pictures" in "Death and the Child," or the ending of "Flanigan"—

From the throng of charming women floated the perfume of many flowers. Later there floated to them a body with a calm face of an Irish type. This is not the ending however, for Mr. Crane has a habit of hitching on to his stories an accursed little bow, quite unnecessary always, and abominably self-conscious: for "Flanigan" it is this—coming just after the flower quoted above:

The expedition of the FOUNDLING will never be historic. (!)
For another story it is this: His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the sand. (!!!)

Mr. Crane's mincing, affected little sentences are often tiresome; as finales they are insufferable—the crashing of the musician's elbows on the keys, when there should be silence.

I.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Essentials of Plane Geometry, by W. Wells. Leach, Shewell & Co., Boston.

Beginners Latin Book, by Smiley and Stark. American Book Company, New York. \$1.00.

Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.. Boston and New York. \$1.50.

Tales of Trail and Town, by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR.

Editorial Board:

JEAN ROSS IRVINE, Wyoming, Managing Editor. ROBERT LOUNSBURY BLACK, Ohio.

KILBURN D. CLARK, Vermont, Business Manager.

The Magazine is conducted by the Editors in connection with

The Contributing Board: FRED LEWIS COLLINS.

THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, November, December, February, April, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well for a medium of communication.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communica-tion between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if poasible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to EDITORS OF PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

KILBURN D. CLARK. Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS,

EDITORIALS.

We believe that this department is occasionally called by such euphemistic titles as "The Editor's Easy-chair" or his "Sanctum Sanctorum." We do not go in for epigrams—at least in this department wherefore we avow openly that it is Our Workroom, in which we manufacture, with great exercise of soul and mind, wise writings for the direction of students, school, and state. The editorial is a great institution: within its wilderness the writer crieth aloud with all the serenity of a wakeful house-dog on a lonely farm. He is alone in his glory, no other voice disturbs the midnight, there is no contradiction, no argument; for, in the case of the dog every one is

asleep, in the case of the editor,—who ever reads editorials? Are you, more—or less—gentle reader, on this lonely by-path except by accident?

on this lonely by-path except by accident?

"It would never do to say 'How d'ye do' now" she said to herself, "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow."

Alice in Wonderland.

- Two months ago when, from the midst of bathing, boating, dancing, and all the host of summer joys, we looked ahead towards the fifteenth of September, that date seemed the edge of a frightful chasm. Now it is a month in the rear, and we find our work, not a precipice, but scholastic meadow-lands sloping very pleasantly towards the Christmas vacation. are surprised how easily we have gotten into our work, living with the seminary bell next our hearts, plugging Algebra and Latin, and taking cuts with humble and contrite hearts for what they are—the gifts of the gods. Already the Prep. has learned to smoke his pipe, at peace with the world, the flesh and the faculty, in Commons; the sophisticated Junior Mids, beginning French, already disturb the domestics at the Major's by calling for pain, likewise, do they say Oui, Oui, all the way home, like the fifth little pig; and the Anabasis class has already found the place where the Greeks throw potatoes at Klearkus and his ὑποζυγια, and Klearkus wept. (Do you remember that, O elder brothers of the alumni?)—Yes, indeed, it is too late to say "How d'ye do" now.
- We fellows who have been here before are apt to overlook what is most striking to a fellow here for the first time—the surpassing beauty of Andover at this season. Alas! Forgive us—an editorial must be practical above all things. But it is hard to write an editorial when from one's window one can see a maple that seems to glow and lap against the very skies with autumnal flames of scarlet and gold; when the ivy presses little crimson kisses on the brick walls, as a child's lips caress its granddam's wrinkled old face; when this whole blessed little town is fitted up with scenery more befitting a comic opera, than an abode of quiet learning. Why actually, if one of

these October mornings, one should observe the faculty, the theologues, and the Fem Sems attired in the airy costumes of the stage peasantry, one couldn't muster up a feeling of respectable surprise!

We are very late this month in coming out—there were reasons—we hope after this to come out promptly on the fifteenth of each month in which we come out at all.

- Now we are going to indulge in a conversation upon that subject which is most delightful to usourselves. Doubtless by this time you have observed that we have new clothes. When a boy at the same time comes into school late and wears a new suitas well as we can remember these circumstances—it is embarrassing. But we consider our change an improvement. It is not good for man to wear always the same clothes, nor is it good for man to be alone, nor for a magazine, which brings us nicely into our subject.
- ❖ To speak frankly, we think the Mirror—at least as long as we have known it-has been too much alone in the school. The fellows have considered that, if annually by their silence they suffer the new fellows, who don't know any better, to subscribe to it, then in June to give it a kindly recognizing dig in the Pot Pourri, they have done their duty. Now we can't ask you to enjoy us, but we have a right, as a necessary school institution, to ask a little financial support. Doubtlessly, it is an honor to work for the literary magazine of Phillips Academy, but honor, as you know, is a common thing at Phillips. If only for the fellows who, by the unpleasant work of soliciting advertisements, get money to pay for its publication, there should be some return. The man who has any money at all, who does not give a little something to athletics is almost as rare as the old fellow who does subscribe to the MIRROR. The average football subscription, we believe, is five dollars (the subscriptionmen say twenty-five dollars); the price of the MIRROR

per year is a dollar and a half! Even a victorious football team will not represent us better or more broadly before the world than a good school paper. We play football and baseball with the best college teams in New England, and fellows, we don't get beaten so badly either! Why can't we publish a magazine that may at least be compared with some of the best college papers? Is it that we do not develope minds until we become college men, that we are simply children with well grown bodies? Or is it because the few who do work for our paper are not supported by even the approval of the other fellows, and that many who could write don't write?

- ❖ THE MIRROR has never been taken seriously by the fellows, even as a joke. We should consider it a good symptom if there were more grinds about it in the Pot Pourri. We feel that the Mirror would be more a popular institution if it were better or worse than it is. If they who write for it could produce work like Anthony Hope's or Alexander Dumas', doubtlessly, on the days of distribution, there would be a roaring, eager mob in the lower hall (which there is not under present circumstances). Or if we got out a typical grammar-school journal filled with the Samson - De - Football - has-had-his-hair-cut.-Wewonder-who-Delilah-is type of literature, we fear there are a few of us for whom its pages would have a burning interest. We are not Anthony Hope we regret to say. We can't hope to interest you. But, truly, we do our best, and we will not do less, even if we think we should please you more. Hoc animo semper fuimus ut invidiam virtute partam gloriam non invidiam putaremus.
- In a recent number of the *Phillipian*, with all necessary explanations, we re-announced the two prizes for the Fall term: we want stories, verses, descriptive articles, almost everything in fact. In addition, tho' to raise the standard of the individual articles their number will be smaller than before, an attempt

will be made, in emulation of the standard college papers, to have in every issue one article more serious, critical or didactic, preferably literary. If you know a subject, a language, a people, which the rest of us do not, translate it for us. If you read, if you have a favorite author or a favorite book, introduce us, even if it be a dime-novel and he the father of dime novels. Quote him, explain him, criticise him in a good article. We are not stiff necked, we shall be delighted to meet anyone of whom a human being can be fond.

♣ This has been rather a long talk—our first and last offense—but a necessary one.

EXCHANGES.-

Behold, saith the Exchange Editor, Mine is the Department of Resurrection, the Purgatory between the Hades of Oblivion and the Earth of New Printers'-ink, wherein the verses of men walk yet a little while amongst their fellows. For, what other than graveyards are these lonely, unfrequented college magazines, sober-hued and pictureless, in which one by one we lay away the still-born children of our fancy: poor, scholastic rhythm-souls, without the obulus wherewith to pay the Ferryman to Fame, lacking the sacred rites of waste-paper-basket, so doomed to wander yet an hundred hours—Where for—in this land of typographical spooks—hist! Here are three ghosts.

IN VIOLET-TIME.

Down in the April land

Love gathered a flower and kissed

And shut it into her hand—

So did Love make his tryst.

And Aprils have come and flown,
And the heart of the rose forgets,
But Love still waits for his own
Among the violets.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, in Columbia Lit.

Moods.

Utterly hopeless,
Life so long;
Nothing to live for,
All gone wrong;
Take up the burden,
Struggle along.

Feel the hot blood
Rush to the brain,
Stifling the breath;—
Angry, insane.
Slowly, with passion's death,
Comes hate and pain.

Listen to music
Far off in dreams;
Watching gay motes dance
In sunlight beams.
All's art and joyfulness.
So sweet life seems.

Peace and Oblivion,
Serenity deep;
Not to be wakeful
With those who weep.
White poppies waving;
Drift, drift to sleep.

Anon. in Vassar Miscellany.

Two Songs.

Where rolls the prairie sea with voiceless tide, I stood, and there the wind-moved breakers sang to me A song all silent, but a song with melody So eloquent, I turned away wet-eyed.

I sang a song far, far from that still sea, And men with wet eyes asked me whence its sweetness grew. Ah, silent sea, I told them not, but well I knew It was the song thy breakers sang to me.

H. D. T., '99, in Vassar Miscellany.

THE MONTH.

June 2. Andover won easily from Lawrenceville in base-ball by a score of 18-5.

June 3. Andover beat Princeton Fresh. Score 9-2.

June 4. Amherst Senior Dramatic Club played "All the Comforts of Home" in Town Hall.

June 11. Andover beat Exeter in baseball; the blue piling up 10 runs against 2.

Commons won the street baseball championship from Morton street.

June 18. Childs, '98 and Howells, '00, representing Andover, won from Exeter in tennis.

June 20. The Dramatic Club and the Musical Association gave an entertainment in the Town Hall.

June 21. '98 Class Day.

The thirty-second Draper competition was held in chapel. Francis Joseph O'Connor won first prize; Edward Woods Hunt, second; Jean Ross Irvine, third.

June 22. Commencement.

Robert Lounsbury Black elected to Mirror board.

September 15. School opened with about 400 fellows.

September 19. Track candidates called out by Capt. Kimball.

September 20. Forty fellows turned out for the football team.

September 24. Andover won from Boston Latin in a loosely played game. Score 22-0.

September 30. Andover lost to Williams by a score of 6-0. October 6. Trial for Dramatic Club held in school building.

October 12. Andover won from Tufts' College. Score 5.0.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.

'43.—Died at Roxbury, Sept. 19, 1898, Henry J. Darling, a merchant on India street, Boston.

√ '46.—Thomas Morrill Stimpson, a successful lawyer, graduate of Amherst College, died at Peabody, Sept. 30, 1898.

'50.—Hon. Frank M. Ames, president of the Lamson Consolidated Store Service Co., and of the Kinsley Iron and Machine Co., of Canton, died at Pemaquid, Me., August 23, 1898. Mr. Ames was the son of Oakes Ames and was born

in North Easton in 1833. During the civil war he was sergeant-major and quartermaster of the 2nd battalion of infantry.

'57.—At Gratz, Austria, August 15, 1898, died Rev. Charles Baker, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a grandson of Pres. Leonard Woods of the Andover Theological Seminary.

'58.—John George Seltzer, a lawyer of Boston, formerly of Wömelsdorf, Pa., died August 7, 1898.

'59.—Baker and Taylor have published "The State," an address given by Rev. Leander T. Chamberlain before the Patria Club of New York.

'59.—In New Paltz, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1898, married, Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D., of Boston, and Gertrude Deyo.

'69.—John A. Aiken of Greenfield has been confirmed as Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

'71.—Edward Curtis Smith of St. Albans, Vt., has been elected by the Republican party, Governor of the State of Vermont.

'78.—John E. Smith of Andover was recently elected president of the state association of stationary engineers.

'83.—Samuel Abbott is managing editor of "The College Athlete," a monthly magazine published at 6 Beacon street, Boston.

'85.—Dr. Frank C. Babbitt, instructor in Greek at Harvard, has accepted the professorship of Greek of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

'86.—The marriage of Miss Kate Estelle Koom to Charles C. Bovey took place at Minneapolis, Minn., on June 14, 1898.

'87.—At Fort Myer, Va., Edward Dexter Brown died, at the age of 29 years. He was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'88.—Rev. Ernest C. Bartlett, Williams College '92, was married at Chelmsford, Sept. 13, 1898, to Clemantine A. Sheldon.

'89.—Otho G. Cartwright, Yale '93, is instructor in history and athletic director in the Taft school at Watertown, Conn.

'90.—Elias Bullard Bishop has associated himself with George M. Cushing, as counsellor-at-law, at 54 Devonshire street, Boston.

'93.—On Oct. 19, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, occurred the marriage of Louise Hall Manning to Wm. Robert Webb, Jr.

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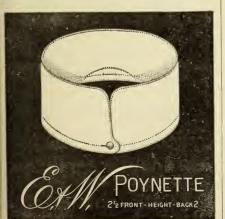
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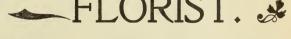
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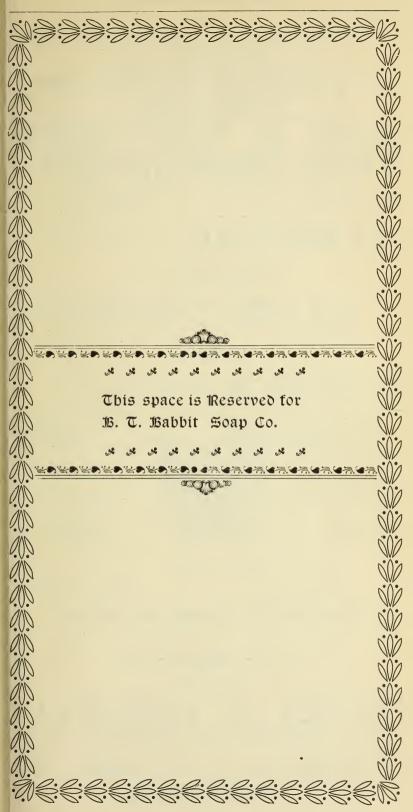
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Vol. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

Le Cretin.

HAD had quite a send-off at the hotel that morning. my acquaintances in the hotel, from the fierce old French count to the little tow-headed English boy, who was in school near by, were up at six o'clock to wish me a pleasant journey. Then I had to run the gauntlet of chambermaids, waiters, porters down to the arch-duke head waiter, who doubled up spasmodically like a knife, when I put my modest little fee into his hand. At last, with a blessed feeling of having cut away, I started out on my walking trip from Vevey over the Alps into Italy, which is to me now the freshest and sweetest memory of my foreign experience. As I climbed up the steep hill, the vineyards were full of that indescribable odor of dew, greenness and breathing life; I felt that mother-earth was kind and good. To be sure, about noon the sun grew a little hot, but there was the green shade of an oak, and a couch of grass and wild narcissus. Here I ate my lunch, intending, after it, to hurry on to an auberge, hidden somewhere ten miles away. Alas, for my purpose, I could not be brutal enough to leave immediately! I must rest a little. Then, if I must confess it, forcibly, since I am sure it was not willingly, held by the magic of the sunlight among the leaves overhead, by the narcissus, as god-like as the youth himself, and more yearning because they are scentless, and by the grand panorama of vineyards, lake and mountains which lay at my feet, I lay dreaming.

Suddenly, I was roused by a faint, rosy flush spreading over the Dents du Midi. The sun was setting, and here I, luckless mortal, was ten miles from my expected shelter; nor, for very shame, could I return to Vevey to be the scorn of smirking waiters, and to be ranked as an imposter by those ancient English spinsters, who, having stormed the parlors of the hotel shortly after their completion, have held them gallantly ever since; no, I could never endure that; I must sleep under the tree or ask some peasant for lodging. As I looked around, I

saw a little house in the vineyards above me, evidently belonging to the Warden of the grapes. After a painful climb through the vines I reached it.

The house was but four walls, roofed with the conventional red tile; in front a door, on the side a window had been cut out, while in back a large chimney had been added. On either side of the door there was a long bench. All the woodwork had been worn smooth by the contact of innumerable greasy bodies; for the house, as with all the Swiss peasant possessions, must have been hundreds of years old. At my call a man came forward to meet me. He was dressed in the usual blue cotton blouse and trousers, though his face was not that of a peasant; the forehead under the slouched cap was too high, the eyes were too brilliant for a hard-worked beast; the nose was too clever. Moreover, his head was roughly cut into a resemblance of the Rembrandt form and he was decently clean, while all the peasants I had seen were, to say the least, slovenly. From under his chin hung the horrible pouch of the goitre, which I saw by its advanced stage would soon deprive him of his mind. How often had I seen a miserable cretin, as the goitre idiots are called, doing the habitual tasks which now form their whole life; pitiable, God-forsaken automatons of human flesh.

I explained the situation, as far as my battered self-respect would allow, and ended with a request for lodgings and supper. Speaking in the abominable Vaudois dialect, the vilest of all Gallic patois, he answered that I might have some straw for the night, and rye-bread for supper. In a moment, however, his gruffness disappeared and he started off, calling back that he would get two eggs. The first part of the sentence he pronounced as impurely as any peasant could desire, but the last two words—"deux oeffs"—were spoken with the best Parisian accent. What, could this be an adventure so soon—adventures only occur toward the end of a journey—and a mysterious one, too?

I entered the house to unsling my pack. The interior was as I had expected; a beaten earth floor; a bundle of straw for a bed in one corner, a table fashioned of unplaned boards, a stool, and a fireplace full of ashes; all the sordidness of a peasant's home, made here the more unhappy by the few discouraged attempts to make the place less like a beast's

lair. But over in one corner on a rudely constructed shelf, there was a small number of books. Astounded by the sight of literature of any kind in the possession of a peasant, I crossed over. There were a Rabelais, a Montaigne, a complete Shakespeare and a few Greek and Latin classics, all in uniform edition, by far the handsomest I have ever seen.

Just now I heard my host approaching outside. The table was set, the eggs were done and we were having supper after a few moments of bustling preparation. I say we, for contrary to all conventions, my host sat down with me and calmly ate the other egg. Once when I asked for bread, he turned as if to speak to a butler, but the next moment, with an impatient, angry gesture, passed it across the table.

Meanwhile the dusk had come. Below us, the vine-yards and lake Leman had darkened to a perfect purple, while far off in the whitish vapor lay the hills of France. Only the Dents du Midi and the faintest tip of Mount Blanc kept any of the sunset; the quiet night was settling over all,—nature and men and the works of men. Restrained by some unknown impulse, I had not mentioned the books, but, as we sat side by side looking dreamily into the wonders of the night, the talks turned to politics, the vines, and the poverty of the Swiss. Of all these things my host had a clear insight, though that, on account of the Socialistic form of government in Switzerland, was not remarkable even in a peasant. He still spoke in Vaudois; in fact, he seemed to make it as repulsive as possible.

During a suitable pause, I made a reference to the books inside. In a moment he was on his feet, with eyes blazing and head thrown back; a perfect gentleman, who had been insulted in his own house. He was speaking in the purest French.

"Ah, I see monsieur is a passe-partout! He has taken advantage of my absence to examine my private affairs. Even though monsieur is an American, he will know that we French consider that dishonorable!"

I was utterly amazed at his violence and no words came to my tongue. After looking at me with a gaze, which I withstood as best I might, he added:

"You have no excuse! Leave my house immediately." I went in to get my pack. When I came out again, he

was staring into the night with a softened face. Because of something inexpressibly noble and sad in his position, I dared to address him before I left. I had no thought of forcing him to give me lodging. I would rather have slept on the ground, but I felt that somehow I had done him an injury which, as from gentleman to gentlemen would need an explanation.

"I was attracted only by a greedy curiosity about hidden titles, and I had so great a love for Shapespeare that I must have at least, asked you how you came into possession of them," I said.

I walked off, while he stood in the same position as if I had not spoken. Before I had gone far, I heard his voice calling appealingly for me to return; it was the cry of a man whose heart-wounds beseech sympathy; of a man who is dying far from his kind. I turned. He motioned me to sit beside him. There we sat looking at the rising mists of Leman, while silently between us ran the inexplicable current of human sympathy. In a moment he began to speak with a voice which was the very essence of the night, dreamy and soft, in the most remarkably idiomatic English I ever heard Frenchman pronounce.

"So you, too, love Shakespeare? Ah, his is the soul that speaks to one through the ages."

He was silent for a while, but, when feeling a slight awkwardness, I tried to make some answer in French, so that he might not be constrained to speak English, he spoke again, more softly and dreamily than before, with long pauses.

"Non, non, it makes me a pleasure to speak it. It seems many years since I last heard it. Now five are gone, yet they have been the time of my old age.—No.—But will you have patience to hear.—" (His voice sank lower into pleading). "I have never told anyone: those whom I love will never know, and others are so crushed under their own miseries that it seems cowardly to add to their's even by telling of your own—.

"My honored ancestor, Marquis Rolande de Vardoumonde de Clos de Valmar, and his young wife were forced to flee from the burning chateau of Cluzes, whither they had gone to enjoy the first marriage bliss. They considered as nothing the risings in Paris, but the peasantry and the fierce montagnards, fired by tyranny bloodier than ours, they knew and craved to murder their lords. There was no safety in France, so my ancestors, taking their jewels, escaped by night into Switzerland, led by two Swiss guards.

"After the sainted queen was guillotined and the dynasty overthrown, they bought the chateau of Blonay. There, since they grew to love the skies and waters and mountains, they stayed, not even returning with Louis XVII. There, also, my grandfather and father died. Our lands in France were soon swallowed up; nothing was left but the traditions of a glorious race. But we are French, to the last bitter breath we are true: my two brothers were killed fighting against the cursed Prussians; I was too young then to die. My mother's spirit was crushed at the tidings, she lived only in her love for me, and she now lies in the vaults of Blonay. Que Dieu ait pitie sur elle." (He was standing, hat in hand, with tears in his eyes).

"I was a passionate child, full of the fiery Vadronmode spirit, but so weak in body that it was thought best for me to be taken from Switzerland. I was first sent to Paris in order that I might learn the customs of my race; thence I went to London for the English accent, and so to all the capitals of Europe.

"After ten years I came back to Vaud. I can see now, as on the day I returned, the narcissus, star-scattered on the grass, the dark gray walls of Blonay beating back the warm sun; I can feel the happy dewiness of the morning air. Wel I remember how I ran, throbbing with life and love, up the moist, verdant tournament-court to the feudal door; how I met le Pere Angelus, our priest, and Antoine, the white-haired Swiss guard, who with tears in his eyes was trying to hide the crepe on his gay-colored uniform. My mother had been dead three years, but it had been her will that the pleasures of my youth should not be broken. 'Que Dieu ait grace sur le petit, il va aussi avoir des miseres,' were her last words. And so she died, remembering me as the little child who clung so desperately and with so much sorrow in his thin, eager face when he had been torn from her seven years before. She is buried in the damp vaults of grim, old Blonay.

"I went into the deepest mourning, I grieved more than I realized. I had a boat on Lake Leman, and often, idling

with the wave-pulse beating against my heart, I have drifted the whole night—to wake, chilled by the dews, in time for the glorious dawning.

"One day, as I was floating, I saw in another boat a woman's face—an angel's face. No longer I mourned for my mother, I mourned I knew not what, and I rejoiced with fierce joy that I did mourn. It was love rising within me. It was a grand awakening; for the first time I felt that I really lived. Again I saw her and again, as soon as I began to watch; she used to come on the lake with her duenna. I found out that she was a countess, and that she lived on the further side of the lake. I managed to be introduced to her, and began to court her in the American way, without a formal demand for a dot, but wooing her for her beauty and her heart.

And then—and then,—my neck began to swell; the next week the goitre became evident. My soul was racked with a horrible pain—then I became apathetic; I was crushed, for the time I could suffer no pain.

"I crossed over to her. As I came in, she smiled happily at me. I went down on my knees, resolved to tell her of my love, but the next second I had torn myself away without a word and was in my boat, rowing away with long, heartpulling strokes, lest the temptation prove too strong again. All that day and that night I rowed, fighting with myself, until, just before dawn, I was run down by a steamer, but unhappily it was close to the shore, on to which the waves drifted me. When I recovered, I tried to kill myself, but the thought struck me that she would then know I loved her, and her life would be a tragedy, too. That day a little letter, tear-spotted, came to me. God knows I could not read it. I burned it together with a handkerchief and a ribbon. After that I went mad, and, pardieu, I was happiest then.

"Faithful old Antoine had kept my insanity secret, so that I was not hindered when I recovered. I was an old man now, but the pain had not lessened. I resolved that I must dull the memory with wild sensual pleasure. Blonay was sold; for the second time I left Switzerland. Paris, London, Cannes and Cairo saw my wild pursuit of enjoyment, until finally in one night of passionate tenacity at Monte Carlo I lost all that I owned except a few francs.

"Weakened by my excesses, the goitre poison was master-

ing me. I was dying without friends and full of sin, but I could cut the expectancy short by suicide; the revolver and the cliff called to me. Yet the love which bound my fathers to the soil of my birth, drew me back to die near the green grass and blue waters of Vand. I made the journey by fourth class, tramping from Geneva to Lausanne. While I was eating my rye-bread in an inn near there, I saw my beloved enter, leaning on her father's arm. A dull pain crushed my heart, but I did not cry out or flee; where the violence of my love had died there remained but an empty recollection. And finally I came here,—here, as the least servant on the land which I once owned,—keeping close to my chilled heart the memory.—Yes, I have loved and suffered."

His voice hushed and faded off into the darkness. After a long silence I rose, unwilling to break his thoughts by my presence. When I awoke at dawn he was still sitting, with his shoulders wet by dew, as he had sat all night. I took a piece of bread from the loaf, and went away, leaving on the table a little copy of Wordsworth; it was all I could do.

When I came back to Vevey two years afterward, I went up to the house. He was not at home but soon I heard footsteps approaching. It was he, no longer straight and clean, but bowed under a barbier full of water, and most vilely dirty. His face had grown cadaverous and coarse, while the once beautiful hands were hideously enlarged. As he came nearer, he stared at me with a vacuous smile from a pair of hesitating disfigured eyes, then, after awkwardly slipping the barbier to the ground, he threw my legs aside in order to get a basin from under the bench; to him I was but an impeding mass. After this, without further delay he went about his daily tasks.

Robert Lounsbury Black

A Tragedy of Troy.

AMACTETES with light step wends his homeward way along a shady path: joyful because this day has seen a happy issue of his wooing the sister of his friend and companion, Lanocor. Before him towers the snow-capped Mount Tinolus with its sheer precipices and overhanging crags. He is fast nearing his father's estate, known by fame throughout

Amaconia. With bounding heart he approaches the place where first he can catch a glimpse of his home through an opening in the underbrush.

A piercing cry reverberates in the woods: Amactetes has fallen; his deathly pale face sinks in the dust and his limbs relax. He lies thus for some time, but at length rises dazed and half conscious. Madness seems to seize him; he rushes furiously down the path. When he reaches the open plain there is no longer doubt as to the cause of his actions, for what was once an imposing stone castle is now but a black mass of smouldering ruins.

"My father! My mother!" breaks from the lips of Amactetes.

A low, almost inaudible groan escapes from the charred embers. Amactetes, without thought of the danger, presses on amid the still-burning timber. He is rewarded since he recognizes the ghastly face of one of his trusty slaves. He gently raises the blackened body and bears it to a place of safety.

"My father! Oh, my father! my mother! tell me, tell me where are they?" shrieked Amactetes in the slave's ears. The slave groans in his dying breath, "Thy god-like father slain by the accursed Danaäns; his mangled body cast on the mountain side for the jackals to devour; thy beloved mother carried off a slave."

"You say the Danaans: how came they here?" But the faithful slave has breathed his last, and his eyes are fixed in a cold, vacant gaze.

Amactetes goes to a near-by spring. Washing his hands in the pure water and lifting his eyes towards the skies, he thus prays in anguish: "Blessed Apollo of the silver bow, behold my affliction. Grant, oh just and far-seeing God, that I may take vengeance on the perfidious Danaäns. I vow that I will pursue with unrelenting fury the execrable Argive, till I rescue the fond hearts from his polluted hands and avenge my father." This he had scarcely spoken when two birds flew near and sailed away to the left. He interprets it as a propitious omen from Apollo.

"Amactetes! Amactetes!" is shouted from the woods. He looks and lo, he sees Lanocor rushing towards him with great beads of sweat on his distressed countenance. The limbs of Lanocor reel and he throws his hands upward as if in supplication. Amactetes was amazed that his friend should display such great agony, even at his own calamity.

Lanocor speaks to him with heart-rending words, "Thine own dear love has been carried away captive by a maurading band of Achaeans. They setting out from their camp around Troy sought plunder even as far as Amaconia. This explains why your paternal estate is consumed by the flames. My own father's property was ravaged and he himself slain. My mother suffered a similar fate. So our grief is mutual."

Amactetes, learning of the cruel fate of the woman he loved, did not as might be expected fall in a swoon, but stood firmer than ever and his grim visage depicted the most unflinching resolution. Straightway he plans with his friend to avenge the Greeks. They determine to start at once for Ilium where the one hopes to free from undeserved bondage his mother and sweetheart, the other his sister.

The two staunch friends unattended commence their journey for the Troad. Ignorant of the country, they blindly direct their steps, just as an owl, suddenly awakened from his noonday sleep, will grope about among the trees of the forest: frightened, he flies against the branches and angrily flaps his wings; the more hasty his flight, the more difficulty he encounters.

They have but scanty provisions and depend for sustenance on the hospitality of strangers and the game of the forest. The days revolve. Cold, hungry and in rags, but not disheartened they pursue Troy, which seems to recede as they go on. With difficuly, often with danger, they ford the swollen streams, penetrate the uninviting woods and at night lie exposed on the damp sod.

Dejected in spirit, they finally approach the camp of the Greeks. They realize that the hardest part of their entire journey is still before them.

Mysterious night veils the land. The silvery light of the moon is reflected in the Scamander. The snowy tents of the Greeks dot the plain. Fresh breezes are wafted over the Hellespont.

Cold hearted necessity spurs on the two travellers. The goddess Fortune, for once befriending them, had caused to be drawn up on the shore of the Scamander a nearly water-

logged raft, stern foremost; they carefully push it into deep water and safely reach the further bank. From here they go to the massive walls of the defiant city. Beneath they pass the rest of the fleeting night.

"Forgetting our surroundings let us revert to the past," says Lanocor. "Tell me, Amactetes, why came your family to Amaconia? Though we have grown up together as brothers you have never imparted any information to me, except that you are of Argive blood. To be sure many tongued Rumor has knowingly whispered one thing and another, but I desire the truth from your own lips."

"First we should return thanks to the ever-living gods for their favoring presence in our journey hither. After this, I will relate what you ask." Thus Amactetes. Then with face uplifted and hands raised towards heaven, they poured forth an ardent prayer of gratitude.

"My father lived prosperously in Pelasgian Argos. His sheep herds were the largest for miles around. His lands stretched far in every direction. But in the height of his prosperity a mighty flood arose; it embraced in a watery grave the entire valley from mountain range to mountain range. We barely escaped with our lives, seeking refuge in Samothrace. Here, however, fortune did not smile on us. We sold our property and under the fostering care of the gods found better fate awaiting us in Amaconia. Now that your curiosity is satisfied, we undisturbed may rest our limbs in well-merited sleep."

With these words the two companions fell into profound slumber.

"Awake Lanocor, awake! Rosy-fingered dawn appears in the east. It is time that we should gird ourselves for the day's labor."

Rising, they invoke the aid of the son of Cronus, the high-thunderer and cloud-gatherer. Then with anxious hearts they present themselves to the guard at the Scaean gate. Immediately they are seized and are conducted to king Priam.

He questions them closely. They tell their story; it wins the favor of valiant Hector of the waving plume. They are given new clothes and armor; for they beg permission to fight against the Achaeans.

A frenzied eagerness for the fray flows in their veins.

Armed with helmet, breastplate, shield, greaves and spear they accompany the Dardanians in their sallies. The two of Amaconia mow great furrows in the ranks of the enemy. Priam and his many sons are not backward in praise. Andromache and the other Trojan matrons with womanly instinct are drawn toward the new heroes. Their fame spreads through the Greek camp; it even reaches the ears of the enslaved mother and betrothed one of Amactetes.

The day of the combat between the crested Achilles, son of Peleus, leader of the Myrmidons, and the great-hearted, man-slaying Hector arrives. Already Archilles is famed as the mightiest of the Achaeans; already Hector has fought the Telamonian Ajax and slain Patroclus.

Athene befriends Achilles; Apollo aids Hector. The white haired Priam on the lofty walls solicitously beholds his son contend against fate. Glorious Achilles chases his foe three times round the walls of Troy. The spears are hurled. Athene disguised takes a personal part in the strife. Hector with drawn sword furiously rushes on Achilles but is mortally wounded in the neck.

"'Leave me not for the dogs to devour,'" cries the dying hero. But Achillus is hardened in heart; selfish exultation in his triumph pervades his breast. He drags the gory body, bound to his chariot, to the camp, and all Troy weeps.

Amactetes and Lanocor view the entire combat from the battlements. Anguish and anger rule their minds. They rush forth without armor and without arms save their swords. Swift of foot they cut their way towards Achilles. The Achaeans, amazed at the sight, close in around. The odds are tremendous. Their hair is matted with blood; their swords besmeared with the gore. Apollo, the far-darter, endeavors to save the young men—but Atropos had cut the thead.

All is vain: Amactetes and Lanocor fall pierced with many a sword thrust.

In their dying breath they beg that those whom they came to rescue be freed. The mighty king Agamemnon thus addresses them: "Have no fear. Such bravery shall not pass unheeded. I swear before great-eyed, white-armed Hera that the noble women shall be released from bondage."

Robert H. Ewell.

A Bird Talk.

EARLY everyone has some slight knowledge of our bird life. Nearly every one can distinguish between a robin and a crow, or a sparrow and a dove, though very few have an intimate acquaintance with our common birds. Many who are desirous of acquiring such a knowledge are handicapped by lack of time, while others who have the time, lack the inclination. Every American boy should know at least a dozen of the birds which live in the vicinity of his home, as nearly all country boys do. However, the only bird the average city boy knows is the omnipresent English Sparrow, which is hardly worth knowing. To become acquainted with a few of our most common birds is not a difficult task, and can easily be done by taking a walk into the country occasionally. It gives a walk some interest besides the mere pleasure of walking and can be indulged in at any time of the year. The best time to see the birds is early in the morning or late in the afternoon in spring, but one need not confine himself either to that time of the day or of the year.

Let us, for example, take a walk together on a fine June morning, at about five. As we start out dressed in clothes of subdued hue, to attract least attention, the sun is just creeping above the horizon. An ideal time to see the birds when they are active in the search for their morning meal. Before we get out of the town limits we see many English Sparrows, to whom we pay but little attention. Then as we begin to reach the more open country we are sure to see, perched on some tree or running along the ground, one of our most common birds, the so-called Robin Redbreast or American Robin. He is, perhaps, the best known of all our birds and, although lacking the sweet song of many others, is still one of our best loved. Often-times we see him on our lawns and gardens and it is a remarkable fact that the Robin is one of the few birds which run and do not hop.

Let us now stroll on and take our stand in some grassy meadow, field-glass in hand. The first bird we see is a little fellow who seems to greatly resemble the common English Sparrow, but no, we are mistaken, by its song we know that it can be no other than the Song Sparrow. Its note is by far its greatest accomplishment and as we listen to it, we imagine ourselves listening to a canary instead of that insignificant

little bird in brown. In fact, it may often be identified in this way. The Song Sparrow is also one of our most common birds and is with us from early February to late November. It is a rare treat indeed on some cold, dreary February day to hear his joyful little song and it seems the one redeeming feature of the gloomy scene.

While admiring our little friend, the Sparrow, we are brought back to reality again by a harsh noise which seems to come from directly over us. As we look up, we see circling around, a bird about the size of a robin but apparently wholly black. This being the case, we immediately come to the conclusion that it is a Blackbird; but then the question arises what kind of a Blackbird? As he gradually settles to the ground and alights on a tuft of grass, we notice on closer inspection a small red patch on his shoulder. This is the key to the whole thing and we know at once that it must be the Redwinged Blackbird, having his whole description in his name, as you see. The Redwinged Blackbird has no song whatever but only a harsh note which has a rather impressive tone about it, especially to the small boy about to steal its eggs. (I speak from experience). He is seldom seen without his mate and a number of companions, for these blackbirds go in flocks the greater part of the year. They are noted for but one thing and that is, they are a sure sign of spring. This is true in spite of the old theory that the Bluebird brings spring, for the Bluebird is often erratic and arrives before his time, while the Blackbird never arrives until spring is about to commence.

Having left the Blackbird, we enter into a neighboring orchard, where we see a small sparrow-like bird, uttering a rather monotonous chirppy-chirppy-chirppy. This we conclude from his note and apparent fearlessness to be the chirpping Sparrow, another of that large Sparrow family. This bird is the most domestic of all birds and is always found near some house or in an adjoining orchard. He often makes his nest in the trelliswork or woodbine by the side of a house and seems but little alarmed by the close proximity of man. He is not noted as a singer but is much loved on account of his fearlessness and his confiding ways.

Upon going further into the orchard we stop at seeing a bright-colored bird scolding away at us from the top a neigh-

boring tree. He is soon joined by his mate who helps in his remonstrance against our intrusion. We first wonder at the cause for this alarm but close-by we see a long bag-like nest made of some gray material. This they wish to keep from our sight, lest we investigate too closely. From the long peculiar-shaped nest we can at once determine the name of the bird, no other than the Golden Robin or Baltimore Oriole. The Golden Robin is, I think, the most admired of all our familiar birds on account of his extremely handsome plumage. In fact, the Oriole derived its name from the similarity of its plumage to the livery of Lord Baltimore of colonial Maryland. The Oriole's nest is not an uncommon sight, swinging from some lofty elm near some house, for the Oriole seems to like the proximity of man.

Leaving the Orioles to congratulate themselves on their escape, we emerge into an open field, dotted here and there with tall mullein plants. Flitting from plant to plant we see a magnificent little bird, rather smaller than a Sparrow, clothed in a suit of bright gold with a black patch on his crown which seems to heighten the effect of his golden feathers. There can be no doubt what this bird is, for his name, like that of the Blackbird, is taken directly from the color of his plumage. It is the Yellow Bird or American Goldfinch. There certainly is no one who does not have a profound admiration for this little fellow dressed in his gold and black costume, as he flies first in one direction, then in another, in his search for food. He always seems perfectly happy whether his fare be poor or good. We do not often find in a single bird the combined qualities of being a good songster and having fine plumage. However, the Goldfinch seems to be a beautiful example of both, having an unequalled plumage and a song exceedingly sweet and attractive.

In our desire to get on good terms with these feathered friends of ours we have lost track of the time and are surprised to find that it is half-past six and nearly breakfast time. We at once start for home. The quickest way being through a wood-lot, we set out in that direction as quickly as possible. On our way through, we startle a partridge with her brood of young, but having no time to lose, we will not stop to watch the old bird's efforts to divert attention from her brood by counterfeiting a broken wing. We keep straight on and after a brisk walk find ourselves at home, greatly invigorated and feeling glad, on the whole, that we got up at such an early hour.

MIRAGE.—

The Street of the Serpents.

'Tis a street in the old quarter of Seville, dark, gloomy, and crooked. From each side of the narrow pavement rise deserted houses of bleak gray stone, which have stood there for the last three hundred years. Far over the lower stories the upper project, and seem to frown darkly downward upon the silent and deserted street beneath them. For more than fifty years hardly a human soul has entered their doors, but still the grim houses stand there, untouched, deserted, in gloomy silence.

Over the whole locality there is a look of dreariness, of desolation, of decay. Filth and squalor are on every side, and littering the broken pavement are piles of rubbish, which have rested undisturbed these five score years. To-day rats and mice play up and down, and are the lords of the thoroughfare. But 'twas not always so. Once, in ages long forgotten, up the narrow street thronged the courtiers and princes of Castile and Arragon; through it marched in triumphal procession, world renowned chieftains and warriors; through it swept to their grand palaces, surrounded by all the Spanish nobles and grandees, the emperors of Europe and America. But now how changed! Seldom a human footstep is heard echoing up the dark way; all avoid it, as if upon it there rested a curse. This is the "Street of the Serpents."

Far up at the further extremity of the dreary street, stands alone, the great "House of the Serpents." With interest but horror, with curiosity but disgust, the traveller passes up the street, sees the house, and hears its dread history, for this deserted pile of gray stone is one of the few remaining relics of that terrible tribunal, the Spanish Inquisition.

When protestants were being burned by hundreds at the stake, tortured on the rack, broken on the wheel, torn asunder by wild horses, hung, beheaded, strangled, sent to horrible deaths by all the ingenious modes of torture that the fertile minds of the diabolical priests and tormentors could devise, this house was fitted up as a cage of destruction. It was filled with huge rats and toads, with snakes and scorpions, with all varieties of the most deadly and venemous serpents

and reptiles, that the newly-discovered American continent could produce. Then into this loathsome cage, into this vile charnel-house, were thrust week after week scores on scores of the victims of the inquisitor's hatred.

Week after week, into the great market place of Seville, were dragged twenty or thirty poor unfortunates, usually women, who had been condemned to death by the inexorable judges. From their ghastly dungeons they were brought hither, and on the lofty platform, before the eyes of hooting thousands, who with wild eyes gloated over the spectacle, they were made to undergo agonies of shame and suffering. They were stripped of their clothing by the rough hands of the brutal executioners, and first made to bear fifty stripes, laid on without pity by the ruthless officers. Then, all naked as they were, and bleeding from the cruel blows of the whip, they were tightly bound, two and two, and, fainting and half dead, marched in dismal procession through the streets of the city, onward, ever onward till they reached the house of doom. They reached the serpent house, their ropes were cut, and quickly one by one, they were hurled through the windows to the hungry reptiles within.

Slowly the shrieks became fainter and fainter, and these victims of the Inquisition had died a death the horror of which the human mind is unable to conceive.

Fox.

Little Pitchers.

"Did it ever occur to you, Monsieur Mignot, how great a field for a philosopher is offered by a pitcher of milk? For instance, have you, in your extensive experience, noticed how much more milk there is in a quart pitcher in which there is one quart than in a vessel double that capacity half full?

"I ask you in all seriousness, my dear monsieur, if this s not the trouble with half of mankind—they haven't enough milk to fill their pitchers?

"Yes, you agree with me, but let us change that indefinite 'they' to something more in the region of the concrete. Let us say we—you and I monsieur. Perhaps you had a license to write that essay on "A Superficial Survey of the Paradoxical" but yet you wouldn't purchase shoes five sizes too large for you. I, moi-aussi, in my innocences and ignor-

ances, tried to reform the world and look at the result, monsieur, the part of my own self that is reformed would scarcely be noticed in the bottom of the pitcher; when one has but a small piece of meat let him give it to a hungry cat rather than a starving tiger But lo, here we are, you and I, two insignificant nobodies, discussing a remedy for the ills of half the inhabitants of the globe."

"The pitchers are too large, altogether too large, Monsieur Mignot."

FRED LEWIS COLLINS.

B00KS.-

"Well, we have our standards."

- *A buyer, looking over a lot of books, is more or less attracted by the simplicity and originalty of their covers, the quality of the binding and the print. "A Man Without a Country"* published by Little, Brown and Company, has the simplicity; but greatly lacks in originality. The cover reminds one more of a black-board design for a public school commencement, than the cover of one of our standard works. "Think twice before you speak once," is an old maxim, it would have served well for Philip Nolan, when he damned the country that gave him bread. His wish, that he might never see the United States again, was fulfilled. At first he took his punishment as a joke, until the novelty wore away, and then he realized his crime; but, alas, it was too late.
- One of the best passages, is where poor Nolan is interpreting the recaptured slave's prayer. "Not Palmas," he says, "Take us home, take us to our country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our women.

 And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

 His dying request gives us his greatest thought, "O, Danforth" he said "I know I am dying. I cannot get home.

^{*}A Man Without a Country, Edward E. Hale. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.00.

Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not on this ship, there is not in America—God bless her—a more loyal man than I." Danforth told him and the now-happy man died.

- As we finish the book for the first time, a different feeling comes over us. A feeling of patriotism thrills through our veins, and a prayer for her safety creeps into our hearts. And there comes back to us those words from Horace, "Dulce et de corum est pro Patria more."

 R. E.
- "The Pride of Jennico" is, I think, quite the type of what a novel should be. It is a clean, wholesome love story, and holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. The plot is highly original and ingenious, and is most excellently worked out. The story is tragic in a few places, humorous in a few, exciting in many and interesting in all. It is carried through in order of events as they occurred, and without stopping in the middle of the most critical situations, for explanations, as so many novels do. The characters are extremely natural and well drawn, especially the Princess and the hero's old bodyservant, Janos. The scene is laid in Austria-Hungary, for the most part, though a few chapters are enacted in England. The story is supposed to be taken from the memoirs of the hero, Captain Basil Jennico, a young Englishman. Early in the story he is left, by the will of his uncle, in possession of an immense and very valuable estate near Vienna. The last wish of his uncle is that he shall not disgrace the old Jennico blood by marrying below his station.
- Soon after his uncle's death Basil became acquainted—in a rather remarkable manner—with a princess and her maid of honor. He falls in love with the princess, solely through her station in life, and resolves to marry her. He—but I will go no further, one should read it for himself. It is amply worth the reading.

 C. R.
- "Rex Wayland's Fortune,"* is the title of a new book by H. A. Stanley. The plot of the story, although it is exactly like hundreds of others, is fairly good. An ideal young hero,

^{*&}quot;The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Co., London.

^{*&}quot;Rex Wayland's Fortune," H. A. Stanley, Laird and Lee, Chicago.

who is as perfect as a young man can be, is left almost penniless by his father's death, and with a helpless mother. He immediately starts working to support her and himself, and while engaged as an employe in one of the lumber camps of the great Californian forests, meets with many hair-raising adventures. Finally he chances to discover the existence of a treasure, hidden by Indians far up in the Rockies, and after many perilous exploits, secures the treasure, and lives happily ever after.

The book is crammed full of exciting adventures, and, if the hero is not eaten by a grizzly-bear one day, he is sure to fall from a precipice the next, or else take a pleasure trip down the mountains on a landslide. The exciting incidents follow one another so closely, that the book might well interest any boy, and help him to beguile a few leisure hours.

A. F.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Generation of Cornell, by J. G. Schurman. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Boston.

John Littlejohn of J., by George Morgan. J. B. Lippincott. Philadelphia.

Literary Criticism, by L.Sears. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Boston.

Spanish Instructor. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

Lark Classics—The Rubaiyàt, Barrack-Room Ballads, Departmental Ditties. William Doxey, San Francisco.

I Am the King. Sheppard Stevens. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Pan Michael, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

On Going to Church, by Bernard Shaw. The Roycrofters, East Aurora.

Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works. Pendennis, Henry Esmond. Harper & Brothers, New York.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR.

Editorial Board:

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The Magazine is conducted by the Editors in connection with

The Contributing Board: FRED LEWIS COLLINS.

THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, November, December, February, April, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine first to prove the literary life.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to

secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editor will require the Contribution Board as accession described.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising

from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

The Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS,

EDITORIALS.

- Ha, late again! And what may be the excuse this time? Last month, we believe, it was new clothes and now,—no less than the temporary withdrawal of our honored chieftain, the managing editor. Next month he will again head us, and we shall march out to a Christmas vacation, as brave as ever before. In the meantime, we, in his place, make our little November bow.
- There has been some discussion in our sister publication about an Exeter-Andover debate, a discussion made the more lively and interesting by the slight tone of asperity which pervaded it. As far as we can judge the arguments, there is much for the debate and little against it. Andover furnishes the best athletes to

the colleges, and once in a while a good debater; why should she not come to the front more openly in this latter respect? A fellow who has a real gift of eloquence should have the opportunity of addressing a gathering larger than the audience in either of our literary societies or the meagre crowd that comes to the big debate. We are before the public a good deal in athletics; the alumni and a great number of parents of prospective grads are interested in our sports. But it seems as if Andover should occasionally distinguish herself otherwise than in football or base ball. By a debate we could throw a light on the interests, which form a certain part of Andover life. Moreover, it would bring us closer to Exeter, by showing us more of their school. As it is we know little or nothing of them; the Lit. is not taken in the reading room and who ever knows the names of the Exeter debating societies? And lastly, perhaps, there is a hope that, though they may vie with us in football, we can beat them unmercifully in a debate. And so this brings us to the last game with the Red. We were all grieviously torn whether to rejoice over a victory or mourn over a defeat, but, everything considered, we think there should have been a fire on the campus, and speeches, and a procession. Exeter came here with every omen of success; to misquote the poet, her center was strong and she was fast around the ends, while all the wiseacres were prophesying a victory for her. But when it came to the test the ball was in their territory most of the time, and if we had not - but let that go. The game is over; we must look to revenge on the diamond, on the track and on the platform.

However, the best of all has been the tremendous "Andover spirit" awakening. We cannot but prophesy a splendid year, if the attitude which every fellow seems to have taken, is crystalized. We must turn our enthusiasm to other things than cheering and singing, and there is nothing that will not be vincible.

EXCHANGES.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and quotation the least difficult method of criticism: in typographical renaissance the following:

SOAP BUBBLES.

See how the little one stands in glee, Blowing the beautiful fragile things, See how they float in the sun-shot air. Liquid and crystal, faint and rare, Beautiful, shimmering, vanishing things, Water of gold, and rainbow wings. Laugh, little boy, raise high thine hand, Catch if thou canst the spheréd air. Touch but the gold and all is o'er, Blow, little boy, yet more, yet more, Dance of a sun-ray, purple and green, Dance of a moon-beam, silver sheen. Ah, little boy, there are some grown gray, Blowing their bubbles, even as thou, Beautiful bubbles, fragile and gold, Breaking as tears on a cheek grown cold: Not to be clasped they float away Into the dusk of the dying day. June E. Downey, in The Wyoming Student.

CHIMES. Someday, somewhere,

O troubled soul,
Someday, somewhere,
No billows roll!
O, Land of Rest,
Waiting for all;
On that far shore
No shadows fall!
Someday, somewhere,
Sorrow shall cease;
Someday, somewhere,
Life end in Peace.
From Ye Lit of Ye Exeter Academy.

SACRAMENT.

Cowl'd deep in mist the great hills kneeled.
While on the East's high-altar bright,
The Host of Dawn lay, full revealed,
In the clear monstrance of the Light.

In the Williams Lit.

THE MONTH.

October 15. Andover lost to M. I. T. in a closely contested game by a score of 6-5.

October 15. Auction of reading-room papers.

October 20. The Fall Handicap Meet occurred. The seniors won the meet, but lost to 'oo in the relay race.

October 21. Musical Entertainment in Chapel for the benefit of the Athletic Association given by Mr. Alfred Farland and P. A. Musical clubs.

October 22. Andover easily defeated Yale '02 by a score of 11-0.

October 22. Andover defeated by Harvard in a Gunclub match.

October 26. Andover beat Holy Cross in football.

October 29. Andover and Worcester played a tie game in football. Score, 5-5.

November 5. Andover defeated New Hampshire College in a dribbing game: 24-0.

November 6. Cup offered by Roberts '71 for best player in the Exeter game.

November 11. Grand mass-meeting in Chapel to arouse enthusiasm for the Exeter game. Speeches, cheers and songs in large quantities.

November 12. The event of the year—the Exeter-Andover football game resulted in a tie, neither side being able to score, though both goals were in danger.

November 18. Andover, confuting the wise-acres, won from Lawrenceville by a score of 11-0. A night-shirt parade occurred in the evening.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.

√ '45.—Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln Wayland died at Wernersville, Pa., Nov. 7, 1898, after an illness of several months. He was the son of President Francis Wayland of Brown Uni-

versity, and was born in Providence, R, I., April 23, 1830. He was chaplain of the 7th Conn. Volunteers in the Civil War. For nearly a quarter of a century he was editor of the "National Baptist" published in Philadelphia.

'58.—Died, in Attleboro, October 17, 1898, Stillman Baxter Pratt, one of the most extensive newspaper publishers in New England, having founded nearly fifty weeklies in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut.

'71.—Rev. I. H. Bartlett Headley, a chaplain in the regular army, is stationed at Fort Yates, North Dakota.

'71.—Recently published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., "The Best Life," by Rev. Charles F. Thwing of Cleveland, O.

'73.—Married at Beaver Falls, Pa., October 26, 1898, Anna Lorena Latshaw to Howard H. Porterfield.

'74.—The republican mayoralty convention nominated William C. Clark. of Manchester, N. H., for a third term.

'80.—Herbert W. Wolcott and Miss Nettie May Gabriel, of Cleveland, O., were married October 5, 1898.

'83.—Miss Marion Wale, married October 18, 1898, to Edward H. Norton, Jr., of Mount Vernon, N. Y., teacher in Phillips 1887-1889.

'86.—At Litchfield, Conn., October 11, 1898, occurred the marriage of Miss Grace H. Underwood to Rev. Carroll Perry.

'87.—Miss Susan N. Molther, the last few years a teacher in the Andover public schools, was married at her home in Oswego, N. Y., to Arthur T. Boutwell of Andover.

'88.—Henry S. Graves has been appointed Assistant Chief of the Forestry department at Washington, D. C.

'90.—Frederick D. Hayward and Miss Mary Elizabeth Curtis were married at East Hartford, Conn., October 10, 1898.

'92.—Arthur Kingsbury Kaime died at the home of his father-in-law, Alexander M. Lindsay, at Rochester, N. Y., August 24, 1898. He was married September 26, 1895 to Miss Harriet M. Lindsay.

'92.—Married at New Haven, Conn., November 8, 1898, George X. McLanahan and Miss Caroline Suydam Duer.

'93.—Charles D. Millard of Tarrytown, N. Y., is a lawyer with a city office at 41 Wall St., New York City.

'94.—Walter S. Adams, Dartmouth '98, as a graduate student in astronomy, is with Prof. Frost at the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin.

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66	"	9	x	12	"	20 98
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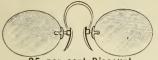
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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

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DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

As Arranged by the Scoffer.

THERE were two woman-haters present, also a third party, called the scoffer, because it was commonly believed that he led the woman-haters on, for the purely selfish end of promoting his own merriment. The point was, which of the two woman-haters was a virtuoso and which was an amateur and a hypocrite, and a point of that nature is less easy to demonstrate with wise saws than with modern instances. This was where the purely selfish ends of the scoffer were realized.

"Perfectly frankly, old man," said the misogynist, solemnly, as if sad reminiscences were flitting across his mind, "I get more actual enjoyment out of an afternoon with the dentist than I do out of a dance."

"That is a very touching statement," said the scoffer, "and would undoubtedly prejudice a jury in your favor, but to make it of any real value as evidence you would have to begin by getting a signed certificate from the dentist to the effect that you, James Southworth, with reference to a scale of ten, enjoyed yourself three, let us say, and only three points, at his last session." The fatalist overlooked this interruption, and leaned earnestly forward toward the misogynist.

"Yes, but by that very statement, you must go to dances, or you couldn't not enjoy them. Now I never go to dances at all."

"'Couldn't not' fails to scan," broke in the scoffer, "and leaves one in doubt whether you mean 'couldn't help' or 'not could;' "—but he did not get the ear of his audience, as the misogynist was already deep in his reply.

"You don't suppose I would go to dances if I wasn't forced into it by my sister, do you?" he said, indignantly. "She gets the invitations while I am away and accepts before I get back. The first two or three times she did it, I followed it right up with a special delivery regret, beginning unforseen circumstances,' but she wilfully and systematically gave me away, and that made it very unpleasant afterwards.

So now I time myself to arrive about ten thirty, shake hands with the hostess and tell her how glad I am to have been able to come, and then go outside and smoke with the bell-boy till they serve supper. Once a girl did rope me in to taking her to supper—forget how she managed it. She made me eat a philopena with her, too; cracker, and I choked myself nearly to death with it, so that kind friends had to help me out of the room. She also won the philopena, which cost me four dollars. Since then, I have dined alone."

"O Popoi! what if I should some time have to go to a dance and take a girl out to supper," exclaimed the fatalist, and he whistled softly to himself. "Once I had to go to a dinner, and the only thing I said to the girl in the entire evening was to ask her if she would pass the celery. I thought up several very brilliant beginnings to conversations, but felt that I could not sustain them, so I did not dare use them, and all the light remarks I could think of were profane, so I just sat still and reflected how nicely I was looking."

"In a case like that," said the scoffer, "by far the best thing to do is to lean way over towards the girl, with an engaging smile, and say animatedly, 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; three times seven is twenty-one, ever notice that?' And if she has any sense at all, you will have a conversation going in about a minute that will be the admiration of the table." The audience tried politely to look amused, but evidently felt that it was a topic too serious for jesting.

"I'll tell you what I will do, George," the misogynist said, "I'll bet you five dollars that I am worse afraid of a girl than you are."

"If you have the money with you, I will take it now," replied the fatalist; "you couldn't be."

"Are you fellows serious, and will you put up?" inquired the scoffer. "Because you've chosen a mighty difficult bet to prove, but I shall be charmed to cancel all engagements for the time being and put it through, in the interests of good sport. The game will be this. I will produce the girl, explain to her how it happens that you are going to call, and give each of you a chance to talk to her alone for ten minutes. I will ask her afterwards which of you acted the worst, and that man wins."

"The only trouble is," objected the misogynist, "that ten minutes is not long enough. I could think up remarks ahead

for almost ten minutes, but give me an hour and I can queer myself with any girl."

"No," said the scoffer, slowly and thoughtfully, "that would be much too hard on the girl; if you are as good a killjoy as you think, she can find it out in ten minutes, and then you and George will have exactly the same chance, anyway. Now I will make all necessary arrangements with Mary Willoughby for next Friday afternoon. Mary is an old friend of mine and she likes a good game, but I will only explain the outside of it to her. She will know that you are each going to call and stay ten minutes, and I shall convey the impression that you are trying to find out which of you is the greatest winner-only in this particular case it will be the loser who wins. George, you are due at the house at three, sharp. You must walk boldly to the door and ring the bell at three ten, Jim. If either one of you fails to present himself, he will owe me five dollars, merely as a guarantee of good faith. I will have ice water on the table, in case either of you should feel faint, and will telephone over to the hospital and get the refusal of the ambulance for half an hour. Just keep cool, and go into this thing to win."

At three o'clock Friday afternoon the scoffer was finishing a pipe in his room, wondering rather listlessly what ingenious excuse one or both of the contestants would presumably devise for failing to keep the appointment, and how small the chances were that he would ever be able to collect his guarantee of good faith from either of them, in case they did. Before he had arrived at a definite conclusion to either hypothesis, the misogynist came in, looking careworn and disappointed.

"Much hurt, Jim?" inquired the scoffer, sympathetically.

"What do you think I did?" said the misogynist, desperately.

"I have been waiting here all the afternoon just to find out, old man. Tell me quite frankly; you know sorrow shared loses half its sting." The misogynist took off his coat reflectively, and sighed.

"Hurry up," said the scoffer, nervously, "this suspense is killing. Did your remarks last out as anticipated, or was it necessary to broach the weather at the ninth minute?"

"The point is, I lose," said the misogynist. "I went in there and began a dialogue that would have done credit to

Socrates, and blame me if she didn't laugh at me and bring up the Harvard game. My impression is now that she did most of the talking, but anyway, we got along fairly well until it was almost time to go, and then,—" here the story was momentarily cut short while the misogynist went on a still hunt for a cigarette, and eventually found a pack corralled in the chafing dish.

"What did you do, boy?" exclaimed the scoffer. "Have you no respect for my anxiety?"

"Oh, then, I asked her to go to the game with me." There was another break in the cross-examination at this point, because the scoffer was throwing sofa pillows around the room, and indulging in so much hilarity that conversation was impossible. Then there was a knock at the door, and in came the fatalist, with a five dollar bill in his hand.

"You earned it, Jm," he said, sadly, "and maybe I will take you to the show some time, too, only try to forget about this;" the last remark being addressed to the scoffer.

"This life is full of vicissitudes, George," said the scoffer, "we all of us have them. Try to brace up and state the causes which lead you to the conclusion that you have lost."

"I'm just exactly as much of a woman-hater as I was before," said the fatalist, "more, if anything, but this was a point of honor. I had given my word to try and make as good an impression as I could, so I had to do it."

"Yes, but what was it?" said the scoffer, who was really far too nervous to qualify as a judge.

"Why, after about seven minutes I couldn't think of another thing to say," replied the fatalist, sullenly. "There was perfect silence for a long time, and then—I asked her to go to the Sophomore German with me."

"George," interrupted the misogynist, solemnly, "I guess we had better call this square. Come out and have a rabbit with me while we compare notes. The scoffer has had all the enjoyment out of this that he deserves," and the two womanhaters walked confidently and ostentatiously out of the room.

"After all," said the scoffer to himself, as he started another pipe, "I am inclined to agree with the former statements of those gentlemen, that a woman-hater is in a very, very dangerous place when he is in the same room with a girl."

Ray Morris, P. A., '97.

for Lilies of Ice. Three Prayers.

I. TO THE SON.

As roses fade,

Deep crimsoned-petaled blooms, gold-molten buds
And lilies—fade grey to ashes; even so
Grow old and sere, and die my lovings.
Of Thee, Lord Christ, I pray a friend; to love
With love deep as Thy skies; whom Death
Shall kiss with his dark holy lips, our love
Enwrapping with Death's ice, Death's youth unchanging.

For holding close against my heart, In memory, through Thy eternity, A frozen flower, one lily of fair ice I pray of Thee, Lord Christ!

II. TO THE FATHER.

It were a much unholy thing,
Thy servant knows, O Father God, that whom
I love should cast on me the mantle
Of high friendship. As though the golden
Warmth of Thy clean sun should drip—
Through sea silences—on the days-trange,
Sightless, livid head of some sea beast.
And God—yea with this love I am Thy brother—
For this sorrow, than all joys more worth,
I thank Thee. For this silvern sorrow,
Making all the world a place, still, sweet, sad,
Solemn, as moon-shadows of long lilies
Cast on lone, wide, holy snows, Father God,
For unrequieted love, I bless Thee!

III. TO THE MADONNA.

Nay, Mary Mother, Queen, whose white feet trod The lowly lilies of Man's earth, I spoke Fools' words, prayed Man's vain wisdom—Behold, I pray Thee now, O Mary Queen, With blood upon my lips from my Man's heart, For that supreme one crimson boon, Man's love! Even that living love that flames from fair White bones, from coursing blood, and flesh Like lilies, Mary Queen, give unto me!

Bhost-Steps.

I COULD not sleep; something kept me in the state of delicious wakefulness that comes when the body, tired by physical exertion, sleeps, and the mind is dreamily active. Was it the thought of the grand old mountain outside, draped in purple-black shadows with ermine tippets of soft little clouds? Was it the high, sweet bugle-call note of the Peabody bird, whistling in plaintive cadence, "Pea-body, Peabody, Pea-body?" Or was it the hour; twelve had just struck on the clock of the little Swiss toy church far down in the village; and the fact that I was sleeping in an old deserted farmhouse? Suddenly as I lay looking at the shaft of moonlight which poured through the curtainless window I heard footsteps,-ghost footsteps in the rooms below me. At first they seemed the deadened, pattering steps of a child's bare feet; then firmer, but still light; now heavier, weighted down by cares; and lastly, as my fancy verged off, I was conscious that they dragged slowly across the room under me and ceased.

THE CHILD'S STEPS.

"I've fed th' chickens, 'n' c'lected th' eggs. Ain't there nawthin' I cain do fer ye: Ye hedn't ough' t' work s' hard."

She was an ugly little girl, as she stood looking into the dark grease-stained kitchen with her ragged dress, which no longer laid claim to any particular color, and her brown legs, scarred by frequent excursions among blackberry bushes. Her heavy little face, overhung by a coarse black bang, did not give great promise of intelligence. She was certainly a "nut browne mayd," though she had no romantic glamor about her.

"Ye jes' never mind me, but come in 'n' let that door to; as if there warn't enough flies here a'ready," her mother returned sharply. Then with the consummate generalship of a housewife, she added: "Ye go down t' th' stony meadow 'n' git me s'me blackb'ries. When yer pail's full, come back here 't help with th' butter."

THE BRIDE'S.

"Jim's jes' th' sweet'st feller 's ever lived. He's been awful nice t' me all th' time.

"But lemme tell ye 'bout Boston. It's tearin' big. 'Il never see s' many folks t'gether again. 'N' we slep' at

Brown's Hotel, six stories high,—went way up stairs, 'n' jes' outside our window there wuz a littl' porch with a ladder, that th' man said was fer when they's a fire. We went up 'n' saw th' State House; a tearin' large buildin', with a dome jes' 's if 'twas made o' gold.

"'N' Jim took me daown to Swampscott so 's I could see th' sea. It wasn't 's big 's I thought, but Jim tol' me ye couldn't see but a littl' mite 't a time. It looked awful pretty, powerful soft 'n' smilin', with littl' white bowuts all over.

"'N' ye hed ough' t' see th' brooch Jim bought me. 'T's got the pictur' o' th' State House painted on it."

All her female relations and friends were seated around her in the dingy, stiff "parler" while she was recounting the details of her honeymoon. Outside, by the barn, her husband had his little coterie, also. There had been much kissing and hugging on her arrival, so that her hair and the cheap little traveling dress were much disordered, but with her shining eyes and rosy cheeks she looked far prettier than when, as a bride, she had left only a week before. A rest which comes once in twenty years of monotonous toil can do wonders, however short it may be.

THE MOTHER'S.

"Oh! Jim, p'raps ye men don't see it, but it's crool hard on th' women. It jes' mighty near breaks my heart. W'at 'll I do now ye air gone. My God! what air I done that I mus' hev this cross t' bear! It ain't right."

The farmer-soldier mumbled something about: "Be brave my old gal! ye—"

"Yes, I'll be brave. They say it's fer th' kentry 'n freedom." Then in tears again. "But do mind t' take some o' thet potion I stuck in yer knapsack ef yer throat aches. Ye air gettin' old; ye must be careful."

And the woman in the discolored purple cotton wrapper flung her arms around the awkward, stooped man, who wore a remarkably ugly uniform, and who held so desperately to his musket. The ensuing melee was ludicrous, with the projecting arms and legs, the musket gaping at the stove, and the little sword-bayonet pointing unhappily to heaven, but it was sublime and tragical, too. The long embrace ended, the man stood clear in the doorway, drawn up to his full height, his clumsy farmer's tongue trying in vain to express the

great loving thoughts which surged through his brain. Then he turned and walked off very straight in spite of his habitual stoop, his forage cap fallen on one ear, giving him a youthful, rakish air, and the little sword-bayonet sticking between his legs. Laughable, but with something in his face that would make the meanest respect him.

THE MORIBUND'S.

"I won't wake M'randy. She's gittin' sassy 'n' I mind I wuz powerful fond o' sleep when I wuz young—' A groan. "I jes' wonder ef I ken do it," she gasped. Slowly she staggered across the floor, clutching at chairs and tables.

"Thank God, yes!" she exclaimed, as she reached up for an old tintype of a man in soldier's uniform. Then the effort to get back commenced. It was hard; it cost her great pain and fatigue, but at last she reached her bed, and fell upon it in a faint. Until almost dawn she lay unconscious. Then she roused, and, pressing the tintype to her breast, as the day broke, she began her humble death-song.

"Jes' 's I press this pictur' to my breast so he pressed me, when he asked me t' be his wife, on'y more softer 'n' more tenderer like; 'n' so he pressed me th' time he went off t' th' war. Thought my heart 'ud break then, but it 'us saved fer when I heard thet he'd been killed at Chancellorsville tryin' t' save his cap'in's life. My heart's bruk again every time I think how good 'n' strong 'n' sweet he was.

"I guess I've suffered my share with mighty littl' joy mixed in. There ain't much pleasure 'n a farmer's life; 'specially in mine since Tim married thet Simmon's gal, 'n' don't pay no 'tention t' me, 'n' sence Mirandy's grown s' sassy. But I guess my joy 'll come in Heaven, 's the Book says. I've done my best t' treat others 's I'd—have them—do—unto—me—Amen!"

And that morning, as the rosy hues of the dawn fell upon the purple cloak and ermine of old Chocorua changing them into robes such as only angels and the genii of mountains wear, an almost imperceptible star fell, leaving a short blanched track, which quickly disappeared.

Robert Lounsbury Black.

The Light=House.

Guide of the sailor, guardian of the ships,
Whose one eye blinks a warning of the shoal,
And gives to weary navigators hope,
Though gales may howl and billows toss and roll:
The merchant trusts thee, when he sends his wealth—
Amassed by faithful toil—out on the sea;
The pilot, seeing thee, to safety turns,
And thanks God for his guidance, giv'n through thee.

C. Ryder.

A College Spook.

W E were sitting in my room—Mason, Booth, and my-self—passing the evening after the manner of college men. Mason and I were room-mates and Freshmen. Booth was a Soph. who lived two doors down the hallway; he had condescended to make his first call on us that evening, and even deigned to show some slight interest in our doings.

He was just finishing a long-winded and highly improbable story about a ghost that was said to appear every first of December in Barker's woods, a patch of trees on the road to Melville, the nearest town.

"Curiously enough, none but college men ever see it, and they will never describe its appearance," he said in conclusion.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mason, shutting with a snap the Livy which he was pretending to study, though I will vouch that he did little real work that evening.

"Not at all," replied Booth, "I saw it myself last year."

And he smiled grimly.

Not a word more could we get from him on the subject, and so we had to content ourselves with this last astounding declaration.

"It's a confoundedly mean trick, this cutting off of Christmas vacation," I muttered presently. "To think that the faculty, just on account of those pranks in chapel, should have the audacity to cut down the holidays to four days!" "Why," I continued, impatiently laying aside my banjo, "the more I think of it, the madder I get. I believe nothing but a walk will cool me off. Mason, old man, drop that pretended grinding, and come along. You too, Booth. It's an ideal night for a stroll."

"No, I think I'll turn in," Booth answered, with a yawn. As we put on our sweaters, Mason said: "By the way, why not go through Barker's woods, and disprove the fairy tale we've just heard? This is the night when the gentleman in in white is scheduled to appear, you know."

Booth pricked up his ears at this, and then laughed quietly to himself.

"Oh, don't worry about us," I said to him, noticing his look, "we can take care of ourselves pretty well, if we are Freshmen," and with that we stepped outdoors.

It was indeed a splendid night for a walk. The air was crisp and frosty, and the ground rang hard under our feet as we pressed on. The moon was full, and its light illuminated brightly the scene around us. But, somehow, that light seemed to have a stranger and more wierd look than usual;—perhaps it was only my rage about the Christmas vacation that made me think so, however.

We took a road from which there turned, about a mile distant, a lane which met the Melville road a little beyond the fateful woods. We walked on, hands in pockets, chatting briskly about the innumerable incidents of college life, and shrugging our shoulders now and then as the cold wind blew more bitingly upon us. Gradually the conversation changed to that ghost of Booth's, and do what we could, it was altogether too much upon our minds. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, since we would presently, if the tale were true, be in its awful presence. My breath was coming quick and my heart was beating with heavy thumps long before we were through that interminable lane. The fact is, that tale of Booth's had made considerable impression upon both me and Mason.

At length we reached the main road, and turning to the right, saw at the foot of the hill before us the haunted wood. I do not know why my teeth should have begun to chatter unseemingly, or my knees have felt strangely at that moment; perhaps it was all due to the cold. I glanced at Mason and our eyes met. We read each other's thoughts perfectly; he felt exactly as I did.

"Come, come, old man," Mason broke out, "this won't do. There can't be anything wrong with that quiet patch of woods ahead. Let's push straight ahead, and make up our minds that there is nothing there." The wild look in his eyes told

me that his mind was far from made up, however.

We walked with a steadily increasing speed down the hill, and commenced to cross that level stretch where the road passes through the woods.

The moonlight shone with a full and ghastly glow among the tree trunks, streaking the ground with broad bands of silver and shadow, while the chilling wind as it moaned through the bare and gloomy branches overhead, seemed verily to betoken the icy presence of a spectre.

Suddenly I started. What was that standing out against the shadow yonder? My eyes stared wildly. Ah, it was nothing but the trunk of a birch, palely illumined by the moonlight.

We pushed on, at a pace now nearly a run, casting hurried glances over our shoulders at the glimmering spots of moonlight on the thickets at either side of the road.

What was that? Mason was sure he saw something in white dodge behind that wall, and at the same time I caught sight of a dim figure passing behind a tree. At that awful moment a deep groan burst upon our frightened ears, followed by a wild, unearthly shriek, and, trembling with horror, we started to run. Too late! Into the road before us glided a tall figure robed in white, and from each side white forms slid out into the moonlight. We groaned as the horrible truth flashed through our minds. The Sophomores were upon us!

The Gibeonites.

Behold, the woman was fallen down at the door of the house, and her hands were upon the threshold. And he said to her, Up, and let us be going. But none answered. From the ninteenth chapter of the Book of Judges.

11 PUT the candle closer an' hand me the flask, will you Bill, an' take care you don't step on her hand."

"I'm damned if it haint a girl!"

"What will we do with it? I never saw a kid before. There! I was afeard it would cry. You take it, Bill."

"Look out, you'll drop it! Wait a bit, Slippery, an' hold on to it tight, Babe will be back from that dance on Sand creek pretty soon and then she will take care of it. I doubt if she ever saw one before either, but any woman kin handle a kid. Has it got its eyes open yet?" "No, of course not. They never do fur nine days after they're born. Didn't you never see a litter of pups? Better, Nell, old girl?"

The woman shook her head feebly without opening her eyes. She lay upon a blanket, spread in the center of the clay floor, and from the bar where, stuck in a beer bottle, shone a flickering candle, the light fell upon her pale face, wet with suffering, and upon her disheveled hair; upon the two gamblers and the bar-keeper, her attendants; and upon the newly-born child. In a little adobe saloon, on the hill-side above the muddy Platte, where the soldiers of the fort, the cowboys and gamblers of the surrounding range, and that class always attendant met to drink and carouse, was born on a Christmas night Poker Nell, father unknown, mother worse.

It was Sunday and the fourth of July, two reasons why a little western town should be unusually alive. Then there were three round up outfits in town, that had finished shipping their herds the day before and were now busy trying to spend the money circumstances had forced them to save, as expeditiously as possible. The saloons were doing a rushing business, and the two streets rang with the jingle of spurs, the tread of high-heeled boots upon the plank sidewalks, the galloping hoofs of sweating cow-ponies, and the laughter of half-drunken men. There were occasional pistol shots, but no one had been hurt yet, though the poker games were running high in several saloons and it was nearly sun-down. With the pistol shots came the half-hearted sound of fire crackers, set off by the small boys.

The sun sank in a cloud of bloody dust, and over the sage-brush flats, the little cluster of frame shanties, and the tree-less banks of the yellow river, crept the twilight, and the darkness. The sounds grew louder. In the Black Diamond, the most popular saloon, the crowd was thickest. There was dancing in the back room, to the accompaniment of a violin, and a piano, played by the violinist's wife, a most delapitated lady in a very decollete gown, who required great efforts in profanity on the part of her husband and the ladies dancing to keep her from falling asleep. The bar-keepers were constantly busy and in the heavy voices of the men, the shrill laughter of the women, and even in the sound of the violin was a note of hysterical excitement.

In front of a little house that stood next the saloon, for the houses in a small western town are not particular about their associates, a horse was tied; and on the sidewalk by his head stood a man and a woman, or a girl, for she appeared scarcely more, a slender little thing with short curly hair.

He was a broad fellow and tall, so that her head scarcely reached his shoulder. She was holding one of his hands, pressing it against her forehead. They were talking, she in a high boyish voice, he in a deep masculine tone that seemed the beautiful shadow of hers.

"Listen, Nell, little girl, and don't cry," said the deep voice, "I know"—

It is difficult to tell what they said. She was very bad and he was very good; because it is so easy for a man to be good. But the goodness of a man is the evil of a woman, and that is hard. He was such a good man, that he thought he was not any better than the woman, which of course was very wrong; for she was not at all the sort of woman one would take off one's hat to on the street, while he was quite like one of those men with whom we dine every day. But this is a beautiful mistake that good men make occasionally, ever since the one good man marked with his finger in the dust and the other good men refused to cast the first stone. Well, he was asking her to marry him.

"How can I do you this wrong—" said the woman's voice, "When I—"

"I will send you money every month," said the deep voice.
"Then in the fall we will go away and be married where no one knows us."

"I can't. I can't. Dear God help me to give it all up!"
"We will not give it up. Now I must go. I have to
stand night guard out at the herd. I will see you to-morrow.
Wait for me and remember—Good bye—my little brother.',

The woman waited until the last hoof-beats died away on the other side of the bridge, then turned and went into the little house next the saloon. She sat down and began to mend a man's red flannel shirt, singing softly under her breath. And sometimes she stopped and thought, her face beautiful with love and hope, like the Holy Mary's own. Unheard to her ears came the sound of the dancing and the music from the Black Diamond saloon, where seethed all the wickedness and lust of that mad little town.

"Where ish Poker Nell?" exclaimed one of the men, laughing in drunken amusement at nothing, "I haint seen her fur a month."

"Oh, she is a'gittin' too damned good fur this place!' exclaimed a woman. "She is a tryin' to hook that P O foreman, an' he's another one jest like her. I hope she gits him, and then he finds out what she is and shoots her. Damn her hide!"

"She is too damned stuck up!" exclaimed another woman.
"I'll take her down a peg or two, ef I git hold of her," said a card player. There was a shout of drunken laughter as the man rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Let's git her! She lives next door!' shrieked a woman, dancing madly in from the back room, her blood-shot eyes gleaming with fierce hatred.

The greyness of dawn was creeping over the sage-covered flats and the yellow river, when the door of the Black Diamond opened and a woman staggered out, her face pale and bloody and her clothing hanging in shreds about her. She dragged herself into the little house, locked the door and fell upon her knees by the bed.

"I am so afraid," she gasped. "Oh God make me love him more—and more—and his hands so strong—Now!"—

There were many pistol shots in town that night, and one more could not have made any difference.

"That will do," thought the girl, clinching her hands to keep down a cry. "In a few moments. It does not hurt so very much—It is sweet to die for him—He will hear and will know that I died for his love. I am running my heart's blood upon his shirt as I would do a hundred times for him—and he will know that I loved him—that I loved him—so."

In the early part of the day, the Black Diamond saloon had a churchly air about it. The floors, bare and dark, had been newly swept and sprinkled, the light came in subdued from the baked street; it was cool and quiet. The big frosted mirror, with a host of crystal vessels before it, rose like a reredos behind the bar; that high altar upon which the whiterobed bartender was wont to pour so many purple libations to the memory of dead hopes, to lives made ugly. Above the billiard tables, great carven sarcophagi, hung the pieces of

chalk for the cues, from the high ceiling, like little silver lamps. There was a thin incense-mist of cigar smoke in the air. It was a very handsome saloon, the Black Diamond, and there were oil paintings upon the four long dark walls. It was very like a church. On a card table in one corner a man with a goitre was asleep.

A dead woman lay in the little house next door, and a red flannel shirt soaked with blood that did not match the flannel was pressed against her lips. The wind stirred the red curtains at the window, and caressed the woman's hair. A fly buzzing up from the foot of the bed alighted, and there was a dark moving blot on one of her white cheeks. From the Black Diamond saloon came the click of billiard balls and the sound of men's laughter—from the church of Gibeonites. Then the P O foreman knocked upon the door of the little house, smiling. He had a yellow cactus flower in his hand, which he was bringing from the brown prairie to this woman of Babylon.

Jean Ross Irvine.

MIRAGE.—

The Sun's Passover.

An angel passes from the night,
Past Earth's high eastern door all red—
Washed with the Dawn Lamb's blood new-shed.
An angel passes, winged with light,
With feet of gold, with golden wings;
Winds stir, grass whispers, a bird sings.
Awake!

The Man Israel.

(My Friend, the Philosopher).

The difference between the beauty of dusk and the beauty of dawn is the same as that between the beauty of linen and the beauty of silk. The dusk is beauty in words of one syllable---grey, still, sad---it is rest, peace, day's death. But the dawning, especially of these days when there is level snow upon the ground---it is shimmering, mystical, enchanting, superb. There comes a wonderful blueness, almost an indigo, deep and chill, stronger than that light in the blue eyes of a princess, dying in an ivory tower; more beautiful than that Easter light falling blue on the burial linen of the Christ. The silver of the stars melt into the blue-black of

the night, forming the blueness of dawn. Then all the gold of Heaven runs molten upon the fields, and it is day.

We had talked all night, Israel and I, after the manner of men who, having come upon the earth but very recently and found it in a terrible condition, are in a hurry to put things to right as soon as possible. The white daylight drifted in between the silken curtains, drifted up about the yellow flame of the student-lamp with its foliage of green shade, as an early snow overwhelms some late flower. We had spoken of Other People—if they serve no other purpose, they make beautiful hooks to hang epigrams on—about their ways of looking at things, their sins, their souls, and their loving; then the mill whistle at the foot of the hill had crowed thrice—and I remember these things:

"Every one has not a soul. It is a ridiculous fallacy, a vulgar theological jest to attribute such distinction to every biped mammal, for no better reason than that the animal happens to be of one's own genus. Our theologians do not assign souls to cats or crystals, be the cat never so wise and good tempered, the crystal never so perfectly and unintelligably formed; yet, with total disregard of diagnostic symtoms, they consider the divine flame an invariable anatomical item in the composition of an absolute idiot or of a cannibal baby."

"Theologians are like boys who have been given bills to distribute, certificates of immortality one might say, who, getting tired after they have canvassed one street, dump the remainder in someone's backyard."

"I quite appreciate their feelings. It is very tiring to traverse the long streets and dark alleys of creation, examining the doorposts for the signs of blood. It is much more comfortable to be generous in a lump. And charity begins at home. Indeed it does, O Theologians! In fact one is surprised that in this distribution, as in that of the ballot, idiots, lunatics, foreigners, and women were not excepted."

"You are a frightful pessimist, are you not?" said I.

"I trust not. Seriously, it would be very charitable, optimistic, and comfortable generally, to take for granted that every man has a tooth-brush. As a matter of fact he hasn't. With the tooth-brush distribution is a matter of a man's social position, generally. There is not this simplicity as regards soul-distribution."

"Children, very, very old people, and some day-laborers, whether with pick and shovel or with golf stick and card case, do not have souls. They may have had them or may attain them, which applies also to cats and crystals. Or their souls may be dormant, inactive: there is the same limitless possibility as regards the psychic condition of the stones by the road-side."

"One should not look at things through colored glasses, either black or crimson: pessimism is a mistake, and optimism is a mistake done up in tin-foil. But I think an optimist is worse than a pessimist because he—is so damned proud of the tin-foil."

"The men of Sodom and Gomorrah were very wicked. They must have been very happy and very miserable. And what else in life? So they finished apace each his little stint of living, and the destruction of their cities was but the closing of two scarlet tulips when the day is done. Only Lot was saved that he might sin again!"

7

A Sunset.

The clouds above like golden sands now seem, Like those washed down by the Pactolian stream. The mountains barren tops—his fingers tinge—Now proudly glitter in their golden fringe. The vales below with primroses are strewn, Like some vast meadow in the month of June. And as he lower sinks, the vales become All purple with the fox-gloves' bloom, Amidst the ebbing tide of sun's last rays, Like columns of red flame, the fir trees blaze.

I. Stafford Goddard.

BOOKS.

"Well, we have our standards."

A Prospective Review.*

Le Gallienne, in the volume he calls "Retrospective Reviews," has brought out the christening robe anew for some rather mature books. The sequel of "Sentimental Tommy" is a child, eagerly awaited by some of us, but as yet unborn.

^{*}Sentimental Tommy. The Story of His Manhood by James M. Barrie. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50.

But may one not, by dwelling fondly on the characteristics of some near relatives, namely the first "Tommy" and "A Window in Thrums," and "The Little Minister," hazard some guess as to whom it will take after, and whether its eyes will be blue or brown, its hair red or black.

- He boy is father of the man, so that if "The Story of His Manhood," takes after its papa, it will be brown with a little sage green arbor on the front cover hung with blossoms of gold. And I shall place it upon my most comfortable book shelves, next to the Leaves of Grass and among its relatives, where the silken-filtered light is greenest and where I can reach it most easily from my softest chair. And I shall take it in my hands quite as often as I do "The Story of His Boyhood," when I ought to have a very different book. And I shall lay it down with quite the same lump in my throat and quite the same odd feeling in my breast, as though the desert of Sahara were wrapped about my heart and tied with the arctic circle. Then I shall avert my eyes in shame from where my own poor little pen, with brazen affrontory, lies amidst the pages of spoiled whiteness like a Turkish sultan in his harem.
- Of course, Tommy will go to London. And there he will meet Shovel, and Shovel's Old Girl, and all the people from Thrums, and all the others, too, excepting only Reddy. And perhaps that she may never lack "tapiocar," he will be able to give Shovel's Old Girl a pension, when he has become a great writer. For of course, though he may be an actor for a time, he will end as an author. It is a significant fact that with its lack of punctuation the title page reads "The Story of His Manhood by J. M. Barrie."
- Then Tommy will love and marry Grizel, and that will be the least beautiful part of the book, for Barrie's love is mother-love, son-love, and child-love, not lover-love.
- But before all this, Tommy will be very miserable in London, for Barrie can make misery beautiful, so why write about happiness? Why paint the lily, who can paint with gold a whole slum, who can wash an ancient derby hat (representing the unbeautiful every-day, and, considered from aesthetic grounds, certainly as scarlet) so that it be white as snow? Besides, Tommy will need many blows of the whip before he is prepared to stand among the unco guid.
- And some one will die. Tommy perhaps? No. Not

Tommy. Grizel then. Well——. Elspeth? Poor little Elspeth that prayed! Yes, it will be Elspeth: Barrie's dyings are worth more than most people's livings; then it is always more beautiful to end with a sad chapter than with a live-happy-ever-after, tableau-of-the-whole-pantomime sort of chapter. And this is because it is more true, perhaps. Poor Tommy! and poor little Elspeth—that prayed!

1.

Jet has been said that Kipling is a mere newspaper writer, who has stumbled on the "scoop" of the hour, and whose popularity has been secured by catering to the prevailing fad; that the fate of his works will be to die and be forgotten with him. This cannot be. Kipling's fabric cannot perish so soon because he has found the string in human nature which vibrates to the relating of virile action, and because he plays on it with master-hand; yet does not tire it. Neither does he write for money or fame: too often he has risen to a height which a hack could never attain; his books are the expression of his manly, powerful nature. It is true that, at times, he is crude; his work lacks the shining over-polish of the French Stylests, but in that consists the proof of his power an over-refined anything never has strength. "He draws the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are," without always asking whether the shading is harmonious or conventional. However, Kipling is still young, and when the enthusiasm, which has carried him along with such a rush has found its highest aim, it is then that we shall see his grandest, more perfect work. Think what a glorious record it has been for a man of thirty to have in less than ten years given a fresh vigor to the degenerate, dish-watery literature of the fin-de-siecle; to have founded a new school of verse, so tremendous, so swinging, so well allied to its subject of action—not thoughts—that it will outlast its weaker comrades, as the epic outlasts the lyric. Mr. Kipling is a genius, and one of the most remarkable of the century.

His latest volume is "The Day's Work."* It contains some twelve tales, most of which have been published hitherto. All are in his usual style, some, in fact, a little too much so to be interesting to those who do not love Kipling for Kipling's sake; they are too technical for the general reader,

^{*}The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure, New York, \$1.50.

or in some few places they verge into monotony, or else the plots do not have the decisive end we would expect. But in all we find touches of the man we love; there is not one that does not in some place give us the indescribable heart-glow, which a splendid man or a glorious piece of work inspires.

- It is a relief to find that after he has exhausted India, Kipling can turn to other undiscovered fields; it argues well for his future that he can broaden so decisively. Again, we see that he can turn from his usual impressionistic style to a more poetic one. In "A Sunday at Home," though it is, by no means, the best, there are a number of excellent passages showing this new manner. One can be quoted as an example. "There was a beautiful smell in the air—the smell of white dust, bruised nettles, and smoke, that brings tears to the throat of a man who sees his country but seldom—a smell like the echoes of the last talk of lovers. . . ."
- * Three of the stories are especially good. "Bread upon the Waters we" know since it was published in McClure's. Better even is "William the Conquerer." It is the love-story—not of the conventional god and godess-but of a man and woman; the backbone lies in the tremendous energy of the man during a southern-India famine; a work, which, though he knows it not, is caused by budding love for the woman. slaves himself nearly to Death's door, while she, for her part, toils at a relief station, until the famine is over, and then comes the merited reward,—this with all the attendant circumstance of which Kipling is a master. Finally, the "Brushwood Boy" should be chosen as the best. The plot, although it is certainly original, is not remarkably noticeable. It is the splendid portrait of an ideal man that holds our mind—a man, who, in his manhood, in his irresistable energy of action, in his whole magnificent being, should serve as a model to every fellow that would be true to himself and of some use to his brother-mortals. The "Brushwood Boy" is Kipling's finest creation.
- And so praise be to Kipling for what he has done and for what he is to do!

 B.
- The clothes do not make the man—or the book, but often they give indication of what is within. Such is the case with Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book, "Helbeck of Bannisdale,"*

^{*}Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Macmillan Co., London and New York.

which is dressed most handsomely.

- Mrs. Ward's, that is enough. The plot is remarkable in its originality, though we cannot but wonder that no one has thought of it before. The two chief characters are drawn with such skill that the reader can see them in his mind's eye—can imagine meeting them on the street. The devotion of both to their principals, different as they are, leads us to admiration; we have the same feeling for Laura, when she wishes, for Helbeck's sake, to step over her own beliefs and become a Catholic, and, finding this impossible, for taking what, in her mind, is the only alternative.
- From the Catholic standpoint the book may be somewhat unjust, but certainly such a man as Helbeck is an ornament to Catholicism.
- The story from its very plot could not be a happy one, but as we look back from the sad ending we are not sorry that it turns out as is does.
- The book might have been put within smaller compass than the two volumes which it occupies, but the reader is glad that it was not.

C. R.

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THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, November, December, February, April, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single

number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality

and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

> KIKBURN D. CLARK, Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS,

EDITORIALS.

- We are fortunate in being able to publish in this number a story by Ray Morris, of the class of ninetyseven, who was Managing Editor of The MIRROR in his senior year at Andover, and is now a frequent contributor to the Yale Lit. And we shall have the pleasure in our next issue of printing a good story about Andover, by another old Andover man, R. R. Whiting, of the Princeton Tiger.
- In accordance with our previous announcements in the Phillipian we were to give two prizes, one for quantity, the other for quality of work handed in between the beginning of school and the publication of the December MIRROR. It must be understood that

only and all work accepted for publication is conceded in the allotment of these prizes, whether or not the work is published immediately. We do not feel that with justice we can award a quantity prize, since the greatest number of points gained by any one writer was but nine. Wherefore we have decided to give this prize of five dollars to the artist of the accepted poster design, Ryman, '99, as very ineffectively symbolizing our appreciation of his work. The prize of five dollars for the best single article, prose or verse, we award to Fred Lewis Collins, for his sketch "The Captain's Story," published in the October number, among the Mirage articles.

- Anent the poster contest, though there were fewer handed in than last year, yet the accepted design we consider very excellent. The poster submitted by Clifford, P. S, 1900, deserves special attention for the vigor of its conception and the skill of its execution, as well as for the taste displayed in the choice of its colors.
- The accepted cover design was drawn by Ruhl P. S. 1900. To the original drawing the artist adds naïvely in a lead pencil note "This is supposed to represent S. Claus, who comes into the fellows' rooms during their absence. He's meditating." We publish his words for reasons purely utilitarian and we like the drawing very much. The cover design submitted by Schrieber, 'oo, though perhaps not so strictly of a Christmas character, deserves particular mention for its beauty.
- We announce the election of Alan Fox, P. A., '99, to the Editorial board. We had hoped to add to our number, at this time, two instead of one, but—. We urge the fellows on the contributing board, as well as those of the school at large, to make it possible for us to elect one of them to this lofty position, at the end of the next term. In June there will be perhaps three vacancies, which, if Andover is to have a magazine next year, must be filled. Now is the time

to make sure of one of these places for yourself, old man!

- School meetings called after chapel have been by custom almost exclusively sacred to foot-ball, baseball, tennis and other athletics generally, which fact is indicative of the very true and healthy importance of these matters in relation to the fellows individually and to the school as an institution. It is because we believe that it likewise, in perhaps a small degree, but for somewhat the same reasons, is important that we wish to discuss the Dramatic Club.
- What is the relation of its Dramatic Club to a school, and to the individual students of that school? Like athletics, it tends to develop in connection with the rest of his education certain traits which a fellow should have, traits mental and physical. And, also like athletics, it connects the school by a strong bond of mutual interest with the outside world, collegiate and non-collegiate. It is in the best sense an advertisement for the school. This is the beginning and the end: the two reasons that should make the faculty and fellows, as thoroughly interested in Dramatics as in athletics.
- Dramatic work gives a fellow self-Je In detail. possession and self-confidence. It makes him critical of his general bearing. It is a drill for his pronunciation, enunciation and oral delivery generally; it develops his speaking voice, trains his memory, and teaches him, or tends to teach him, to appear before his assembled fellows without pain to himself or them. In studying and committing to memory his lines, he may, as in the instance of one of Sheridan's comedies, be working with some of the best literature in the English tongue. We do not wish to compare any departments of our education too closely, certainly not to extol one at the cost of another. dramatic work as a profession produces a better man than, say base-ball as a profession; why, in making ourselves what we should be, is not the Dramatic

Club, at least as effective and important as athletics? Compare the champion base-ball player of America with Sir Henry Irving or Coquelin——. Athletic prowess is Andover's chiefest glory; were this her only glory, it would be her chiefest shame.

- What is the relation of the Andover Dramatic Club to the long needed, slowly coming New Gymnasium? A large part of the money necessary for its construction has already been given by alumniand friends of the school. There remains but twelve thousand dollars to be raised. What have we ourselves done, we the present-tense membership of the school? What can we do?
- The importance of our secondary employments, our athletics, our school papers and our Dramatic Club in keeping us in touch with the alumni and the world generally, is undoubted. What people are interested in they give money to. The money making power of an amateur dramatic society in a fair state of health is not small. The Boston Cadets earn for their organization thousands of dollars a year. Now fellows, best fellows in school, support the Dramatic Club!
- There will be nearly a score of characters. That leaves over three hundred and fifty good fellows to talk about it to their friends, to take their sisters and cousins and aunts, to help bid for the seats when they are put up at auction, to interest the profossors' wives and the other ladies of the town that they may assist us as patronesses, to make the Gymnasium Benefit, the social, scholastic and FINANCIAL event of the year! since of all our year's work, only football, is really past, perhaps it is not too late to say something about Andover opportunities. "What are we here for?" is a question that we often hear asked, for rhetorical reasons, and almost never hear answered; because, somewhat arbitrarily, the answer is taken for granted "To study." Doubtless, Andover is a most excellent place to learn Latin and Greek, and it is for this

reason, probably, that most of us came here; however, Andover is but a very small part of a very large world in which we are neither for the purpose of learning languages nor for singing songs, but where the chief end of our being is to develop ourselves into capable men, clean, strong, broad minded and a little bit good. That metonomy by which, for a few of us, the word "scholarship" is made to stand for Andover seems to us very wrong. Andover is much more. Her advantages are not confined to text books.

deprives himself of outdoor exercise, of reading, of speaking, of music, of the comradeship of his fellows, not only does not deserve honor, but he does an absolute wrong. This seems a particularly proper time for speaking of these things, because after the vacation we are coming back to what is really one great splendid gymnasium for body and soul, where besides our book-work there will be hockey, track sports, tennis, and baseball, the excellent trainingwork of the two literary societies, debating, and the two great contests in writing and speaking, The Means and Draper, together with the invaluable coaching of Professor Churchill. These are our opportunities.

The most serious problem of a fellow's life at Andover is likely to be "How many and what things shall I attempt." The fellow who, though he have the ability, undertakes more than he has time to do well, is wronging the fellows whom he pushes away, wronging the school by representing it poorly, and, most important of all, is wronging himself.

You remember the fabulous little dog that lost his bone in a wild attempt to possess himself likewise of its reflection in the brook. In Andover waters there are many bones, neither dry—from the valley—nor bitter, as the apples of Sodom. But, after all, we are just the same small dogs and can grasp not many

of them. Don't, in your desire to make the Glee Club, the Pot Pourri board, and the presidency of Inquiry, to get a long list of italicised words after your name in the Class-book—don't throw away your chance of making the *Biographical Dictionary* of the twentieth century.

EXCHANGES.—

Without making his appearance personally before the footlights the Exchange Editor would be content this month to push forward from the wings three or four prettily painted bits of language—as is customary in puppet shows and exchange departments—were it not for a certain story in the Nassau Lit. which has lately come to his notice. Or, to change the figure, as we were searching for flowers among the November leaves of college literature, we found a jewel; and to comfort our envious heart, it has a flaw. It is a story called "Old Man," by Leonard H. Robbins, which if you have read we hope you remember. It is not a "clever" story—in fact it seems to us that cleverness is a cosmetic as dangerous in the hands of a literary amateur as is the black eye-stencil to his brother of the stage—but it is very serious, very true, very beautiful. If any of this college writing, which we see being added to every month, is to survive beyond the dusk of its natal day it will be such parts of it as, like this "Old Man," embody some of the strength, the joy, the sadness of college life and of college men in their mutual relations.

As for the flaw: the ending of the story lacks perspicuity. Artistic indistinctness is as beautiful as twilight, but a shading should never become a blot. We are perhaps dull, but even our great admiration for it as a whole could not stimulate us to a decision as to whether at the story's end Old Man attempted suicide or simply got drunk.

But then, as we said, we were searching for flowers:

To A FRIEND.

Of all the brave and pure friend, Thou seemest part, And life is full of worth, friend, Because thou art. The world is full of hope, friend, For thou dost live;

The race is rich in love, friend, For thou dost give.

The friendly stars of truth, friend, All challenge me.

For in their daring light, friend, I stand with thee.

Thy faith enfolds us both, friend, And fear defies.

My heavenly judge has come, friend,— Thy depthless eyes.

The hosts that fight for death, friend,
Flee far from thee;
I pass the gates of God, friend,

Thy love the key.

The universe is free, friend:

Love's foes are gone.

To endless spiritual quest, friend,

Our love leads on.

George D. Herron, in the Unit.

Mooring.

The mists blew over the lea, The ships put in from sea,

But I see her hair
With the rosebud there

And the world is well with me.

The breakers pound on the shore,

The distant pine-tops roar.

There's a cloud aloft,
But her lips are soft
With the kiss I am longing for.

The rain beats down on the world,

The dripping sails are furled,

But clear are the skies

In her sea-deep eyes Where never a cloud has curled.

O'er the bay we love to sail
The mad storm voices wail,
But the sounds of the sea

Will be song to me Till the song of our love shall fail.

P. H., in the Harvard Advocate.

NOVEMBER.

The wail of melancholy winds
From desert lands of cold and snow,
Gaunt branches flung athwart a sky,
From which the streams of sorrow flow.
A dull and sodden earth beneath,
No light above; the clouds ne'er part;
Death, and an agony withal
That wrings the wretched heart.

H. E. K. in the Dartmouth Lit. In Waiting.

THE MONTH.

Nov. 21. Phillips Street won the street-team championship from Commons. Score, 22-0.

Nov. 21. Regular faculty-permit celebration over the Lawrenceville game. Speeches, rushes and a bonfire.

Nov. 26. R. F. Davis 'oo elected football captain for next year.

Dec. 2. Hockey Team candidates called out by Captain Snow.

Dec. 2. Pennsylvania Club formed.

Dec. 9. Prof. Forbes speaks in Forum.

Dec. 9. Garrison elected 2d manager of Track association.

Dec. 11. Alan Fox elected to Board of Editors of the Mirror.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.

v'42.—Judge Isaac W. Smith died of heart disease in his office in Manchester, N. H., Nov. 28, 1898. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1846, a representative to the general court, a member of the New Hampshire State Senate, Mayor of Manchester, associate justice of the supreme court of the state, a trustee of Dartmouth College.

'61.—Thomas Hedge of Burlington, Iowa, was elected a member of Congress from the first Iowa district.

'69.—Talcott Williams, the present president of the Alumni Association, has an essay on Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in the November number of the Century.

'70.—A little book with the title "Mistakes We Make" has been compiled by Nathan H. Dole, and published by Crowell & Co.

'71.—At the recent election, Almet F. Jenks of Brooklyn, N. Y., was placed in the chair of Justice of the New York Supreme Court.

74.—Severyn B. Sharpe was chosen, by the republicans,

County Judge of Ulster County, New York.

'86.—Fleming H. Revell Company publish "Missions and Politics in Asia," by Robert E. Speer. It is a study of the Eastern peoples and the part that Christian Missions has taken in the development of those peoples.

'87.—James P. Woodruff was elected by the democrats as a member of the Connecticut legislature from Litchfield.

'89.—Valentine Winters Eaton, the son of Col. Lucien B. Eaton, '55, was born in Dayton, O., Nov. 1, 1870, graduated with honor from Dartmouth college in 1892 and from Boston University Law School in 1895. In July of that year he was married at Hancver, N. H., to Miss Mabel Ruggles, a daughter of Professor Ruggles of Dartmouth college. He was engaged in the practice of law in Dayton, O., at the time of his death, Nov. 2, 1898.

'90.—Howard A. Lamprey has opened a law office at 311 Butler Exchange, Providence, R. I. He is also a member of the faculty of the Rhode Island Law School.

92.—George H. Nettleton has been appointed instructor in English in the Sheffield Scientific School.

'93.—Cornelius P. Kitchel, Yale '97, Law School 1901, was one of the vale representatives in the debate in which Yale was successful over Princeton. He was, while in college, chairman of the Yale Literary Magazine, an editor of the Courant and won the Lit. medal and the Berkeley premium.

'94.—Elmer S. Bailey is a member of the firm of Cooper, Bailey and Kerr, architects, in the Equitable Building in Boston, with draughting rooms at Newton Centre.

'95.—Edgar G. Holt and Miss Hannah C. Green were married Nov. 8, 1898, at North Petersburg, N. Y.

'95.—At Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 14, 1398, Miss Estella Tiernan was married to Howard L. Stout.

'98.—In Boston, June 21, 1898, died Henry W. Ring.

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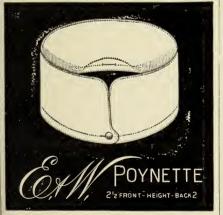
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Vol. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4.

The Fall of Blackmore.

"TUMPSEY" Wintrode and "Colonel" Ross had grave fears about Bill Blackmore's standing in the "Andover Anti-petticoat Association," and had taken him severely to task for back-sliding. Attending one November Club assembly and making two calls in one week was suspicious. This evening completed the evidence: Bill was discovered red-handed in the act of putting on his dress suit for the fourth time in eight days.

"See here, Bill," began Stumpsey, "you're a disgrace to Andover. This social butterfly game is not only degrading to you, but the Colonel here and myself—God-fearing Christian gentlemen—are pointed out as friends of yours. Why I've talked to you with tears in my eyes as big as fish-balls, trying to lead you back to the path of righteousness. It's all your own fault. Who is she, anyway?"

rault. Who is she, anyway ?

"Well, I think you fellows would leave home for her," drawled Bill.

"Perhaps,—if she was at home," Ross growled as the accused went out. "That boy would make a theologue swear."

Blackmore himself could not have told why he went to that November Club assembly, the week before; probably because he did not have permission. When the girl with the blue eyes told him how clever she thought his drawings and verses in the last *Pot Pourri* were, he could not tell if that was what made him battle so heroically for refreshments in the supper room; perhaps it was the blue eyes. When the last waltz had been danced, the owner of the eyes told Mr. Blackmore that he "really must drop over

some day." Mr. Blackmore was just as charmed as he said he should be, and, as he walked up the steep hill on Main Street, he thought he would call some time. Not that he really cared, of course, but a fellow should see something of people after all—just enough to keep him in the habit of taking off his hat when visiting. Then again, Bill had promised someone some original sketches and verses, and he must call with those; you never can trust these country mails. By this time he had reached Morton Street, and stealing quietly around to the rear of a certain boarding house, stealthily climbed the grape arbour to his room.

This was one of the nights that Blackmore did not dream of football.

His next rashness was a comparative success: he did not use profane language, and managed not to upset anything. He presented his sketches and verses gracefully, and sipped a cup of tea without making very many bad faces. The blue eyes looked no sleepier when he left than when he came, which gave him strength to promise to come again.

Now Andover social laws bind a man to call at least within two years; Bill Blackmore called in two days. This second time went even better than the first and he actually talked a little.

When at last he arose to go, she said, "Oh, Mr. Blackmore, did you forget my drawings? You have no idea how I enjoyed the others."

"Why—er—well I did bring over a verse, but I—er—really am afraid——"

"But I insist on having it, even if it says you don't like me."

"Really, you might never speak to me again," pleaded Bill.

"I promise you no such luck."

"Well, here it is, but don't read it until I've gone.

Good night."
"Good night," she said, smiling as she held the
door while he hurried out into the darkness.

Five minutes later a pair of laughing blue eyes read these lines subscribed to a dainty water colour of another pair of blue eyes:

"Out of sight, out of mind,"
This saying is quite right,
I am out of mind, I find,
When you are out of sight.

Next day Bill Blackmore found a little note upon his desk. He had never seen the writing before, but had fond hopes as he opened the following:

My dear Mr. Blackmore,

I thought your verse and painting were simply delicious. I shall be at home to-morrow evening, and—well really, there is no reason for you to be "out of mind" unless you so wish it.

Believe me most sincerely,

He never dreams of football now.

Robert Rudd Whiting, P. A. '95.

The Hew Boy.

When in my room I sit and think, My mind can measure link by link, The chain of logic reasonable, Enhanced by thoughts most seasonable.

But when in school I'm asked to see What preposition governs me, Or for equations give the rule, You'd never know I'm not a fool.

Alan Fox.

Morbidness.

IN his "Degeneration," interrogatively rather than indicatively a great book, Dr. Max Nordau has questioned into being a brother to Evolution; a Mr. Hyde to Darwin's Dr. Jekyll. Considering the two theories merely in their application to man, that of

degeneration having been given, I believe, to be a prerogative of the genus homo, are they not based upon identical facts? are they not two inimical explanatory souls occupying one body of phenomena? The same growings, the same progressions (i. e., complicating of the three fundamental functions of live matter: eating, moving, propagating and the accompanying changes in bodily structure; the enlarging capacity for pain and pleasure; and the constantly increasing differences between individuals of the same genus) that, according to Darwin (and to Nordau, too, I judge), distinguish between the primal protoplasm and the oyster, the oyster and the monkey, the monkey and man, differentiate also normal man from the degenerate of Nordau. Dr. Jekyll-Darwin-Evolution, having taken a strong dose of the strange drug, pessimism, astonishes the world as Mr. Hyde-Nordau-Degeneration.

Dr. Nordau exposes his line-drawing difficulty when he names degenerates categorically as higher and lower. Metaphysically, a difference in quantity does not constitute a difference in kind. He found that there were men whom he could not consign on a diet of fragmentory criticism to the dungeon cells of insanity, whom he was forced to acknowledge as of humanity's vanguard, possessing some characteristics essentially those of his lowest degenerates. Casting a sop in the shape to this term higher to his reasoning Cerberus, he was not dismayed to find these good people in his private asylum but went on his way rejoicing, in search of lower degenerates. Had he but continued with the "higher" classification he would not have found a two-legged animal outside of a poultry yard which he could not have smitten with the smelling-out wand of Degeneration. Humanity is the hospital department of the universe. characteristic essentially human is a morbidness of Civilization is savagery the animal underneath. diseased. Civilized man, be he ancient or modern,

Greek or Parisian, with his arts resultant of morbidly excitable senses, and his sciences resultant of morbidly active intellect, is as morbid and monstrous a creature as a two-headed calf (if one chooses to disagree with the powers that be to the extent of applying such adjectives to calf or man), and for the same reasons, i. e., he differs in some particulars from beings he resembles in others; and the differing is attended by compensating results we call in common parlance disastrous. An angel, mythical zoologically, but gloriously true as indicative of man's instinctive perception of tendencies, an instance, one might say, of theological woodcraft, is a beast as asexual as a hydra, without the latter's powers of digestion.

Had Dr. Nordau, deploring our fin-de-siécle conditions, and heroically setting himself to catalogue the manias of those with whom he did not agree, advised a return, traps and baggage, into monkeydom, he had been more logical. From that portion of the animal kingdom there are no two roads, be man's advances thence evolution or degeneration, for good or ill. Individually these things may be neither pessimistically nor optimistically, hopefully nor despairingly, but, perhaps one should say, inasmuch as one believed that they are not ill, one believes things are well. The word *morbid*, as the word *evil*, necessary perhaps in man's reasoning, useful certainly, has but an algebraic meaning, no positive signification.

Jean Ross Irvine.

The Doe.

A buck stood still in a rippling brook,
The sun shone aslant through the trees;
A slender doe was caressing his neck,
As soft as the morning breeze.

The birds were singing from the boughs above, And everything was still; The doe sprang up the green turfed bank And over the wooded hill.

* * *

Something then startled the tall young buck, And he raised his beautiful head; But ere his feet could bear him away The death-bearing steel laid him dead.

H. Robertson, '99.

3immie.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon on the day before Christmas.

"Hy-ee! World or Journal! Here yer go!" yelled Jimmie.

The wind that came around the corner of Saint Peter's church hurled the words down the street and mingled them with the voices of a hundred other newsboys, the roar of wagons, and the clanging of

gongs.

Jimmie could hear the organ playing in Saint Peter's. They were holding a charity concert in there, at least, it said so on a big poster tacked up on the door. Jimmie was waiting for the people to come out. Being temporarily filled with sentiment, many of them would buy papers which they did not want, just to help a little shivering boy.

"Hy-e-e-e! World or Journal! All about de great

fight. Here yer go!"

"Here boy, hurry up! Give me a paper. That's five cents. Never mind the change." The gentleman who said this shuffled the paper into his pocket, jammed his silk hat tighter on his head and went away.

"Hy-e-e-e! World or Journal! Here yer go!"
The crowd that came from Saint Peter's began to thin. The carriages that had been drawn against the curb rolled away.

Jimmie's voice rose above the roar of traffic in the street: "Hy-e-e-e! World or Journal! Here yer go! World or—"

"Aren't you cold, little boy?" It was a young lady who spoke.

Jimmie was taken by surprise. It was no business of her's whether he was cold or not, he thought. So he only answered: "Hey?"

- "I say, aren't you cold? Haven't you any mit-
- "Now! What'd I do wid mittens? Take me fer a goil, do yer? Say, Missie, dis is me last paper. Want it?"
- "Yes. Wait a minute. I want to talk to you. You needn't be so cross, though. Where do you live?"
- "Down to Market street—down by de wharf. Say, Missie, youse aint one er dem missionary-women, be yer? 'Cause if yer are, yer don't wanter go down dere. Me uncle said he's goin' ter soak de nex' one dat shows up."
- "No; I'm not a 'missionary-woman,' and if your uncle 'soaks' people, I shan't go near him. But you need mittens, and you need more clothes to keep you warm. Come home with me and get some supper and we'll talk it over. Will you come?"
- "By Gee, Missie! youse a peach. But I tink yer guyin'. Say, I don't need ter have yer give me clo'se. Look 'ere." Jimmie produced a small handful of pennies, nickles and dimes.

The young lady laughed. "You're rich, aren't you? Well never mind the clothes. We can talk about that later. I'll invite you to supper anyway. Come on."

The home to which the sweet young lady took him was a wonderful place to Jimmie. Open fires burning in every room into which he went; carpets so thick that when he walked over them his feet made no sound. Shaded gas lamps shed a soft, rosy light over everything.

On the dining-room table, the knives and forks were glistening, heavy. The table-cloth was snowy white. And the food — oh! Jimmie never had dreamed of such food before.

There was a middle-aged lady there, and a young man. The latter took a great deal of interest in the paper-selling business and in Jimmie's affairs generally and called him "old man." The middle-aged lady seemed afraid that Jimmie wouldn't eat enough.

After supper, Jimmie sat in the front parlor, in a great deep chair, looking at pictures.

- "Don't you want to go to the Christmas-tree with us tonight?" asked the young girl. "Did you ever go to a Christmas-tree?"
- "Naw, but I knows what dey is. Say, Missie, is dat Christmas-tree goin' ter be up ter de big church where you was tonight?"
 - "Yes."
- "Den I'll go. Will dey play on de organ an' sing ternight, Missie? Me little sister went ter a Christmas-tree once, an' she uster tell me about de music an' de lights an' de people on de stage. Nellie's dead now. She was sick most er de time, an' she had ter work mighty hard. She uster tell me erbout a place they calls Heaven. One er dem missionary-women tole her erbout it. Gee! Dese lights is bright. Dey makes me eyes water. Say, Missie, you tink dey is any such place as Heaven?"

The young lady told him about Heaven and the bright people who inhabit it; also she told him that, under certain conditions, he might some day join his little sister there.

The middle-aged lady brought a suit of gray clothes. Jimmie was rather indignant at this, but he looked them over. They were nearly new and about his size. So he retired and soon reappeared, washed and in his new suit—looking like a new boy.

And then suddenly Jimmie was amazed to see the middle-aged lady turn away, her eyes filled with

tears. He heard her say: "I could almost think that was him standing there."

The music in Saint Peter's seemed to fill the whole church. It seemed to come from above, from below. Far up among the rafters in the dome, hundreds of little electric lights glimmered. They seemed like stars to Jimmie from the pew where he sat with the sweet young lady, her mother and the young man.

Pretty girls in white dresses under a huge tree, brilliant with candles, covered with shining, costly presents, the grand people in the seats around him, the music of the great organ—now mellow and low and sweet, now rising and swelling in a glad, loud harmony—made a lasting impression on Jimmie's mind.

And when they distributed the presents, Jimmie's name was called three times, and Jimmie, in his eagerness, nearly jumped over the pew in front. He received a book, a pair of mittens and a candy-bag.

Except for two or three silent, hopeless figures standing on the side-walk in front of Kennedy's saloon, which was closed for the night, Market street was deserted. Jimmie ran along the street and entered the door of a tall tenement house, just before he reached the dim forms.

Presently, in the darkness of a back room, away up in the fifth story, the voice of a man said, with an oath, "Where you been?"

"Knockin' round, up-town," said Jimmie,

"Well shut up an' git ter bed, damn you! You'll git it in the mornin'."

Jimmie lay awake for some time, thinking. Gradually he fell asleep.

Jimmie was in a great white place. Everywhere were white pillars of marble, holding up a round, dark

sky filled with huge stars. Many people were there -beautiful white creatures-girls in white dresses, some with golden hair, hanging gracefully about their shoulders. Rich music came from somewhere —from up where the stars were, probably.

A white creature came to Jimmie. "Aren't you cold little boy? You need mittens and you need-"

"Aw! what yer givin' us?" interrupted Jimmie. "Say, youse seen anyting er Nellie, knockin' round dis joint?"

"Nellie? O, yes, here she comes now. Isn't she fat and rosy? She has plenty to eat now."

"Hello, Nellie! say! dis is a swell place, ain't it? Who's dat guy dere?—dat big cuss wid the little wings."

"That's a angel Jimmie," replied Nellie, giving

him a monstrous hug. "Ain't 'e pretty?"
"He's a peach. By de humpin' Moses, Nellie! Git onter dat cop over dere! He's got wings! No wonder de people up here in Heaven has ter keep straight. I ain't goin' ter stay."

The music had in it a suggestion of green valleys and great blue rolling hills and cool waving meadowgrass.

It wasn't Nellie after all that he was talking to, but the sweet young lady. "Hello, old man," she said. "How is the paper business anyway? If your uncle soaks people I shan't go near-" Connie Murphy came along with a bundle of papers under his arm. He laid his dirty hand on one of Jimmie's white wings, (which, by the way, Jimmie hadn't noticed before.)

"You let dem wings alone will you? I'll soak yer one in the eye!" said Jimmie.

The organ played some flute-like notes; other noises began to mingle with the music.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Hey there git your damned ole dump-cart offen dis track, can't yer?"

The organ seemed to be trying to drown out these new sounds. The same man who had spoken in the darkness said "Jimmie yer little whelp! Git up an' take dat pail an' wet dat damn dago organ-grinder down."

Roland J. Dodd.

MIRAGE.—

The Old District School.

"Yes, James, that was an experience which I wouldn't exchange for a castle or a steam-yacht. The district school was in my childhood the place where the Yankee boy received his second training—the first being imparted to him by means of a paternal hand or, when exceptionally naughty, by a lively slipper. I question whether the American would be what he is today, if the district school were a myth."

"And you want to know what it looked like? Well, as I am getting old and must not over-tax my eyes by reading (grandfather wears two pairs of spectacles, and even now some one else has to see for him), I shall tell you all about it."

"Oh yes, its size—well about ten paces long and half that number in width; as for its height—why I remember I bumped my head against the ceiling, whenever I got up on my desk to play ball with Timothy Corntassel, throwing it over the heads of the gigling girls. As every other district school, which I have seen, it could boast only one story. It's color, on the outside, was very nearly the hue of a ripe tomato, and, on the inside, it reminded one of a Jersey cow. Then of course there were the black-boards, on which usually was chalked either a problem in Arithmetic, or a free-hand sketch of a pig or the teacher. A stove stood in one corner, against which Dennis O'Dirty was once pushed on a frosty morning, and it singed him to such a degree and in such a place that he could not sit down for four days. The teacher's desk was at one end of the room, raised on a platform and facing the desks of the children; behind and above it in a conspicuous place on the wall rested in calm repose—when not in use—a ferule; close by the ferule was the motto, "God bless our Home." I came near forgetting the cloak-room, where the boys used to steal candy from the girls' cloaks. Outside and near the building towered a flag-pole, from which on sunny days floated a proud banner."

"The house stood at the conjunction of two roads, one being a typical New England ribbon-road: as it stretched along past beautiful woody glens, green fields of waving grain, orchards, and hilly, rocky pastures with grazing cattle, it presented a picture, well worth the time and skill of an artist. A river, on both banks of which were salt marshes with their large, symmetrical stacks of hay, flowed through a neighboring valley in plain sight of the school. At intervals were scattered farm houses with sprawling out-buildings; for the most part these were unpainted and silvered by the weather."

"What sort of boys and girls went to the school, "Granpa"?"

"It is getting late and already it is after your bedtime, James. We will leave this part of my story for some other evening."

Robert. H. Ewell.

The Country Boy.

Where I come from, they don't just see, What so much larnin' 'll do for me, And I don't let on, that there's some Things, I don't know 'bout,

When I'm hum.

They're terr'ble tickled up our way, And think it quite a special day, When in a Phillips' envelope, Comes the report that blasts my hope. There's E in Latin, D in Greek, And minuses to blanch your cheek. But law! the further down you go, The higher up *they* think you show.

Where I come from, they don't just see, What so much larnin' 'll do for me, And I don't let on there's some Things, I don't know 'bout,

When I'm hum.

Alan Fox.

B00KS. —

What a relief it is after the mushroom growth of realistic novels, that the last years have produced, to find a strong, good book of a different type; a book, which really has an ideal and a purpose to amuse and uplift. It should not be the aim of our best form of expression—literature—to present the dull, cruel or the abnormal and impure sides of life. Those who read for amusement know only too much of the world's bitterness. So here's to the good old "three-decker," as Kipling call it, and to her relatives; may she ever prosper.

The "Battle of the Strong"* by Gilbert Parker was one of the most favorably received books, published last year. Mr. Parker is already well known by his "Seats of the Mighty" and others. His new book certainly will not belittle his reputation. The plot is an adventurous one, on the whole rather commonplace. It consists of throwing three or four determined, conflicting characters together and following out their actions. But, it is for the characters that we should place the "Battle of the Strong" among our noteworthy books: splendid, intense characters, that have strong wills and constant purposes. Each has his aim and works towards it, regardless of material happiness with their eyes fastened on the ideal. There are none of the variations, of the fluctuations of action that

^{*}Battle of the Strong, Gilbert Parker, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

show the true blood realistic novel. Everything sweeps on in an even, deep channel. Phillip seeks power, Ranulph loves Guida with a splendid consistency that reminds one of George Eliot at her best.

- Then, there is the philosophy of life that runs through all, either in the spoken words of the men and women or in the author's description. The moralizing and the supreme principle that life is worth living for what there is in it. There are many passages which one remembers and would like to quote. However, because the whole book is of one strain or because the passages are so artistically woven in it is hard to disengage what one thinks the best.
- ≯ It is amusing to notice how almost all the characters are introduced at once, criticized, described, scanned and laid away until called for, just as if the players in a drama were all brought forth and introduced before the first act.—"Now this is the Hero: he is everything that is fine and makes love beautifully. At present he is defrauded of his estate by the Villian—Next—" Again when any of the dramatic scenes have reached their climax, the words are put in italics. This is garish and almost spoils some of the finer passages.
- * However "The Battle of the Strong" is a vigorous healthy book, which has high ideals, and leaves one satisfied, though not sated: what more can one wish?
- Jet In the "Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers," Mr. Riley gives a remarkable exhibition of his depth of human understanding. The poem, from beginning to end, is a beautiful character sketch in the author's best style, full of quaint and graceful figures, and in no degree marred by the dialect in which it is written.
- The "Doc" was a man among men, simple, kindhearted and faithful, and with a great deal of sound common sense and a rich humor. Yet, being human, he is not represented as perfect. His childlikeness makes him an easy prey to the village politicians.—

^{*}The Rubaiyat of Doc. Sifers. J. W. Riley. \$1.00. Century Co.

He'll talk his principles—and they air honest—but the sly
Friend strikes him first election-day be't 'commodate er die!

But we are told in the next verse that "You can corrupt the ballot-box, corrupt yourself as well. Corrupt some neighbors, but old Doc's as incorruptible as Holy Writ."

The writing is careful and the metre, though absolutely even throughout, is anything but stiff, while there is but one passage in the entire poem which could be considered at all awkward,—

You know they's men as bees won't sting—they's plaguey few—but Doc,

He's one of them, and same, I jing with children. Seeming to imply that nether bees nor children will sting him!

The book is gotten out in a style worthy of the excellence of the poem, being finely printed and very handsomely bound, while the illustrations by Relyea add very greatly to its beauty.

C. R

 ♣ If ever an author succeeded in making his production an mbodiment of emorbidness, Mr. Hemenway is that author and *"Doomsday" is the book. It is bad enough for the ordinary reader when an author persistently seeks the shadows of life for the sake of a strong plot; it is a thousand times more when he refuses to let in light enough to make a contrast. Reading a book which is entirely gloomy is not much easier than living the life it depicts. The plot of "Doomsday" is exceedingly interesting, but its execution is poor. It is absurd to have a fisherman's wife soliloquize in such a phrase as "So inutile and grotesque a thing as love." The appearance of a ghost to check a sin, after two pages have been devoted to excusing it, is a rather curious way to prolong the story, until the author can regain his threads and bring the story to a climax. But no modern novel is perfect and the minor mistakes could easily be excused, were it not for the grey coloring, not shading, of the whole story.

^{*}Doomsday, by Crabtree Hemenway. Copeland & Day.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR.

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The Magazine is conducted by the Editors in connection with

The Contributing Board:

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THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, November, December, February, April, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communica-The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS,

EDITORIALS.-

Before this issue has appeared, the Dramatic Club will have given its play. Of course, at present we cannot do anything but prophesy a splendid success, yet this notice will serve as an afterglow to revive a pleasant memory. Everything points to a most successful night. The actors have been drilled, in more senses than one, for a long time by coach and president: the ladies we understand have been initiated into the mysteries of corsetdom, while all know the taste of "ruby" lips and the feel of grease paint. The costumes, provided by a large Boston house, are magnificent. Best of all, the audience will be as large as the hall can hold.

Now it remains to be seen, if, with such auspices, the play cannot be taken out of town. By this we naturally mean, to Exeter. Nothing would give greater pleasure to all concerned. The actors will have more satisfaction in return for their arduous work, and the Exonians will have their dreary winter term enlivened. It would really be an act of charity. Moreover, to be more practical, it would be the best thing possible, if our sister school could see something of us, in which the everlasting feeling of rivalry would not be the largest factor. We earnestly hope some action may be taken.

Over forty fellows are out hard at work pumping fast time on our new board track, and ten, at least, expect to enter the B. A. A. meet in Boston. Harvard has been most kind in sending up her athletes to coach: especial thanks are due to Lathrop, the Harvard trainer. At home, we are lucky to have a captain, who not only has roused much interest in healty exercise, but who has the support of the school financially and in the efforts of a large number of track candidates.

♣How strange that the much-dreaded winter term is half over. Already January has driven past with its cold and snow. Now it is the fifteenth of February and the pussy-willows, as if in defiance of the thought of Spring, are putting on their furs. Why, with the Means' essay to write, the track team, and getting in our last licks before the exams, our vacation will be upon us.

But let us warn all, old or new, prep. or senior, to look out for the mud. When the frost leaves the ground, Andover in an illogical way communicates with the Indian Ocean—at least for some reason the mud is fathomless. Would that, like flies on a ceiling, we could walk on the beautiful spring skies and get out of the mire. However, since we can't, we must all get a pair of rubber boots; lest we get webfooted and thus spoil our personal appearance.

After all, a month and a half will pass easily. Then, with a week in Boston or New York, we return to the unlimited cuts, the social life, the swims in Pomp's, the few dark thoughts of preliminaries or finals, of Andover's best and happiest term!

EXCHANGES.-

We clip the following from our exchanges:

DEAD FOLKS' HOUR.

Hoary the grass in the churchyard still; A round, red moon peers over the hill. A cricket like a soul in fear, No other sound of live thing near. The white frost shines; the dead wind sighs; The cold stars in the silent skies: A hand-like cloud blinds the moon's eye red; Out from their graves peer the sheeted dead! Then up from their narrow cells they pass To keep the hour of the Hallow mass. Strange is the company huddled there, The old, the young, the foul, and the fair. Warm and sweet seems the frost wind's breath To the icy dampness underneath. They smooth their shrouds, and talk and jest, For silence reigns in the earth's wide breast. All too soon do the minutes pass Of the Dead Folks' hour of Hallow mass. One o'clock! Their time is done! Back to his grave creeps every one. But one begged God in vain to stay-A mother, buried but yesterday. The night wind sighs through the churchyard still And the red moon sinks behind the hill.

-Williams Literary Monthly.

THE FULL ORCHESTRA.

I throb with life,
I sob with death,
I whisper of love in the self-same breath,

I sound of eternal fame.

I sigh—I moan,

I wail—I shriek,

I murmur with joy-I laugh-I speak

Ever-yet never-the same.

Brunonian.

THE MONTH.

Jan. 5. Winter term began.

Jan. 10. Class day officers and committees elected by the Senior class.

Jan. 11. Track Team candidates called out.

Jan. 13. Mass meeting held in Chapel to hear an address by Mr. Lathrop of Harvard. At this meeting money for a new Board Track was raised.

Jan. 27. An illustrated lecture on Pompeii, under the auspices of the Philomathean Society, delivered in the Chapel by Prof. Moore of Harvard.

Feb. 1. Board Track completed.

Feb. 9. The Dramatic Club presented "She Stoops to Conquer" in the Town Hall.

Feb. 11. Trials held for the Andover-Exeter Relay Team.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.-

'26.—In the old gambrel-roofed house in Cambridge, on the site of the new Harvard Law School building, John Holmes was born 87 years ago. He graduated from Harvard, received an LL. B. from the same source, and devoted his life to study and literature. With his brother, Oliver Wcndell Holmes, he formed a group of the brightest men in Cambridge. He died Jan. 27, 1899.

'63.—W. B. Ketcham of New York published "The Wondrous Cross" and other sermons by Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

Jec. 19, 1898. He had travelled much in this country and in Europe, had published several works, and had written many dramas and comedies.

'69.—Oscar Albert Bierstadt has been appointed custodian of Bates Hall in the Boston Public Library, taking the place of Arthur Mason Knapp, teacher in Phillips in '63-'64, who died Dec. 27, 1898.

'71.—On Oct. 12, 1898, John Patton delivered the chief address at the unveiling of the statue erected to the memory of Michigan's war governor, Austin Blair, at Lansing, Michigan.

'76.—At the organization of the Maine legislature, Col. Isaiah K. Stetson of Bangor was elected speaker of the house.

'79.—Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, has written "One of the Two."

'85.—The marriage of Miss Anna Christine Twedten to Rev. Olaus E. Loe occurred at Crookston, Minn., Jan. 4, 1899.

'86.—John Crosby has been elected president of the Minneapolis city council.

'86.—Fleming H. Revell Co. published "A Memorial of a True Life," by Robert E. Speer.

'88.—At Dedham, Mass., Jan. 18, 1899, Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Taunton and Miss Mary Lincoln Warren, daughter of the Hon. Winslow Warren, were united in marriage.

'88.—Miss Mabel Cornelia Hurlburt was married to Rev. Evarts W. Pond at Sheffield, Mass., Jan. 2, 1899.

'88.—Married at Peabody, Mass., Dec. 27, 1898, Charles P. Vaughn and Miss Fannie Thomas.

'90.—Charles G. Osgood has been appointed instructor in English at Yale.

'92.—William H. Wadhams is attorney and counsellor-at-law at 30 Broad street, New York City. Mr. Wadhams was president of the first board of MIRROR editors.

'94.—Mancel T. Clark is with the Wadsworth, Howland Paint Co., Chicago, Ill.

'94.—Dr. Edward B. Forbes has been appointed first house physician of the Buda-Pesth hospital, Hungary. This position was awarded after an examination which Dr. Forbes passed at the head of a long list of competitors.

'94.—Francis S. North is in the engine department of Wm. Cramp & Sons' Shipbuilding Co. of Philadelphia.

'95.—Edmund J. Drummond is with Henry W. Peabody, exporters, New York.

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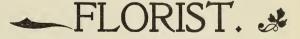
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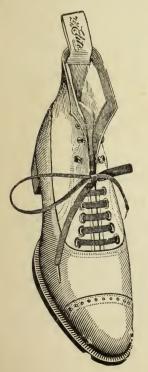
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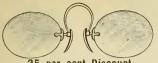
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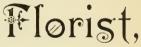
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MANUFACTURERS.

The Phillips Andover Mirror.

Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 5

Zeke.

OME day, let us hope, mankind will be so nearly civilized that there will be no polar bears sweltering under hot circus tents; no elephants suffering the slow torture of being tamed by brutal keepers; no monkeys dragged about at the ends of chains to perform for the amusement of dirty children and gaping countrymen, as was the fate of Zeke, whose misfortunes are here set forth.

On an August afternoon, Zeke and his master were traveling on a New England road that lay a white streak up a brown hillside. At the top of the hill, some fifty feet from the road, and on the edge of the woods, stood an old deserted sugar house. On the shady side of this building, the man and the monkey stopped. Slipping the organ strap from his shoulder the man laid the organ gently on the ground, took off his heavy shoes, and lay down to rest.

Spiqelleti was a sad-eyed man; and with good reason, for his lot was scarcely better than that of Zeke. He loved the monkey—partly with the love of a partner in misery; partly with the love he felt toward his hand organ. Not only was Spiqelleti a sad-eyed man; he was also a frugal man. Now Zeke was an ungrateful little wretch. He availed himself of all of Spiqelleti's hard earned victuals on which he could lay his hands. These avaricious tendencies caused Spiqelleti much concern.

For the previous two weeks the conviction had been gradually forcing itself inside the organ-grinder's thick skull that Zeke was not well. To be sure, his appetite was as good as ever; better even; but lately he had appeared stupid; he seemed to have lost all

enthusiasm in his acting. In the last village through which they had passed, certain persons had rebuked Spiqelleti for carrying a sick monkey. Zeke was fast losing his hold on his public.

Lying in the shade of the sugar house with no sound to distract his attention but the hum of insects and the noise of a brook that somewhere trickled down through the pasture, Spiqelleti was able to set his whole mental force at work on the problem of Zeke's future. After much reflection he reached the conclusion that what Zeke needed was rest. A man in Boston had once offered him four dollars for the monkey. If Zeke would be so considerate as to live one week, until he could reach that city on foot, he would sell him and buy a new partner. Perhaps the man would refuse to pay four dollars for a sick monkey. For a moment Spiqelleti was downcast. Then his eyes brightened as an inspiration came to him. Ah! In that case he would sell the monkey for three dollars and a half!

With this brilliant conclusion to his thoughts, Spiqelleti dropped off to sleep.

The monkey hopped about catching insects. His movements resembled to a slight degree those of the famous frog that was given a meal of bird shot before entering a jumping contest. In a pile of old dry sapbuckets leaning against the sugar house there were scores of crickets. These Zeke feasted upon while the slow hours dragged by. A squirrel sat on a mossgrown log chattering frantically. Zeke scrambled towards him as far as his chain would allow, whereat the squirrel retired up a tree, panic-stricken.

It was an ideal place on an August afternoon, with the smell of the musty old sugar house, and the smell of peppermint from the brook—a place to think over past times; and while Spiqelleti snored and dreamed of far off sunny Italy and of the fortune he would some day carry back to that happy land, Zeke's face wore a thoughtful expression. His memory took him away back beyond the dark tragedy that had blighted his life and made him a slave in a strange land—back to the tangled vines, the gaudy flowers, and the cocoanuts of his youth.

The sun sank lower in the west. The shadow of the sugar-house stretched farther out toward the road. A cow-bell rang steadily as its wearer made her way toward the farm-yard gate. A farmer's wagon rattled by; its driver lashing the dust-whitened weeds by the roadside with his whip.

At the sound Spiqelleti awoke with a grunt and looked about him. Taking from his pocket their joint supper, he divided it into thirds, giving the monkey one-third and keeping the rest himself. Zeke, with some two hundred crickets in his interior, nevertheless ate greedily.

Half of the sun protruded above the western hill as as Spiqelletti and Company travelled on; the Company riding on the organ and abstractedly searching for certain minute insects in his brown fur. The road led down the hill on the opposite side to that which they had ascended. In the valley below was a village, stretched in straggling disorder along the road.

As they entered the village, Spiqelleti began to play. Troups of children came to follow him about.

It was the hour when the young farmers of the surrounding country and also all the idle men and boys of the village gathered on the steps of the tavern and the little store to discuss the subjects of cows, horse trades and early corn and while away the hours that are the slowest of the day in a country village.

Very different from "Sweet Auburn" was this village. Gathered on the steps of the tavern was a crowd of brutal men and low minded boys.

There is no other being so low as the village loafer—no being so near the line that divides us from the brute creation.

As the dreary music of Spiqelletti's organ floated through the street, one sodden faced youth said: "By

gory, boys! Here comes one o' them Italian organgrinders. By gosh, he's got a monkey too! This town's gittin' t' be darned lively b' gosh!"

As Spiqeletti came up he was surrounded by a blatting crowd.

"Hi thar! Give us 'Sweet Marie'. Make ther monkey dance, can't yer? Whats the matter with 'im anyway?"

"Give us "Devil's Dream!"

Spiqelleti ground out the "Devil's Dream" while Zeke danced and the loafers shuffled on the wooden sidewalk and shouted and swore; whereat the devil, no doubt, chuckled to himself; he wasn't dreaming then; O, no!

Poor little Zeke. There was no nature there broad enough to feel for him; no mind large enough to see his sufferings. How infinitely superior was this monkey to his persecutors!

As the "Devil's Dream" died a violent death, there was whispering on the outskirts of the crowd.

"He! he! he! Say, Bill, set him on."

The organ-grinder heard the words and drew Zeke toward him with a yank that nearly broke the monkey's neck.

"Oh go on playin' mister. We warn't goin' to set ther dog on 'im," said the sodden faced youth.

Once more the music began and Zeke began again to dance.

Suddenly the crowd parted and a dog stood there looking at the monkey, half inclined to retreat. Zeke turned towards Spiqelleti, trembling. Some one in the crowd whispered, "S-sic im." There was a rush and a snarl, a scream from the monkey, and the dog slunk away. Zeke lay quivering on the ground.

Spiqelleti slipped the strap from his shoulder and with an Italian curse rushed on the crowd. But the crowd retired in true country fashion and a moment later was scattered along the whole street shouting and laughing.

Spiqelleti returned to Zeke. Taking him in his arms and strapping the organ on his back, he walked hurriedly toward the outskirts of the town.

In the early morning Spiqelleti awoke. There was a sheet of white light in the east. Two robbins were quarrelling in the trees above his head. Rising, he looked at the monkey. "O Sacre! Da poor monk!" he said, "No mon! No four dolla!"

For Zeke was dead. Happy Zeke! Perhaps he was in his Brazilian forests once more.

Roland J. Dodd.

Remembering.

At the twilight-end
Of a love-day, my soul lies,
On my soul's breast Love dies.
Dead Love-of-friend
Has a grey face, still eyes,
Deep and vacant as God's skies.
This is Love's end.

Heart's joy lain away,
Awaiting a new Spring,
Poor white still little thing,
Flower become hay;
A dead child in my breast
Keeps my heart without rest,
Heavy alway.

A flower of yesterday
I hold, no others seek:
Beauty fadeth, like grey reek,
Softly away.
Scarlet turned grey,
O flowers of yester-springs,
Tear-wet, to thee Love clings—
Love clings alway!

L'envoi.

A singing this is
Of things many days dead,
Of the white worm, well fed.
Fair things are his.
A ballad of buried sweets,
Of my soul's sour strange meats,
Secret, this is.

Jean Ross Irvine.

A Trick of Satan.

THE editor's hard face glowed as he finished the manuscript and carefully laid it in its envelope. The other man in the sanctum laughed a little nervously. "What's the matter, Billings?" he asked. "Discovered a genius?" Their magazines were rivals, and Billings had a reputation for discovering authors from time to time, who helped to boom him in a large degree. "Oh, no," answered the editor carelessly. "Young. Fairly good work. We may be able to make something out of him with practice. No, nothing extraordinary." And he threw the letter which had accompanied it upon the desk. His face assumed its usual anxious expression and the other editor left the office satisfied that no particular "scoop" was pending. But as soon as he had gone the editor again commenced to read the work eagerly, influenced by it more than he had been by any of his former "finds." He recognized a genius in it which was equal to the best of the world's literature.

"Oh, no, nothing particular," he laughed, excitedly. "But if this doesn't give us first place among the leaders, then my experience doesn't count for anything. And for two thousand cash. Why, Hembroke would give five times that and go a mile for the chance. Of course I can't pay him now, but I'll have to fix that up in some way. I'll have to get the money and buy this thing. Perhaps I'd better clinch the thing, now that I have the chance, and in-

terview him myself. Second floor, 29 Bead street. Good Lord, how did he ever drop to that! I don't believe I'll have to give that two thousand for it. He probably doesn't know it's value. I'll go myself this afternoon—no, I'll go now and interview my literary friend. Oh, he'll come down, but I'll have it if he doesn't.

When he had finally found the tenement and had mounted the rickety stairs he stopped, and, in the dull light of the landing again read the address on the letter. Even then he could scarce believe he was right. He was accustomed to poverty among unknown authors, but that the writer of that magnificent production should live in such a place as this was beyond his power of comprehension. A weak voice answered his knock and he stepped within the room.

Something chill and frightful passed through his nerves. Something in the racked form on the bed inspired him with awe. But surely there was nothing to be feared from this man in the last stages of consumption. It was with an effort that he mustered up courage to speak. "Er—Mr. Staunton?" he interrogated.

"Yes; and you're the man who—you're the editor? Oh, you can take it; tell me, can you publish it?"

Billings shrank back from the voice. He had a feeling that he had been before the same mind before, and the thought, unaccompanied by physical recognition, awed and frightened him.

"You seem to be in a dangerous condition," said he evasively, trying to collect his thoughts.

"Hopeless; the doctor said I couldn't live a week two days ago, but praise God, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that my work has been given to the world and that my daughter will be provided for," answered the sick man.

Something in the invocation of the Divinity startled Billings, and he was becoming frightfully nervous.

"Well," he said, briskly, trying to steady himself, "you know you are asking a large sum, an exceedingly large sum. Many authors, who do very good work, don't receive half the amount you ask."

"Then give me it back," cried the author. "Give it back, I say, if you don't want it. But I think you'll want it," he added.

Billings was about ready to close the bargain any way he could. "I will send you your money within two weeks," he said.

"I will be dead within two weeks," answered the other. "But will you promise on your soul to send it to my daughter?"

"Yes, I do," answered Billings, hurriedly.

"Here is an envelope addressed to her. Take it, and send it to her within two weeks."

Billings took it, and as he left the room he detected a look of triumph in the eyes of the author. When he reached the open air he was himself again.

"Poor fool," he thought. "No wonder that authors are poor. He is a man I'm a little afraid of, though," he admitted.

Two weeks later Billings was sitting in his office. All the men had gone. The manuscript had not left his presence since he had received it, and on the next day it was to go into print. It was nearly dark as he drew it forth from his pocket. As he did so an addressed envelope fell from it to the floor. Billings started violently. "Why, I've burnt that envelope, haven't I?" he thought, drawing his hand across his eyes. "I'll make sure of it now, anyway," and he lit a match. The envelope burned to ashes, upon which he ground his heel.

He looked at the M.S. The surrounding darkness did not affect that. The writing stood out boldly against the paper. He started to read but he could not collect his thoughts. He was conscious only of the face of the dying consumptive coming continually before his mind. But gradually it began to change

from the image of the material to the consciousness of the spiritual. Terror seized him, but he could not move nor cry out. An indescribable loathing came over him. He felt himself conquered and subdued by an evil spirit. Again the form changed. It was again physical, but it was no longer an image. He recognized the mind of the dying man in the face of the fiend. The face approached him. It peered into his soul from right before his face. Still it approached; then suddenly all was black.

The coroner said it was apoplexy, but apoplexy didn't account for the letter among the powdered ashes, with an address that didn't exist.

G. Stanleigh Arnold.

A Sonnet.

The boundless waves in silent beauty lie;
The silver-crested moon doth now ascend,
And toward the zenith slow its course doth wend.
Then one by one the stars begin to die,
And Luna reigns supreme throughout the sky.
Her lustrous beams a charm to all things lend,
And every ripple, as its crest doth bend,
She gently kisses in her majesty.
O Nature! then dost thou thyself unveil
In thy most perfect form—a quiet sea,
A moon whose golden glories never fail,
But render everything to harmony.
'Tis then perchance our God, so high above,
Reveals Himself in glory and in love.

H. S. Wadsworth.

Mr. Reynolds.

IT WAS on one of the great ocean steamers of a Spanish-American line. I had engaged my passage from New York to Gibraltar, and on a fine morning in the early part of September bade good-

bye to friends in the city, and went aboard my ship, full of pleasant anticipations of a fine ocean voyage and pleasant trip through Spain and southern France. The weather was bright and clear, while the wind was just strong enough to make the sailing cool and delightful. For three days we steamed swiftly on, enjoying every minute of the beautiful fall days, and with everyone from captain to cabin boy in the best of spirits.

My ship was one of the finest of those that fly between New York, Gibraltar and the Mediterranean ports. It was fitted up with all the magnificence of a palace, and like all the great ocean steamers of today, contained everything that could possibly add to the comfort of its passengers. My state-room, situated on the upper deck, was an especially pleasant one, and although I would have preferred to have had it to myself, I made no objection when a second gentleman was assigned to the same room to occupy the second berth. In fact, I very soon began to congratulate myself on having secured so pleasant a travelling companion as this gentleman appeared to be.

Mr. Reynolds seemed like a perfect gentlemen. He was a tall man of some six feet two, powerfully built, and looked strong enough for a foot ball player. His face was strong and determined, and a heavy black beard, together with thick black eye brows, gave him quite a fierce appearance. He was dressed quietly but stylishly in clothes of the latest London cut, which well set off his athletic proportions. The moment that I heard him speak I was immediatelely attracted to him, for his was the cultured and refined voice of an educated gentleman. In short, I took him for a wealthy and well-bred American who was off for a pleasure trip on the continent, and decided at once that I should enjoy his company.

For the first few days of the voyage we were constantly together, and also saw a great deal of two friends of Mr. Reynold's, very pleasant gentlemen,

who were to take the continental tour with him. Setting out on deck with nothing to do but read or write or talk, and seeking to spend the days as pleasantly as possible, the time passed very rapidly. Hour after hour Mr. Reynolds would recount stories of former trips through Spain and other countries, and showed quite an astonishing knowledge of all the countries. In fact he was a fine talker on every subject, and I came to like him more and more.

At the end of the third day out the weather began to change. The wind rose to a gale, and for some twenty-four hours the big ship rolled and pitched and lurched. While this was going on Mr. Reynolds and I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and staid in our berths. But we were both old sailors, and only for a short time were we troubled by any feelings of sickness. But although Mr. Reynolds seemed perfectly well, the slight feeling of sickness that he had for a short time experienced, together with the rolling of the boat, had a very strange effect upon him. Usually so affable and pleasant, he became very moody and silent, and I thought from his sulky manner that I must have been doing something to provoke him. Try as I might, during the whole day that the storm continued, I could not get a word out of him. All day I watched him as he lay with his back to me, apparently not sick, but simply very moody and unsociable. I thought little of it however, and went to sleep that night in the best of spirits, hoping for a better day on the morrow.

It was about six o'clock the next morning when, dozing half way between consciousness and sleep, I felt rather than saw my friend, Mr. Reynolds, rise from his bed and go to the window. Then I dozed off for a few moments, I do not know how long. But suddenly I woke with a start. Mr. Reynolds was standing in the middle of the small stateroom, bare from his waist up. His heavy black hair was wildly disordered and his beard, torn and matted, stood out

like bristles all over his face. His fierce, dark eyes had in them a wild and angry look that made me quake with fear. In a second a wave of horror swept over me; the man before me, I felt was mad. He was staring, staring straight at me, eyeing me from head to foot with a wild glassy stare. In his righ hand he held a heavy razor, in his left a strap upon which he was drawing the razor slowly, deliberately, up and down, up and down. With eyes fixed steadily upon me, and without moving a muscle for some moments, ages it seemed, he continued to slap the razor back and forth. At last it was sharp enough, and feeling of the blade's edge as he came, slowly he approached my bed. His wild eyes, meanwhile, were ever fixed upon me. He reached the bed and leaned down till his ghastly face almost touched mine.

"I am going to kill you," he said, "I hope you are ready to die."

The sight of the man and his terrible words froze all the blood in my body, and for a few seconds I was stiff with fear. But the fearful danger of the situation, and the need of quick action soon roused me, and I began to recover my presence of mind. To have attempted to resist the powerful maniac would have been folly, and would have brought the keen razor to my throat in an instant. For a full minute I did nothing but lay there still, endeavoring to gather my wits together, with the mad man still bending over me. At last, by a supreme effort, I nerved myself and spoke.

"Well, my dear Mr. Reynolds," I said, "I am perfectly ready to die, but can you not wait a few moments? Give me time to get into my clothes, and then I will be at your disposal. But I am only dressed in these blue pajamas, and it would mortify me greatly to have the people come in and find me in such a costume. It will not take me a second."

The man above me grinned, hesitated, and then said:

"All right, get into your pantaloons, I can wait a few minutes, for there is plenty of time. I want to finish the job up nicely. I'll get my razor sharp while you dress. Make yourself look fine, for I want the corpse to be of as good an appearance as possible."

With that he walked slowly over to the window, and, taking his eyes off from me for the first time, began again to draw the razor up and down the strap. The room seemed all in a whirl; I could not move a muscle, but only saw with horror the half naked lunatic and his huge razor. Soon, however, the thought that my very life depended upon my coolness and self possession steadied me a little. With the greatest effort I got upon my feet. Every second I expected to see the man in the opposite corner turn and rush upon me, and already I seemed to feel the razor blade at my throat. But once only he turned and gave me a fiendish leer. My legs could hardly bear my weight. I staggered, and then by an effort recovered myself and with difficulty reached the chair near the door, upon which my clothes were lying. There seemed but one thing for me to do, to slip into my trousers, and then, being near the door, make a desperate break for the cabin. But whether I could get the door unlocked and open and secure assistance before the mad-man would be upon me, was the question. But I had no other resource left me. Gathering together all my wits and strength, I got my pantaloons on, and sidled slowly toward the door. The fear and suspense was sickening. With a sudden bound I was at the door, undid the locked, and as the maniac, razor in hand, sprang across the room, I darted out into the cabin, and, rushing frantically through it, ran square into three of the ship's officers who were coming toward me. Overcome by terror, and by the relief of having met some protectors, I sank down on the floor and looked helplessly on, as, after a violent struggle, the officers overcame the madman and got him into irons.

When it was all over, it was discovered, that this Mr. Reynolds had been insane all along, and was crossing the ocean under the charge of two keepers, the two gentlemen whom I had seen so often on the deck. He had seemed so well and so steady that the keepers had deemed it perfectly safe to allow him to occupy the cabin with me. The storm, however, and perhaps other circumstances, had brought out his insanity at a time so unfortunate for me, and had turned him for the time being into a raving maniac.

It is needless to say that never since that day have I shared a stateroom with any stranger.

Ibyacinthus.

Sweet Hyacinth, thou Harbinger of Spring! Dost know, whence thou derived thy ancient name And purple petals beautiful?

The sun

Between the coming and the banished night, Apart by equal space from each pole stood, When Phœbus and the youthful Hyacinth Beside Eurotas' strand, in friendly game Of hurling forth the quoit, began.

Alas!

By some mischance, the quoit, rebounding, struck The fair young face of Hyacinth. Phœbus, The god, turns deathly pale, and tenderly Wipes dry the flowing wound, and oft revives The fleeting youthful life, applying herbs. Though god he was, his skill avails him naught.

As in a garden watered, a man may The heads of lilies from their golden boughs, Of violets and poppies red, break off; As these fallen to earth soon droop and die; So lay his dying face. Then lo! the blood

Which stained the grass now ceases to be blood; And from the tinctured earth a flower springs, Of brighter hue than purple Tyrian; In form like that which lilies have; and he Who was unwitting author of the deed Upon the petals writes his groan: Ai, Ai! Which you, sweet Hyacinth, bear to this day.

I. Stafford Goddard.

MIRAGE.-

Deacon Smart.

A good old man was Deacon Smart, and he had the affection of everyone in his little church. If a Wednesday evening had come, and the poor old deacon had not been ready to offer prayer in his cracked voice, or to give "testimony," the prayer meeting would not have seemed like prayer meeting. It was not that he said anything in particular. His prayers were always

"We thank Thee most kindly for this meeting tonight."

The talks that he gave were usually but little more original, and yet we all preferred to listen to Deacon Smart saying nothing than to hear a most splendid talk from anyone else.

There were one or two subjects in particular upon which the old man delighted to dwell, and there was nothing he liked better than to tell us about the death of some happy lamb of his flock. Upon every possible occasion he would relate with the greatest gusto, omitting not a single detail, how he had recently been in at the death of some beloved brother or sister. On one occasion not long ago, when the prayer meeting was opened and opportunity given to anyone who so desired to speak, the deacon slowly rose from his chair and burying his hands in the lapels of his ancient gray coat and clearing his harsh and unmusical throat, began in his cracked and drawling voice:

"Friends, Brethren and Sisters: This week did I offer words of consolation to the dying. It has been one of the happiest weeks in my life, for I have had the privilege of standing by the death beds of two of my dearest friends as they were about to depart with clean souls for the happy beyond."

On another occasion he said:

"Friends and Brethren: Since we met last in this holy sanctuary a beloved deacon has passed from this life, and I saw him go. Oh, my dear friends, I am never so happy as when I am standing by the deathbed of a deacon.

Evening after evening Deacon Smart would ramble on in the same strain, telling how many had died of late and how he had always been with them to offer words of consolation at the end. But no matter what he might say we ever delighted to hear him, and how sorry we were when on a cold day in January we in our turn were called to the bedside of our old friend to comfort and cheer him in his last moments as he had so often comforted others.

Fox.

The Organ at Otis.

Stuart Clinton, the millionaire, was dead, and it mattered to but few. It mattered a great deal to the small town where he had been brought up, as the townspeople hoped that he had left some portion of his great wealth to his native place. However they did not expect it, as Clinton had left home too early to have much love for the town or its inhabitants. A few days later when the will was published, towards the end it read; "I hereby bestow upon the 'First Congregational Church' of Otis, ten thousand dollars, with the condition that with it an organ be bought for said church, and the money be used for that purpose only."

The townspeople were astonished but nevertheless pleased. In a short time, the money having been received by the treasurer of the church, a parish meeting was called and a committee of three appointed to go to New York to purchase the organ. Having visited various establishments there, the committee finally came to a store where they were shown an organ but newly invented and self playing. Although at first doubtful as to whether it could play hymns, they were at last convinced and determined to purchase it. In due time the organ arrived at Otis and was set up. Christmas was decided upon as the day when it should first be used, a large congregation was expected, a well-known minister was to officiate and it was looked forward to as a great event.

Early on Christmas day the people began to arrive and soon the church was filled. The minister began the exercises with a few words of prayer after which the choir was to sing one of those old familiar hymns the country people so enjoy. The people anxiously awaited the critical moment and straightway the organ began to play. At first they could not believe their ears but as they listened there was no mistaking the martial strains of "Yankee Doodle". While the organist was trying in vain to stop it, the surprised congregation had nothing to do except await the end of the piece, but no sooner had the organ stopped than it struck up again. This time it was "Annie Laurie". A stir went through the people, the minister became uneasy and one old woman became positively frantic. Yet the organ still played on, and having finished "Annie Laurie" started on another, and still another. The people became desperate, some one shouted to stop it and not a few left the church. When finally it had stopped, the minister arose with a tired look on his face and continued the service. Very little attention was paid his sermon and all were glad when it was finished.

The next day an expert was summoned who ascertained that the attachment, instead of being supplied with hymns, had been furnished with a select number of the most popular tunes of the day. The wrong attachment must then have been shipped to

Otis. This was finally exchanged for the right one, but the church never recovered from the great disgrace, which was a standing joke for years after.

Emerson Woods Baker.

To a Star.

O gleaming star in Heaven's dome, Far off in silent night, Who lookest down upon the Earth With radiance of light.

Oft when the darkening shadows fall,
And Man from care is free,
While beast and bird seek sweet repose,
I sit and gaze at thee.

Though wintry blasts, o'er troubled waves, Rage loud, with direful wrath; Or Summer sephyrs calmly breath On flowrets near my path;

Thou glidest onward in thy course, With quiet, steadfast gleam, As floats the fallen willow leaf Along the meadow stream.

O lamp unto the angels' feet, In that vast firmament, Reveal thy secret, how to live In silent, sweet content!

C. E. Meyer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Flashlights on Nature, Grant Allen. Doubleday, McClure & Co. \$1.50.

The Boys of '98, James Otis. Dana, Eates & Co. \$1.50. Sicilian Idylls, Jane Minot Sedgwick. Copeland & Day. 75 cents.

Stories in Light and Shadow, Bret Harte. Houghton, Miffin & Co. \$1.50.

The Black Curtain, Flora Haines Loughead. Houghton, Muffin & Co. \$1.50.

THE

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I. STAFFORD GODDARD. THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, November, December, February, April, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single

number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communica-tion between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality

and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips

ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

KIKBURN D. CLARK,

Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS,

EDITORIALS.

A man who is studying hard does not find time to do much reading outside of his obligatory work. there is any time to spare, it is, of course, much better to spend it out of doors. But, in this way, the intellectual enjoyment, which is more or less necessary to good mental work, is not taken. Not one student in ten realizes how much really interesting matter there is in his every day school work. The average student prepares his recitations from the standpoint of doing a disagreeable duty as quickly as possible, and never once tries to find amusement within them. He still retains the standard which he formed of textbooks in his first school days, and he believes that the books prescribed for the work must naturally be hard and uninteresting. In after life men gradually learn that they must take enjoyment from their work if they are to enjoy life at all, but in school life there are so many other ways of having a good time, that the more lasting enjoyment which the better part of the courses can afford is entirely overlooked and lost. Last year Andover had a good chess team, in which the school evinced considerable interest, but this year the club seems to have lost all its life. year ago at this time not only had the school tournament been played, but a match had been held with the Harvard freshmen, and several others had been arranged, including the Harvard University Club.

- Unless more is done toward arranging matches than there seems to be at present, there is no good prospect of holding any until next term at the earliest. By that time the chess club members naturally begin to lose their interest, for there are outdoor sports for recreation. Andover has, unfortunately, lost the assistance of Mr. Ryder, who, by the way, has defeated some of the best players of Europe; nevertheless, the club ought to take care of itself.
- Exeter, but Exeter has not accepted, and it certainly is not her duty to challenge again. There seems to be more interest in the game at Exeter than formerly, and nothing would benefit both clubs so much as a match between them. There are not many ways that contests other than athletic can be held between the schools, and chess opens a field for a battle just as hard to win as the athletic contests are. Why does not the chess club wake up and throw aside its tendency to procrastination.

EXCHANGES.

THE OLD SPINET.

It is slim and trim and spare, Like the slender Lady Clare, In the gowns they used to wear Long ago.

And it stands there in the gloom,
Of the gabled attic room,
Like a ghost whose vacant tomb
None may know.

I can see the lady's hands
White as lilies, as she stands
Strumming fragments of Durand's
On the keys.

And I hear the thin, sweet strain
Of the Plymouth hymns again,
Like the sob of windless rain
In the trees.

She would play the minuet
For the stately, stepping set,
While the ardent dancers met,
Hands and hearts.

Did the old-time spinet care
If Dan Cupid, unaware,
Pricked the breasts of brave and fair

With his dart?

Now the spiders with their floss, Up and down the key board cross, And the strings are dull as dross, Once so bright.

No one cares to touch the keys—Stained old yellow ivories,
Save the ghosts some dreamer sees
In the night.

James Buchanan, in N. E. Cons'v'y Magazine.

LULLABY.

De san' man's comin' in yo' eyes.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

De stars is twinklin' in de skies.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

De big white moon 'bove de hill

Is shinin' on de ol' co'n mill,

A-listenin' to de whip-po'-will.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

De wolf's a-prowling in de night.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

De ghosts is walkin' till de light.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

But mammy's here, so don' yo' cry,

Dey ain't a-gwine to make yo' die;

She's gwine to watch yo', settin' by.

Shet yo' eyes, ma baby!

W. F. Sellers, 'oo, in Ye Lit, Exeter.

A VALENTINE.

I ain' so ve'y hain'some, and I ain' so ve'y good,
And the fac' is I'm mos'ly mighty po'.

And they say there ain' no reason why on yearth I eveh should
Come a-bangin' an' a-knockin' at yo' do'.

But, honey, I has seen yo' lookin' at me wif yo' eyes
Kinder smiley, tell I done make up my min'
'At I'll hide away my razor, and I'll toe up to the line,
'At I wo'n' steal no mo' chickens 'cept the little lonesome kin';
'At I'll go on up to Shiloh, an' I'll tell 'em 'at I'll jine,
If you'll say you wanteh be my valentine.

Melissa Hill, 1900, in The Kalends.

THE MONTH.

February 18. Andover is defeated by Exeter in a relay race at the B. A. A. meet.

February 22. Washington's Birthday. Holiday given to the school.

February 25. The class of '99 holds the regular senior banquet at the Parker House.

February 27. Candidates for base ball team called out.

February 28. A small mass meeting held to consider the project of securing a new athletic field.

March 4. A large number of Andover men run in the Boston College athletic games.

March 10. Mr. Stearns gives an address before Philo on "The Traditions of Andover."

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.

Trustee.—Theodore M. Osborne was born in Peabody, Nov. 24, 1849, graduated from Harvard in 1871, spent one year studying civil engineering at M. I. T., and followed that profession for two years. In 1873 he was appointed librarian of the Peabody Institute, at his native town, in 1880 was admitted to the Essex bar and in 1888 was appointed clerk of the equity session of the Superior Court. He has been for five years trustee of Phillips Academy. He died after a long illness with nervous prostration, Feb. 6, 1899.

'20.—In 1820 a boy eleven years old, living at Middleton, entered the Academy. This boy was William Johnson Curtis Kenney, and he became the general freight agent at Boston of the Eastern Railroad, 1852-'72; of the Boston and Maine Railroad, 1872-'89. He was later in the general manager's office. He died at Danvers, Feb. 5, 1899.

y'56—Edward DeCost McKay died Jan. 31, 1899, at a sanitarium in Southern Pines, N. C., from heart disease. After graduating at Yale in 1860 he was in the wholesale shoe business at Hudson, N. Y., and later was agent of the New York Life Insurance Co.

'61.—At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts G. A. R., Peter D. Smith was elected Senior Vice-Commander.

'74.—The New Hampshire Legislature re-elected Arthur E. Clarke, of Manchester, state public printer.

'86.—John Peters Stevens has lately become junior partner in the well-known commission firm of Faulkner, Page & Co.

'87.—Everett D. Chadwick is associated with the firm of Causten & Browne, 31 State St., Boston, and is devoting himself to patent and copyright law.

'89.—Colgate Baker contributes a story to Harper's Round Table, entitled, "Billy of Battery B."

'90,—Thomas Cochran, Jr. is engaged in constructing an electric railroad from Hudson to Albany, N. Y.

'90.—Andrew S. Taylor has opened an office in the Prudential building, Newark, N. J., where he is practising law.

'91.—The marriage of Maria Louise Mott and Edgar S. Auchincloss took place Feb. 14, 1899 in New York city.

'91.—Kimball J. Colby was recently elected a member of the school committee in the town of Methuen.

'92.—Harry J. Fisher, Yale '96, has joined the advertising department of Munsey's.

'94.—Philip S. Goulding is studying to be a librarian at Albany, N. Y. His address is 234 Lark St.

'94.—Victor M. Tyler and Jessie B. Patterson were married Feb. 14, 1899 at Los Angeles, Cal.

'96.—Frank M. Atterholt, Jr. and Walter S. Page are two of the eight Ten Eyck prize speakers selected from the junior class at Yale.

'96.—Arthur Drinkwater has been elected president of the Harvard cricket club.

'96.—George C. Thrall has taken a position in the Detroit Machine Screw works.

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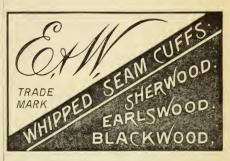
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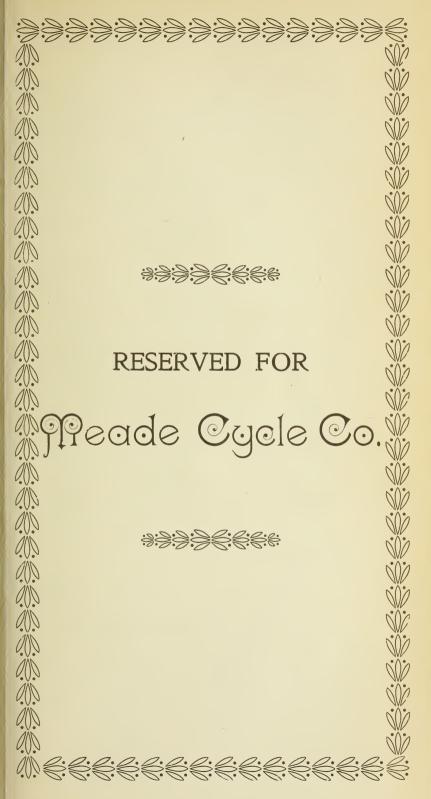
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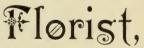
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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 6

Golden=rod and Snow.

A MINIATURE.

THIS is a love story. Of man's love when he is very weak and small and clean, when his breast is simple and his thoughts are dreams; when the path of his life is but winding its way up from out a little garden, a land of dawn-light that flows with milk and honey, and with only tears besides—a few tears: they are everywhere. Many sorts of love mix like molten gold with the dark blood of man's heart: this is of the Other Love, which is child's only, the adoration of a young poet-animal who knows neither flowers, nor china, nor girls, nor books, nor pictures, nor music, nor humanity, nor god.

Winter and snow. Wind clothed in snow. Vast whirls and eddies, vast sweeps of powdered icy whiteness from the four corners of the globe; vast swoops of white-winged power from the heavens above to the earth beneath; the fluttering shrouds of ten hundred thousand madly fleeing ghosts; the turmoil and indistinctness of frigid clouds dissolving into the tempest; the whistling and beating of the currents, and their prickly chill against the cheek;—a blizzard, and in the midst of it She, a silhouette of faded blue, leaning in a mist against the force of the white wind.

She wears a man's old grey hat, slouched down against the storm. Her brown hair and her thin gingham gown are flying. In her arms there is a great bunch of golden-rod brought from the next field.

Her hat blows off and she waits for me to capture and bring it back, watching me and smiling like some quaint little girl grown old. It is the one of my father's that she catches up from the gun-rack for short errands about the farm. It has about it a faint clean odor of the barn, from the pressure of its wearer's head against the cow's flank at milking time.

I have caught the hat and she bows her head over the golden-rod for me to put it on. She smiles, she has kissed me, she is looking up into my eyes. In her faded gown of madonna blue, with her whitened hair, and her worn quiet face, and her eyes flaming with the eldest love,—O can God's own holy mother, in azure robes and brede of gold, be more holy more worshipful more beautiful than mine! She has gone, and I am trembling, and my forehead is against the place on the ground where her feet have trodden.

Then the six o'clock bells rang—Old South first, then very faintly the West Parish, then the boom of the Seminary clock—and he awoke, remembering that he had five recitations for the day. He must get his Homer before breakfast.

From one's room in Commons, as one sits on the bed dressing, one can see all the valley: the green of the trees, still new; the trailing silver of an early train from Boston; the shadows fading up from the Shawsheen. He did not dress by his bedside but in the other room, where he might look at his mother's picture. It stood on the top of the piney-looking, brazen trimmed chiffonier of oak, that one rents from Mr. Noves, right beneath where the Japanese lantern was pendant from the low, Commons ceiling. It occured to him, as he stooped to draw on his socks (which would account for his flushing) that perhaps that photograph of Della Fox in her business suit might look just as well in some other part of the room than in the immediate vicinity of his mother's picture, and that even Madge Lessing would have a better show of climbing to heaven by her beanstalk if

she were in a better light and where the brilliancy of her smile would not shine in his mother's eyes.

When he went up to the pump to fetch his water, he happened to find three or four unusually large and long-stemmed buttercups. He plucked them and when he returned laid them absent-mindedly on a clean handkerchief spread before his mother's picture. They would die soon. He was a Roman Catholic, I believe.

He had not thought very much about her lately, nor written to her for some time. He was very busy, and had lived away from home for five years. Then of course, one could love a person all right without thinking about them very much. He would write to her this evening, early, right after training-table, when he should be clean from his bath and rub-down. And it would be like that walking there was in Eden, to talk with her again in the cool of the evening!

The atmosphere of his dream was about him still: in his sleep he had walked back into his childhood and awakened there. How inexpressibly better than his calmness, his philosophy, his reasonings about the separations of death, was this sweet pain of loving, that seemed to well up within his soul from the very deepest springs of his babyhood! As a child he had been used to think, before falling asleep at night, of what he should do if his mother should die before he died; to imagine the fear, the numbness, the terrible solitude of a little boy separated from his mother and left all alone among the spheres. How beautiful to feel again that pain, which had been made worth while by the blessed joy of turning over on his tear-wet pillow and falling asleep with the surety of seeing her early in the morning! A fellow can't be very bad, he thought, who can love so well.

He stopped often to look at her picture as his eyes passed and repassed between the Greek and his English translation. Then he said half aloud as he arose to go to breakfast, "Trotting is not an iniquity, dearest, just an improved form of the mediæval vocabulary. We will discuss the whole matter in July, you and I together, smoking our cigarettes in the garden. You shall learn to smoke—a little; it is pretty." As he clattered down the narrow winding stairway into the morning sunlight, he laughed aloud at the idea of the blue vapor coming from between his mother's lips.

When he returned at nine from geometry, the first thing that caught his eye upon entering the room, was the yellow gleam of a telegram, lying before his mother's picture with the dead buttercups. It was unopened and on the back was scrawled in lead pencil:

I signed and paid for you, old man: thirty-five cents. F.

Of course it ought not to have been sent to him directly, but his mother had been a widow and the other children were almost too young to attend to the matter, so a neighbor had telegraphed. It was an accident at the railroad crossing, I think, or very sudden pneumonia, I forget which.

He went into his mother's room, where he and his brothers and his sister had been born. And she was lying on the bed.

"I got 'em in Mis' Bell's cow lot ez I come through," whispered an old woman with a wetted napkin in her hand. "Fust o' the season, I guess. Year's early in these parts."

She was pointing at some golden-rod. The yellow spikes lay in a long spray across his mother's breast, like the flaming sword of the angel who kept the gate. And her crossed hands grasped the green hilt of it. They were not very white hands, for the lilies her fingers had plucked from the roadside had been mostly soap-suds. Perhaps to Him who knows the most about love, if He be a poet, these hands may have seemed as precious pieces of rose-coral, grown

in the exhaustless depths of a woman's labor and love for the lord of her soul and for the fruit of her body.

The linen they had wrapped about her was white as the snow of dreams. And her face was still. And beautiful. And only the flame in her eyes was dead-resting for a little while.

Jean Ross Irvine.

Weary William.

JUST how Weary William happened to be within the borders of a prohibition state, it would be hard to say. Some ill wind may have blown him there. Most probably it was a freight train; but certain it is that he was there, fifty miles from the nearest boundary, with all his earthly store, which consisted of twenty-five cents in cash, an empty bottle and a tin tomato-can. Two miles out from the village of Jay, he sat on a stone beside a very sandy road, pondering deeply. The crows cawed derisively at him from the tops of neighboring trees. "Aw! aw!" they cried, "We're onto you! We're onto you! Go to! Go to!"

The emptyness of the bottle was the cause of William's abstraction. It had not been empty long-only an hour or so; but William had had a conversation with a farmer. The wheels of that farmer's wagon could still be heard rattling faintly in the distance. To William's request for a ride and information as to the locality of the nearest roadhouse, the farmer had replied:

"This is a prohibition state; and I want you to understand it. We don't have no drinkers here. If you are sick, you can get liquor at the agent's, Mr. Hubbard in the third white house on the left from the end of the street. But if you want it to drink, we'll have you arrested, by gosh, we will! No; you can't

ride. I've got on a big load, and—"
"Where'd yer git it?" asked Weary William. which choice bit of sarcasm the farmer made answer: "Now you lookee here! Don't you be a shootin' off your mouth. If you don't look aout you'll git your darned head knocked off. Git up." And the farmer departed in a cloud of dust.

"Gee!" muttered Weary William, "dis is a prohibition state, is it?"

He gasped as the awfulness of his situation dawned upon him. Then he sat down upon the stone to meditate. A long time he sat there, with the sun blazing mercilessly upon him. At last he arose and started toward the village of Jay with an idea in his head and the bottle jingling emptily among the nails in his pocket.

The village of Jay slept quietly in the sun. The houses stood like white staring tombs along its street. The blinds of most of them were closed, for lazy clouds of dust floated from the road into the door-yards, covering rose bushes and morning-glory vines

with a thick white coat.

Jay had a tavern; a two story building, with paint that had once been white, and a wide veranda, on which sat two men. One was a sheriff with a red nose and the other was a town clerk with a smooth

face and a self-important manner.

The third white house on the left from the end of the street was a small cottage with a trim front yard, enclosed by a dismal white fence. The front of the house was covered with morning-glory vines; their blossoms now wilted and dead; and a peach apple tree hung its golden fruit temptingly over the fence. Knitting peacefully in this front yard was good Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of the agent, a bustling little lady with an infinite trust in the sincerity of the human race. She had silver hair that had once been golden; and the lines upon her face were softened by a lingering trace of girlhood. In a sweet, quavering voice she was singing a song that had no meaning for anyone but herself, but the music was there; and it must have called up pleasant memories, for her face wore

a pensive look. In the midst of her song Weary William loomed up in the gate-way and advancing, stood before her with his tattered hat in his hand.

The lady broke off abruptly in her song and uttered a surprised and rather apprehensive "Oh!"

Weary William coughed and kicked up the ground with one foot. Then he introduced himself.

"Me name is Smith, mum, an' I has a sad story—"
"What do you want?" interrupted Mrs. Hubbard.

William coughed again. "Dis is a hot day, mum. Specially if yer weary an' foot-sore, an' eager ter git ter de home of yer—mum, as I says before, I has a sad an' harrowin' story ter—"

"Do you want liquor?"

William was disconcerted. "Well, mum, if yer-"

"Then you can't have it!" snapped the lady.

Weary William's face assumed a reproachful look. "But, mum, if yer'll only listen to me sad an' harrowin' tale. I'm sick, mum; an' strivin' ter reach de home of me boyhood. Look at de dark lines under me eyes. If—"

"Why don't you wash it off?" inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

"Dis is cruel, mum. Perhaps you had a son onct. An' maybe you'd like ter think of 'im wanderin', footsore and weary, in a prohibition state. Once more I asks yer, mum, will yer let me have just half a pint? I hates ter handle de stuff, but I'm convinced dat it'll be de means of savin' me life."

Mrs. Hubbard was relenting.

"If I thought you wouldn't drink it, I don't know but I'd let you have a little. But—"

"Far be it from me, mum," said Weary William. I wouldn't get a edge on, no, not fer ten t'ousand worlds!"

"Can you pay for it?"

William produced his twenty-five cents.

"It's all I has in de world," he said.

"Come around in the shed then. Mr. Hubbard's away and I don't like to sell the stuff. Now you'll promise me not to drink it all at once, won't you? A tablespoonful or two at a time will do."

"I promises yer, mum. An' me good old mudder'll bless yer when I gits home."

Mrs. Hubbard led William to the back shed, where he gazed in rapture upon a row of cool, moist kegs, from which arose odors that were to William "a joy forever."

"Now you wait here till I get the quart cup. You won't touch any of the kegs, will you? I know you won't." Mrs. Hubbard disappeared in a narrow passageway that led to the kitchen.

William looked about him with joy. His life had been a hard one. His pathway had been rough and filled with obstacles. It had led over mountains, through deserts, past little dreary railway stations and through great busy freight yards; and now, to be suddenly thrust into paradise—the thought nearly brought the tears to William's eyes. But his stay could not be long. Soon he must return to the cold, hard world. He would take away some souvenir—some little remembrance of his hour of bliss.

He placed his hand upon one of the kegs. It was labeled "brandy." Its contents splashed deliciously. He lifted it slightly. "Dis aint so heavy," he murmured. He stepped to the door. The only human beings in sight were two boys throwing stones at the telephone wire a quarter of a mile down the street. William listened for the footsteps of Mrs. Hubbard. All was silent. Then, with the suddenness of lightning, William seized that keg and was through the door, over the back fence, and speeding across the fields.

The red nosed sheriff and the town clerk with the self important manner were discussing the prospects of the rival candidates for the office of road commissioner, when Mrs. Hubbard appeared before them, wild-eved and screaming:

"Oh, mercy on us! He's stole the brandy! Stop him! Stop him! He's gone up the river road. please, stop him quick! Oh mercy, mercy!"

The sheriff pricked up his ears. The town clerk sprang to his feet, ran a few paces, turned round, ran a few more paces, then came back and said:

"Be calm, Mrs. Hubbard. Who is this that's stole the brandy, and how much did-"

"O mercy! Mercy! Do hurry. It was a great big man, a tramp. He took the whole keg. Do, please, catch him, Mr. Haines. Oh, what will the state do?"

The sheriff's nostrils began to dilate. The town clerk turned to him: "This is a serious business, Hiram," he said.

- "It is," replied the sheriff.
- "Where's your team?"
 "Aout in the shed."
- "Well, you git it and I'll be ready when you git back."

Meanwhile Weary William pursued his way across the fields in great leaps; tearing through gardens and orchards, bearing down on flocks of squawking hens, taking the fences like a crack hurdler. At last he reached the river road, followed hotly by four shouting boys and two men with waving hoes. Back in the village there were shouts and slamming of doors; for Mrs. Hubbard had spread the alarm well. Soon half the population of Jay was in pursuit. Up the river road they went, a shouting, yelling mob. Weary William increased his speed. The keg was heavy and the sand was deep. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. Still he kept his pace, clinging tightly to the keg. Half a mile farther on William, looking back, saw that he was gaining ground. His heart leaped for joy. Slowly but surely the distance between them increased. Already William fancied himself lying in the cool grass with the keg beside him, and a can of the delicious liquid at his lips. Still on he went. The shouts were fainter now. William lost sight of his pursuers round a bend. He slackened his pace. Another quarter of a mile, and he sank exhausted by the side of the road. For some moments he lay there, hardly able to breathe. Then he devoted his attention to the keg. As his tin can had been lost during his flight, he was obliged to hold the keg above his head and drink from the faucet. William took a long gurgling drink. Then, placing the keg once more upon the ground, he said:

"Yer all right, Willum."

Suddenly he heard the rattle of wheels coming along the road from the direction of Jay. He scrambled in dismay to his feet. Round the bend came a galloping horse; and behind it a wagon, in which rode the red nosed sheriff and the town clerk.

Pausing not to inquire who they were, Weary William seized the keg in his arms and took to the fields. The sheriff stopped his horse.

"You git out," said the town clerk, "and bring back the liquor while I hold the hoss, Hiram."

"The hoss'll stand all right. Hurry up!" said the sheriff.

"Really, Hiram, I'm afraid he won't. He's such a high blooded beast."

"Come on!" shouted the sheriff, who was already over the fence.

"This hoss never would stand here," reasoned the town clerk to himself. "I guess I'll wait. Hiram'll catch him all right. There aint no flies on Hiram; not a darned fly."

Weary William was leaping frantically from knoll to knoll. The ground was rough and uneven, and William had not fully recovered his breath. The sheriff steadily gained ground. Thus they disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"Hiram'll git him all O. K." muttered the town

clerk.

William's wind was nearly gone. Soon he realized with a groan that he must give up his prize or become a prize himself. In either case he would be separated from his beloved liquor. Choosing the latter, he stopped suddenly. The sheriff, fearing firearms, dodged behind a tree. With a despairing sigh, William raised the keg and drank in long, gurgling swallows from its faucet. Then, throwing it violently upon the ground, he resumed his flight with a heart as heavy as the keg had been.

The sheriff darted from behind his tree. Reaching the keg, he hastily checked the flow from its faucet. William was making for the woods. The sheriff decided not to follow.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if this is really brandy. It's labelled brandy, but you never can tell." He raised the keg on high. "It's really brandy." he said, "This will be a great loss to the state."

Once more the keg ascended. "I wonder where that feller is now. Goshfrey! That was a neat trick. Ha! ha! ha! Been too bad to catch that feller. Yes it would. By gosh, it would! Ha! ha! ha!"

Again the sheriff lifted the keg. Then he saw a head protruding above a knoll not far distant. The head immediately disappeared; whereat the sheriff laughed uproariously.

"Ha! ha!ha You come out o' that! Come off yer perch! Ha! ha! ha! Darn ye! I say, come off yer perch! What yer hidin' there for? I can shee yer all

right. Ha! ha! ha!"

The head appeared again; followed by the form of the town clerk, who came forward and said: "Hiram Higgins! Hev you been a drinkin of the state's liquor? I didn't think it of you, Hiram."

"Ha! ha! I wanted to see if it wash brandy. I found it ish. By gosh, it ish!" said the sheriff.

"Hiram, I never s'posed you'd do this. Nevertheless, you've allays been a good friend to me. I sha'nt say anything about it, Hiram. Indeed I won't."

"You better not," said the sheriff.

"I won't, Hiram. To make this certain, I'm goin' to place myself in the same box as yourself—in the same box as yourself, Hiram. I'm goin' to take a small swallow of this liquor myself. There! Hiram, I vally your friendship darned well. You helped me on the last 'lection and I won't go back on you now."

"Thash right," said the sheriff, "but you better take 'nother swaller, so I c'n be sure."

"Well, just one more—ahem. That's not bad, Hiram; not bad at all. Now come on."

The clerk took the keg tenderly in his arms and together the two disappeared into the woods.

Midnight found Weary William on the trucks of a coal-car, far on his way toward the border of the state. The wheels, as they ground over the joints of the rails, hummed, to the accompaniment of a bumping brake-beam, a tune, the refrain of which was,

"And I'll ne'er—go there— Any more—any more—any more."

Roland J. Dodd.

The Borseman.

There was a little boy named Tommy Naughto, Who seldom thought or acted as he ought to; For he studied with a trot, Till they said he knew a lot, But his head was very empty when he thought, O!

Tommy knew that Latin nouns had many cases, But he didn't give a flip to know their places. For he studied with a trot, Till they said he knew a lot, And they gazed at him with wonder in their faces.

But Tommy, since he's come to be a grown-up, Has never liked to have his Latin shown up, For he studied with a trot, Till they said he knew a lot, And now it's pretty late for him to own up.

Jehu.

The newsmakers.

THE editor of the Roundtown "Bugle" frowned when the town correspondent came in with a book full of useless material; he scowled when the mail failed to bring better results; he swore when the assistant brought him two poems. As first page material poems were at a discount.

Something must be done; if something were not the paper would be, he facetiously informed himself.

The "Herald" seemed to have all the news it could print, and was issuing war extras, while the "Bugle" was filling up with cuttings and communications. He knew just how the editor of the "Herald" was enjoying his success, for it had been just the other way the year before.

Yes, it was absolutely necessary to get a scoop and have revenge, Brown was convinced. The difficulty, unfortunately, was not in being convinced, but in getting the scoop.

There was somebody at the office door. Maybe it was Jenkins. Jenkins had a way of dropping in with important news, when the paper had all it could print.

No, only two of the office loafers, who didn't want anything and didn't have anything to give in return for it.

"Anything to fill in?" asked Brown hopelessly.

"What's the matter? news slow?" asked one of them.

"No, rushing so fast we can't keep up," answered the editor with fine, cutting sarcasm.

"Why don't you do something yourself to make news?" suggested the assistant, leaning back in critical survey of an advertiser's cut.

"I did think of running for president; maybe I can present an excise bill to the legislature instead." The bitterness fell unheeded; they were used to it.

"Why don't you rob your own house, get assaulted or something like that?"

"Tell you what I will do; I'll sandbag you some dark night; it would be the deuce of a big mystery to know who'd be fool enough to sandbag you." The editor brightened a little.

"You see that wouldn't do, for you'd be suspected right away." The assistant editor breathed a little easier.

"Why don't you accept one of the major's challenges?" Jackson was good at suggestions.

Major Deutcher was an acquaintance; one of those men who live on their neighbors' food and are protected by their neighbors' clothes; a foreigner of good family if he spoke the truth, which he did when it fitted, and 'had fresh nerve enough to brace the devil for a full column,' the editor sometimes said.

The major never hesitated to challenge a man who wouldn't fight, for "honor" urged him on—when the other man was smaller. The major was not such an unusual character.

At Jackson's suggestion the editor brightened. "Not so foolish as usual; in fact it's a possibility: one half page of news, two columns of editorial, upon the revival of Texas spirit. We'll let you do the fighting, Jones."

"Oh, that's all right," said the assistant editor hastily, "Honor to whom honor is due." We'll let Jackson do up the whole job, except the obituary."

"No, we'll let you do it," said Jackson with heroic self-sacrifice, "I'll probably have an engagement by the time it comes off."

"But, you see, he probably wouldn't fight," hazarded Jones.

"Oh, that's all right, I'll be his second."

"Well, anyway, it wouldn't be honest, so that settles it," said the assistant editor, "and besides," as if he had just thought of it, "he might hit me."

"Oh, he wouldn't fight if he thought the guns were loaded, so we'll just put in blanks."

"There," said the editor, "that meets both objections; go ahead when he challenges you, take him up. Here he comes now." A vile falsetto whistle on the stairs was heralding the major's approach. It was his boast that he was the only German in the country who could whistle in that way. Fortunately for the country this was true.

He didn't cease when he came into the sanctum, unmindful of the fact that some people have more musical ears. In the most abstracted and absent way he picked up one of the editor's cigars and leaned back in the office rocker.

"Gut evening," he finally said, as he scratched one of the editor's matches.

Nobody answered.

The assistant editor, with some misgivings, but urged on by the chief's glance, suggested that he proceed to a possible tropical eternity, in more realistic language.

"Now, you must for that apologize, unless you want to fight, perhaps," the major scratched another match. These challenges were so common that it didn't pay to get excited.

"Very well, I'll fight," said the assistant weakly. "Revolvers, tomorrow at three thirty a. m.

The major was startled. "Oh-h," was all he could say at first. "I guess you puts up a joke on me, so? Well, if that's the situation, it will be all right," he finally added with a bland smile.

"No. I mean it," said Jones.

Jackson edged over to the major and whispered to him. The major brightened and said that maybe it would be best to satisfy honor. "I'm the major's second," said Jackson.

"This'll knock the Herald out for sure," thought Brown. "I'll be Jones' second," he added aloud.

Later in the day the major called at the Herald office. "How much you give me for a big scoop,

eh?" he asked the editor. Half an hour later he left for the nearest saloon.

It was June and the hour for the duel was just daybreak. A party of four rode over the rough trail, they were Brown, the major Jones and Jackson

they were Brown, the major, Jones and Jackson.
"We go to Pine Glen," said the major to the cabman.

"Why?" asked Brown.

"Because I says so," answered the major laconically. "If you don't like it, I'm so sorry," and he began his ghastly whistle. Pine Glen was three miles from Roundtown over a miserable road.

"There'll be just time if we hurry," said Brown.

The major was very deliberate. He complained of the wet grass, and kept things waiting in every possible way. But finally everything was arranged.

"Now gentlemen, I am ready. I am not afraid of dying like a gentleman."

"You have no cause to worry," said Jones, "such a contingency is impossible."

"Oh, shut up! It's getting late and I forgot to tell that foreman where the account of the duel wis," exclaimed the editor.

"How was it so you know how the duel come out would?" asked the German suspiciously.

"Time!" shouted Jackson, as the situation became embarrassing. Honor was satisfied. It was a model duel, European plan.

"Now let's hurry up and get back," said Brown, rubbing his hands, and they hurried to the road.

The cab was nowhere in sight.

"Well, I guess we walks, yes?" said the major cheerfully, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, you —— —— squash headed idiot! Who in he--aven was that —— —— cabman anyway?" shrieked the editor, with a few appropriate interjections.

"I think," said the major slowly, "that when I of it thinks, it was Mr. Curry."

"What, Curry, the assistant editor of the "Herald?" exclaimed Jackson. (The editor also exclaimed; what he exclaimed is immaterial. It was not about the beautiful day.)

The party arrived in town, after taking the wrong road, at the advice of a man who happened to be at the cross-roads, at exactly six o'clock P. M.

As they reached the office the foreman handed them a copy of the paper that was being distributed throughout the city. Again, what the editor exclaimed is immaterial.

The paper contained a two-column ad. for Pain's Cod Heart Oil and an editorial upon the tariff.

The issue of the "Herald" that morning contained a long account of the duel. In it the author indulged in a pyrotechnical display of wit and sarcasm. The remarks in the editorials, too, were more forcible than polite.

Even the major was hit. In fact his "traitorous conduct" was expanded upon to such a degree that he left town.

Jackson has stopped making suggestions.

G. Stanleigh Arnold.

After Greenaway.

Prithee, tell me, winsome fairie, Whence thy lightsome form so airie, Blithesome, lissome, lovesome Marie, Come tell me now.

Sweet she lisped, My mama brought me From a flowery bed, and taught me Ne'er be rude, nor answer naughty,
But make a bow.

I. Stafford Goddard.

James James.

It was just after dinner on Saturday. The "gang" were sitting on Randall's fence; a covey of dirty, (what can you expect on Saturday?), little guttersnipes externally seeming to prattle in childish innocence, but really fiendishly alive to mischief of anykind. Randalls fence was a good collecting place. It was composed of pipes, supported by wooden posts; an arrangement which gave splendid opportunities for gymnastics. The last pipe from the end was loose, so that, if it were jolted at judicious intervals, it would precipitate a squealing mass of boys to the ground. Besides, it furnished a good lookout for "cops" and the men who distributed pamphlets at the different doors, in the hope that the house-holder within might be awakened to the virtues of sarsaparilla or bakingpowder. One could almost always tell when one such had passed, by seeing boys stealthily stealing up on the porches to snatch suddenly at something and rush away headlong, lest the servant-girl or the distributor catch them. Later piles of advertisements, carefully hoarded until the pleasure of possession had died away, could be seen in certain corners, where they had been abandoned.

Just at this moment there were four sitting on the fence, idly watching another spin a top, while they discussed the character of a Mrs. Strong, who lived next door. It was a torpid time, when healthy little stomachs had been but lately filled. Tired by the "Indians and White men" of the morning, they were content to rest a while in philosophical discussion. It was quite remarkable how these youthful intellects had scanned Mrs. Strong's character. They had passed over her good traits without notice, and were engaged in the more pleasant task of counting her sins.

"She's a dirty skin! D'you remember the time we had that dandy sliding track on her sidewalk." (Ex-

pressions of pleased remembrance from the audience.) "Well, she's awful fussy. She came over that night 'n told pa. I had to go 'n thaw it out with salt. Gee, it was cold! Besides, I nearly got a licking." And so forth, with a candor that is not the staple of grown-up life, together with a memory of what "pa" or "ma" had said about Mrs. Strong that would do credit to a prodigal child.

Poor little Mrs. Strong,! she was not a happy woman. She had the small, mean soul, dwarfed for want of some great ennobling emotion, that, since it has not known the true tragedy of human life, selfishly seeks misery in its own paltry sphere. She did nothing to cause those lines of anxious care on her face; no public duties weighed on her, as they did on Mrs. James; she had no family of noisy boys to educate, like that of Mrs. Randall, next door; nothing, except perhaps the occasional tiff with the butcher or the grocer. But even these were the crises of her life, and every day was full of fret about the minor blunders of the servants and the depredations of the wild race of small boys. Once in a while she "entertained." One could always foretell the event by the general air of nervous activity that the house imbibed from its inmates. Everything must be according to the most stringent rules of etiquette; the least slip before the guests led to days of mental recriminations. Often in her calls she spoke with bated breath of the unconventionality of "other" people, or tearfully anathematized her own servants. Her husband was quite an ordinary mortal, but there was something noble about the way in which he allowed himself to be managed. The least cold curtailed his liberty for weeks, and kept him to the society of his fidgeting wife. A moment's independence would have resulted fatally to her.

Providence, out of respect for her prim, formal piety, had spared her a child. She could never have survived the eventful first year. The ushering wail

would have produced nervous prostration. If she had recovered, colic would have caused a relapse, the nurse would have slowly worried her down to the grave, while at the first tooth she would have folded her arms in death as decorously as etiquette and good breeding demand. But, as it was, she was gradually wearing older and sallower, the lines of care were deepening; a splendid old maid, marred by a husband, a wretched wife, blessed by a good life-mate!

The discussion had reached a lagging anti-climax when suddenly one of the "gang" started up to his feet.

"By Jiminy, Al," he said, "there's the wire I want for our telegraph." He pointed to a wire stretching from a neighboring roof over Mrs. Strong's house. "It used to belong to our telephone. I can swing it right over to you, if it's cut from Mrs. Strong's."

A moment of excited planning followed in which it was decided, on the spur of the moment, to take possession of the wire that evening.

"Ma's goin' out, so I won't be troubled, 'n' I know Mrs. Strong's servant girl. I went up there when I fixed up that telephone with Jack," the originator of the plan continued. The next moment somebody tagged his neighbor, and in less than two seconds they had scattered in a rousing game of "tag."

That evening, after bidding her little son to be in bed by eight, without a doubt that she would be obeyed, in spite of many disappointments, Mrs. James left the youthful scion of her family, while she attended to her social duties. Jimmie waited ten or fifteen minutes in order to be sure that no handker-chief or any other of those so easily forgotten, lesser articles had been left behind, occupying the time by assuming a pair of "sneakers." Another short wait to avoid the cook, and he was at the sugar-bowl filling his pockets with lumps, that he might, in any case, have a well stocked larder. If Mrs. James had

only seen her son empty the sugar-bowl by half, all the while glowering about lest cook or housemaid catch him, perhaps she would not have wondered how the dried prunes or the maple sugar disappeared so mysteriously.

Now he was across the street, full of the delicious sense of doing a hazardous sin. A carriage stood in front of Mrs. Strong's; a good omen, since, if there were callers, Mrs. Strong would surely not interfere. With consummate skill, born of long practice, he climbed the spike-surmounted fence. Evidently there was something remarkable going on; the kitchen was blazing with light, and there arose mingled sounds of wood and metal. From the backporch he could see a maid bustling around under the orders of a fat cook, not to speak of the darkey manipulating the dumb-waiter. Jimmie's hesitation was but for a second; profiting by a moment when all backs were turned, he slipped noiselessly over the few feet from the back door to the stairs. There in the tunnelled stairway, flushed by his first success, he decided that, come what might, the telephone wire should be his.

He entered the pantry. A party was surely going on. A pile of plates stood on the shelf, containing the half-remains of a man's food, while nearby was a plate of olives. Now, Jimmie loved these above all the delicacies that were to be had on "party-nights," and, snatching a handful, he warily withdrew just in time to avoid the waiting-maid. But one obstacle remained: the dining-room door, which opened on the hall. There was great chance that the lynx-eyed hostess, looking about for some mistake, should see as he passed. Softly—by. And now victory awaits on the roof!

On the way up he passed by the rooms where the company had removed their wraps. First the men's coats, each surmounted by a "stove-pipe" hat or a derby folded carefully on the bed. Jimmie always

thought that they looked like ugly black devils laid out in order before they received life, and he could not resist smashing one head, leaving a misshapen derby for some angry man. Next door were the ladies' wraps; gauzy, footless things of absolutely no use for warmth, or heavy, fur-trimmed capes, too hot for a summer night. As Jimmie pursued his stealthy way, he remembered how once he had masqueraded with his little sister in the company's clothes, and finally been obliged to stay a full hour under the bed, owing to a sudden dispersion of the guests.

He passed through the attic, and in a moment was out of the window, clinging desperately to the ladder that led to the plane surface of the roof. Once on top, he ran recklessly over to where he thought the wire was, but he miscalculated, stumbled over a projection and there would have been a mangled body under the yellowish street-lamp far below, if a chimney had not stopped his rolling body. His heart was beating queerly up in an uncomfortable section of his throat as he regained the roof.

Now the work on the wire began. He pulled a dulled little file from his pocket, but the wire was strong and tough, complaining with a deafened, twanging vibration; Jimmie had to wrap his coat around the insulator to deaden the sound. Finally, with a last despairing scrape, the wire broke. There was a loud twang, the whistling of the falling wire, an exclamation from some passerby, and a metallic ring on the bricks of the pavement. Up on the roof stood a little boy, hugging himself, chuckling with pure delight. How mercurial these nervous Americans are. This lad had gone through every dark emotion; a shrinking apprehension of the mysterious corners in the attic; a dizzy dread of the black ground, menacing at a terrible depth below him; a moral awe of some Power in the shining stars, a sudden violent horror of death and despair over the stubborn wire; but now he was capering about in the wildest joy.

The descent was easy. He climbed back head-first through the window, letting his feet fall with a resounding slap on the floor; this in a spirit of sheer bravado, since the noise was likely to alarm those below. But in his mind he revolted from sneaking out as he had come: to walk down slowly, rush at the front door, closing it with a bang and escaping before pursuit was possible, would be the only climax possible for an undertaking so successfully performed.

Again he went through the second story. Now the door of the guests' room was half closed. What did this mean? Suddenly in a mirror, seen through the half-opened door he caught a glimpse of a man hurriedly rifling the bureau. An opened window with the top of a ladder apparent showed the burglar's entrance. Jimmie's glance wandered to the bed. There lay his mother's cape, which he had not recognized before, and on it in full sight her breast-pin. If there was anything beautiful, anything precious, anything invaluable, it was, in Jimmie's mind, this little sparkling diamond set on a plain gold bar. He made no outcry, nor did he hesitate a moment, but ran silently downstairs. Suddenly, the idea came that he would get a most glorious licking for stealing the wire. Perhaps it would be better to just warn the hostess: the things the man was stealing were hers.

Jimmie approached the door. Before him stood the long table, glittering with silver and cut glass, at the end of which sat the hostess. It took no time to catch her eye. Poor little Mrs. Strong was aghast; this calamity was absolutely unprecedented. What, in Heaven's name, did etiquette ordain, when a dirty little boy beckoned to you, while, unhappy under the task of entertaining guests, you were just at the critical point of the ices. As she sat still in her horror, the talk subsided. Immediately, great anger at the innocent cause of her social disgrace rose in her frame; she made an imperious motion for him to en-

ter. At least, his father was here, and she could intimate that a spanking would be her ultimatum.

Jimmie wasn't frightened. There had been a curious tightening at the back of his throat when he had first seen the burglar, but his elation at the success over the wire, the resolve to make a dash for freedom, and the thought that now he would become something of a hero inspired him so that he was not conscious of himself. He entered the glare of the dining-room. A laugh went up from the men, who to some extent did not realize the enormity of the interrupted dinner. Little Jimmie had been well blackened up on the roof, and in the exertion of cutting the wire he had rubbed his face with his hands; two great black streaks testified to this. Moreover, the front of his coat was covered with rust from the tin roof. Without waiting to be recognized by any authority he exclaimed:

"There's a burglar upstairs, stealin' all the jew'lry. You'd better hurry if y' want any left."

Immediately the laugh on the men's faces died out in a drawn pallor, while the social smirk of the ladies, assumed in mind and body for any especial occasion, gave way to a grim realization of some truth in life. This might be honestly a tragedy, and not a mere domestic occurrence, such as would be quickly forgotten except by the gossips who disliked Mrs. Strong. One lady promptly fainted. The host being nearest the fire-place arose with shaking knees to get the poker. His wife flung herself on him shrieking:

"Never, George, never. He'll kill you."

Meanwhile the other gentlemen were taking what arms they could find, from candelabra to chairs, all, with one exception, blanched by cowardly fear, though held up to a following, but by no means leading point by the sense that their wives were watching them. Mr. James, Jimmie's father, was the only one not overcome by fear. There was an abrupt pause,

while the wives tried to hold back or send on their husbands by signs, and each man waited with politest diffidence for his neighbor to take the lead. Jimmie alone seemed to be conscious of time.

"If you don't hurry up, he'll leave," he cried.

Mr. James, after a look at the host, himself not too anxious to leave, held fast in the dress of his terrified wife, took the lead. Two only dared to remain; Mr. Strong and a little red-headed man, whose fear of burglars was proverbial. The little army resolutely marched up the stairs. A sudden noise came from the bed-rooms. One man turned tail and ran, nearly knocking little Jimmie down, and the army stopped; the leader only went on. He stepped into the room. It was deserted. Evidently while the bold army was being recruited the thief had made good his escape. Immediately Jimmie ran to the telephone to ring up the police.

Downstairs in the dining room Mrs. Strong was having hysterics. The whole scene, with the disordered table, the overturned chairs, the white-faced men and women, present a devastated appearance—an appearance that would be more attributable to an earthquake than to one small boy and a semi-mythical burglar. In an incredibly short time the police came with sounding gong and attendant crowd, hoping for nothing less than a murder.

And so leave them at this happy climax, imagining the curtain-lectures that night on fool-hardy bravery or arrant cowardliness given to certain husbands, the anathemas of Mrs. Strong on that innocent child, Jimmie, and the heavy tax on his youthful imagination when called upon by parental coercion to explain his dramatic entry.

Robert Lounsbury Black.

A Water-color.

An April snow floats to the Spring-kissed turf; And spirit daffodils, still yellow ghosts, Gleam dimly through the cold mist-surf That floods with grey its valley coasts. There, like white petals of the hyacinth, In soft wet fragrant pads The snow lies.

Jean Ross Irvine.

An Open Letter.

It must be understood that the pronoun used throughout the following communication is *rhetorically* and *not technically* the editorial *we*: The opinions expressed are not those of the majority (in this case also that majority treated of in "An Enemy of the People", and referred to below) of the MIRROR Board; wherefore they are published here and not in the editorial columns.

We are exceedingly sorry to say-stating only our personal opinion of course—that the Phillips Andover Dramatic Club has ceased to exist; that it is to be replaced in the near future by a social organization, having the same name and practically the same membership, though its purpose is to be mainly charitable. The former club was one founded two years ago (with a new constitution, upon the basis of a still older club,) of which the chief aim and purpose was to be the careful presentation annually of one good play or more. To insure which end, since the only means of good play-giving is thorough rehearsing, the fundamental article of the constitution, and one at the beginning of each year mutually agreed upon by the fellows concerned, was if any fellow be absent without excuse from three rehearsals he shall forfeit his membership in the club.

Now at a time during the present year, shortly previous to the ninth of February, when their entire with-

drawal from the play would have meant the givingup of the whole production and a considerable loss financially as well as of wasted time, two of the fellows having principal parts did, in the multplicity of their engagements, social, athletic, and religious, avail themselves of the third fatal cut, unexcused and inexcusable. However, as in honor they only could have done, they agreed, as the club agreed to have them do, to play their respective parts without membership or shingles: and it was well. This action was before the play.

*There was an other clause in the constitution to the effect that any fellow by accepting and playing a speaking part in any play presented by the club becomes a member of the club and is therefore entitled to a shingle. This clause, by a defect in the constitution, very evidently conflicts with the expulsion-bycutting clause quoted previously. After the play came schism—as to which of the two clauses, in the case of the two criminal numbers, should be adhered to; as to which, for the welfare of the club, should be judged the more important. The leading man, in the recent comedy, the first comedian, and the president, who played the leading woman, appreciating that the welfare of its object was the welfare of the club, that its object was the well production of plays, that the well producing of plays is dependent upon thorough rehearsing, felt that the clause relative to the just punishment of sin should be enforced. The majority of the members (Ibsen's invariably wrong majority, in this case composed largely of those fellows who had had, in the recent comedy, three-line or semi-supe parts) feeling quite sure that the greatest of these is would without doubt be found written on their hearts. if in the strength and greenness of their youth they should be vivisected; feeling that rehearsal is of quite minor importance and that the all and only essential thing in successful play giving is the immediate presentation upon the fall of the curtain, to each person having taken part, of a shingle and a shower bath off aromatic herbs and oils; deeply feeling, then, these: truths, the majority decided, full lawfully and in strictest compliance unto the Rules of Roberts which are Order, that to every one concerned in the production (with the exception of the scene shifters who) were of a different persuasion religiously) should, must, and would be given shingles, and all the honors symbolized by shingles from the beginning; that especially should shingles be given to the two of questionable membership, not only in order to show the club's deep appreciation of their happening to drop in upon us the evening of the final production, but in rapturous recognition of their rare skill in so excellently presenting (which in good sincerety they did) their parts on a minimum of rehearsal.

Def which action by the enlightened majority these least important result, as it is the least painful also too us, was our own resignation and withdrawal from the club, of which we had had the honor of being Stages Manager for the past two years.

We feel that the old club, with a revised and strengthened constitution, on the foundation of att least the two comedies given fairly well this year and last, if its numbers had had the earnestness and maturity to observe its necessary laws, we feel that under these conditions the old club might in the fullness of time have become one of the strongest and most respected organizations in school, one of the most valuable to the fellows for supplementary training, and a source of pleasure to the school and town at large.

garded its most essential law, as set forth in its constitution, it becomes, it seems to us, in very truth a new organization for social and charitable purposes, as we said above, something in the nature of a Sunshine Circle, or Girls' Friendly Society, or Ladies' Benevolent Association—having for its object the

charitable distribution of shingles (not coal and potatoes as in "Sentimental Tommy.") among undeserving persons! We do not know whether the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen are to be especially mentioned in the new constitution, but we believe they may rest assured of getting their fair share of the shingles, in the due course of this most generous distribution. Nor are we sure whether the Benevolent Association (or Charitable Soubrettes Scholastic Sewing Circle, limited) will send shingles to the heathen of foreign lands, or confine itself to the more conventional donation of made garments: we trust the Makers of the Constitution will fully decide this important question and state it in black and white to prevent future troubles.

In a farce given in the Town Hall last June-of which there had been no complete rehearsal at all, previous to the production; for it was prepared for quite in accordance with the "Art for Shingle's Sake" theory of the enlightened majority—we were implicated as leading lady. We wore a remarkably décolleté gown, closely cut after the every-day clothes of Venus de Milo, as we remember our sensations: also we have a quite distinct recollection of the curtain's being rung down about ten minutes after its rise, with the leading man subjecting the book to internal criticism, over the prompter's shoulder, and the first comedian sitting on the floor left centre in a wild endeavor to remember some fragments of his lines with which to amuse the fretful audience. Then the Glee and Mandolin clubs discoursed the sweet, but ever after dirge-like, strains of "Honey, You'r Mah Lady Love" to cover our retreat; while behind the scenes the members of the cast were humbly removing their warpaint with mingled application of tears and cocoabutter. We hope these melancholy incidents do not prophesy of the coming year's work under the new regime-that is to say, if the new club should feel that charity and the drama are not incongruous and decide to further supplement their study of parlimentary law by the harmless frivolity of play-giving.

♣The opinions of the majority of the Board, as regards the weather and kindred subjects, will be found under the head of Editorials.

Jean Ross Irvine.

MIRAGE.-

Hurora, Hurora!

Aurora, Aurora!

The morning has come---the radiant morn! The light of the earth.—Aurora is born.

Aurora, Aurora!

The queen of the morning the land doth adorn With radiant splendour.—Aurora is born.

Aurora, Aurora!

Goddess of morning, and queen of the light, Most brilliant of all and foe of the night.

Aurora, Aurora!

The morning has come—the radiant morn! The light of the earth.—Aurora is born.

George Harris.

The Winning of Mary Ann Wilson.

Mary Ann Wilson stood on her little, vine-shaded porch, looking off down the road; she shaded her eyes from the setting sun, the better to see the figure of a man approaching the house at a rapid walk. As soon as she was able clearly to make out his face she smiled, and, stepping back, placed the two straight kitchen chairs stiffly side by side on the porch.

"How d'you do, Mr. Pitkins? she said cheerily to the man who was now coming up the front walk.

Mr. Joseph Pitkin was a frequent visitor at Miss Wilson's.

"Glad t'see ye; set down." And she motioned him to one of the chairs, sitting down in the other, herself.

"Pretty well, thanky," responded he, "Nice sunset, ain't it?"

"Yes-'tis kind of pretty; 'taint much good t' set this ink, though, I find." And she turned to look at some newly marked handkerchiefs which hung in a row on the porch railing. "I prefer the noon sun for all practercal purposes."

"Thet so? Wal, it's real handsome, anyhow; see how it shines on that bunch o' woods over thar."

"Them woods air no good-poor gnarly hemlocks!"

"Now I don't agree with ye thar, Miss Wilson. That's purty good lumber up thar an'-well Miss Wilson, t' tell the truth, that's what I come up this evenin' fer-t' ask ye if ye'd like-I mean, what ye'd think o' my buyin' that piece of woods?'

"Me? Land, Mr. Pitkin, I don't keer; buy it if yer a mind to; 't don't make no difference to me."

"But-well-why-why-what I mean is will younow won't you-make it your business?"

Poor Mr. Pitkin's face was brick-red; he sat nervously on the edge of his chair and his hands opened and shut convulsively.

"My gooodness, Mr. Pitkin!" replied Miss Wilson obtusely, "I ain't fitted t' give a man advice about lumber —'t aint in my line."

But I-I mean would you-would you like t' own it with me-the both of us own it together, Miss Wil-

son as—why, don't you see, Miss Wilson?"
"My land, I ain't got any money t' invest in wood-

land."

"Why, I mean—I mean couldn't we hold it as man an -Oh, Miss Wilson"-falling on his knees before her, "can't we hold it as-as man an' wife? Miss Wilson—Mary Ann—if I'll be the man will you be the wife?

"Oh, gracious, Mr. Pitkin, is that what you mean? -Well-get up off the floor or you'll get your best trousers all dust, Joseph."

Then Joseph Pitkin knew that he had won.

Chas. T. Ryder.

A Singular Life.

Yes, his name was Billy, not a goat this time, but a mischievous, black crow, and such a queer little feathered fellow he was too! At the early age of a month or six weeks he was taken from the parental mansion, which was constructed of twisted grape-vine and about which a rather unpleasant odor of dead fish hung at meal-times. For Billy, when as yet unchristened, had lived with his worthy parents on the shore of a large lake, fish from which formed his principal diet.

His future owner abducted him at the risk of his own neck, from the top of a huge hemlock tree, much to the chagrin of Billy's parents who had supposed their abode to be impregnable. After having travelled some four miles in a lunch-basket suspended from the back of his abductor, Billy at length reached what was to be his home henceforth, and showed his delight by a great flapping of his barely feathered wings and by a peculiar gurgling sound which issued from the depths of his throat. His master immediately began preparations for his young pet's mid-day meal, by going down to the shores of the lake near which he lived, and catching some minnows which the bird greatly enjoyed.

Billy soon became the possessor of a beautiful, glossy, black coat which was the pride of his existence. On the lawn in front of his master's house stood a magnificent oak and it was Billy's joy forever to pick up the acorns, which were plentiful under the tree, in his bill, and by a sudden movement of his head to throw them over his back, much to the amusement of the house-dog who was not, luckily for Billy, a game-dog. This mischievous black imp would go into the garden and pull up everything he could possibly get hold of. He was attracted by anything bright or shiny, and could pick these articles out when they were invisible to the human eye. His master

once lost a fifty-cent piece in a pile of leaves and after a thorough search gave it up for lost; but much to his surprise found Billy playing with it the next day.

Billy showed great aversion to chickens and was at constant warfare with them. One evening his enemy the gardener shut him in the hen-coop for the night, during which he engaged in single and mortal combat with the roosters and thereby met his untimely end. In the morning when his master went down to feed the chicken he found poor Billy with a broken wing. He was subsequently chloroformed and interred in a soap-box, with great ceremony.

Sloan Danenhower.

The Idler.

How oft when on the class-room bench I sit,
My wandering thoughts no effort can command,
Alas! methinks from game to game they flit;
Instead of resting on the work in hand.

In Homer I am on the foot-ball field,
As bloody as the struggle about Troy;
And while those ancient battles are revealed,
I'm dreaming that I'm pummeling some boy.

The problems of Geometry to me,
Suggest some game of chess unfinished still;
And while the other boys their workings see,
I'm moving queen and bishops with a will.

Oh why! oh why! must I so idle be?

I dream and play through all the lesson time,

And plan out pranks, and execute with glee;

Then waste still more by putting them in rhyme!

The Idler.

BOOKS. -

In the life of a writer there sometimes comes a crisis; when he finds himself in a mental blind alley with a blocking wall before him; when he has to make a sudden turn and retrogression, if he would

exist. It is then that the true genius is proved. Mr. Grant Allen has had this experience. Gifted with a remarkably clear mind, he expected to devote himself to scientific work, but since he had no reputation, his first book, an abstruse work on some impossible mathematical subject, fell flat. Only twenty copies were sold, and the pages, on which poor Mr. Allen had expended the drudgery of some two years, had to go towards making up the volumes of more successful, less ambitious authors. Then he turned deliberately to write some of the trashiest novels that clever mind ever thought out, or that ever enriched the publisher. Yet he did not turn his attention to fiction, entirely. He has his hack-hours, and, when he can afford it, he devotes his inspiration to higher forms of literature.

Just at present he is doing a work that surely is better than trashy novel, or even a scientific work, which but few are privileged to understand. fiction has given him a strong hold on the great middle-class of readers. His name is considered one of the very best drawing-cards that can be put on the outside of a magazine, while almost anything he writes is taken up, be it good or evil, on the strength of the subscribed name. Therefore, when Mr. Allen began his series of studies of nature in the Strand, his friends felt that he was doing a good work. These articles were short, relating the phenomena of a variety of plant and animal life---from rose-amphides to clover. Perhaps they could not stand the most rigid test from a great authority, but they do not pretend to do this, and it is better that they should not, since then the matter would be too abstruse for the ordinary reader. However, Mr. Allen has so perfect a knowledge of all he writes about, together with so clear a mind that he can drop the lesser details and shadow strongly the main points. And all is written in so delicious, so charming a manner that after one glance the temptation to read the rest is

irresistable. A student is sure to think he is not sticking to duty, because he will find them extremely delightful, but the ordinary mortal is content to receive instruction, if he be only amused. They are throughout wonderfully illustrated by one Mr. Enoch, who rivals Mr. Allen in the skill and care with which he has portrayed the different victims under discussion. He claims that sometimes he waited fifteen hours with his eye glued to the microscope, until the insect beneath should come to the proper form,—and truly the result justifies such labor.

- Through the whole Mr. Allen has given numerous exhortations to the reader to notice for himself, thereby hoping to give someone interest in the deepest, most varied, most delightful studies that man can enjoy, and to draw them into the woods and fields. He is inculcating a great lesson to an immense audience without their suspecting it. This, together with the enjoyment given to so large a class must make the studies an immense temporal addition to the literature of the age. The "Studies in Nature," surpassing novel or dissertation on Calculus, is Mr. Allen's magnum opus!
- The articles, published up to this time, have been collected in a little board-bound book called "Flashlights on Nature."* The publishers for the United States are Messrs. Doubleday, McClure & Co. The price is only \$1.50, a price at which no private library can with justice refuse to buy.

 B.

"It is my own invention."-Through the Looking Glass,

There are several things that might be said having a general application to pen-people and a particular to the author of "The Black Curtain"*—one of that kind of book, of which we have reviewed several this season, which recommends itself to the reader rather by its publisher's name than by its author's; a state of

^{*}Flashlights on Nature, Grant Allen. Doubleday, McClure & Co., New York. \$1.50.

affairs justified and emphasized often very strongly by a perusal of the volume.

- Je I suppose it must be nice to number among one's acquaintances one of the literati, more or less celebrated; likewise I suppose that every one who adds a book to the number already existant, by increasing the supply of the commodity, makes all books a little cheaper. Therefore, perhaps the author of every new book, whether intrinsically it have any good positive qualities or not, deserves honor for, on the one hand, having added to the personal glory of (let us hope) a large circle of friends, and, on the other, for having rendered good books more submissive to the power of their lovers' purses. Beyond these two reasons it is a problem to the reader of popular literature why in Thunder (if one may wax colloquial over an interesting issue) half the new books were ever written! A work containing neither humor nor pathos, nor valuable information, nor beautiful description, nor character study, nor the solution of any problem, can be explained only (unless it be a dictionary) by appreciating that the words of the White Knight, "It's my own invention" must have a very alluring tinkle to others than that worthy horseman. Then, I suppose, many people like their reading matter strongly flavored with nothingness, just as in confectionery many incline toward gum-But it makes one understand why, in the economy of nature, it is well that a good many healthy people should spend some hours a day dressing and undressing-they might be writing books.
- In "Nickleby" the infant prodigy, child of stunting strong waters, must have been rather unpleasant; but compared to her metaphorical converse—what might have been, as a short story, a respectable frog puffed up by the ambition of its author into an illusive and highly explosive sort of ox—she was charming.

- In "The Black Curtain" we see, as through a bloomer-suit, darkly, the spirit of the Old Romance, thinly disguised, in an up-to-date ready-made vocabulary, as a woman of the times. The lack of sympathy which the author shows with the maleness of her hero and his fellows, seems to be characteristic rather of the hoop-skirt period than of modern womanhood. I think a man, proposing to the woman he loves, who should say, indicating his breast: "Amy, lay all your cares here. Let this be your shelter for evermore," we would suspect of using hair-oil in his toilet. Then the saving of the blind hero, from death by falling over a precipice, through the power of song, seems to have just that air of redfire and unreality about it that usually characterizes a similar incident in one of Lincoln Carter's productions—the lightning express, the real buzz-saw, etc. The hero, feeling his way with his stick, along the crumbling edge of (where he would never have gotten had his author taken proper care of him) a chasm, seems in his blindness to be endowed with the climbing faculties of a mountain goat, by the sound of the heroine's voice, who instead of throwing him a rope or something of that kind, stands in the circle of the lime-light, further up the mountain side, and renders selections from grand opera-a delightful situation for vaudeville!
- Following a custom of congenially environing my books, I have placed "The Black Curtain" on my shelves right next to "Children of the Abbey." This is a very brown and musty old novel published in 1812, which, I have heard, used vastly to move my great-grandmother. The heroine, whom you must imagine as an extremely slopey-shouldered young person, with a very oval face, a rosebud mouth, lowly drooping eyelids, and no nose at all to speak of, gets willfully and maliciously into all manner of difficulties for the mere carnal pleasure of getting out again; and regularly indicates the end of a chapter (twenty

minutes for refreshments) by bursting into "a shower of tears" or fainting and having to be carried out on a stretcher. On formal occasions she is known as Miss Fitz-something-which is certainly neat and appropriate, considering the circumstances-but she is generally spoken of as "the gentle and beauteous Amanda," which two adjectives comprise her entire verbal outfit for a long and difficult journey through four volumes. "The Black Curtain" and "Children of the Abbey" are much alike, excepting superficial details.

*"The Black Curtain." Flora Haines Loughhead. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.

THE

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THE MIRROR is published on the fifteenth of October, Novem-THE MIRROR is published on the internal of october, ber, December, February, March, April and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single

number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality

and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

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EDITORIALS.-

There has been a great deal of talk in school this year about the class game. While some are for it, others are strongly opposed to it. Every one can see the necessity of having other ball teams in school, beside the first team, especially among the under-classman, for if base-ball is not pretty generally played among them, developing them into good players, many times, as is the case this year there will be a dearth of good material for the regular team. class teams are all that are needed, but their chief object should be always simply and solely to turn out good players. As conducted heretofore, however, the class game cannot accomplish this object. The game is merely a free fight from beginning to end, and the class which has the greatest number of "scrappers" in its ranks, is usually the one that wins. Then too, in the class game, every player, and every bystander is really exposed to great danger. You may Pooh! Pooh! but still it is truly a marvel that last year some one was not injured by the cannon crackers which flew promiscuously through the air, and we prophesy that if there is another such game, somebody will get an eye put out, or a hand blown off. We certainly should have a good class game, to stimulate an interest in ball playing and to encourage the poorer players in the under classes, but why can it not be conducted in an orderly and gentlemanly manner like any other game of ball. Why can we not dispense with the free fights and with the expensive and dangerous fire-crackers.

There is a great danger to any one away at school or college, where the chief object of his attention is bound to be himself, of becoming so wrapt up in his own affairs, his studies, his athletics, and his school life generally that he forgets that there are other things going on in the world, which are just as interesting to people in general, as the fact that his

club is to give a concert the next week, or that he got a B+ on his last examination. Necessarily thinking so much of himself and his own work, he loses touch with that which is going on in the world about him, with the great events that are taking place every day, and soon comes to have a rather narrow view of life. But if there is one thing a person should do, it is to keep himself acquainted with the progress of the world; not alone to think about his school, but to keep track of the great movements that are going forward among the nations of the earth. The history that is being made today is far more important than that of past ages which we are studying so assiduously to the neglect of other things; and no man can claim to be educated and well informed, who does not know the history of his own times.

To get a fuller, broader view of life, and to keep in touch with current events, which is so necessary, there is nothing which would be of so great a help as a daily reading, a careful reading of some good newspaper. A portion of our time could nowhere be better spent than in our well-equipped reading room.

EXCHANGES.-

Whether a strong tendency towards indulging in a bachanalian orgy of indescriminate praise be the direct result on our critical faculty of early spring or her indirect result through improving our exchanges, we are not certain: editorially, in this department, we are not often tempted thus. The February issue of Ye Lit of Exeter seems to us rather the handsomest secondary-school publication we have ever seen, inside and out. Bigelow's first number of the "Classic Chats" series we read quite through, and found it pleasant reading, easily humorous and occasionally witty, after the general manner of Bangs. The funny and the vulgar are scarcely more widely

separated than the sublime and the ridiculous. Bigelow maintains his equalibrium on the fence, allowing a little for school slang, quite as well as Bangs does, perhaps. Then there are in the same number the two quatrains of Berzazus quoted below; which, in common with the long article mentioned previously, show a lack of dignity highly commendable.

The average young human, whether in pen-life or real-life, when he is very serious is apt to be red in the face and rather incoherent, while the average young human's literary organ or school journal is apt, if it amounts to anything more than an almanac of senseless personal hits, to have about it that atmosphere of strained dignity, degenerating into fathomless stupidity, which characterizes an infant Sunday-school class in the presence of the superintendent. If any part of our school writings are worth the paper they are printed on, nine-tenths of that part are neither tragic, amative, critical, nor philosophical, but humorous—Gillette-Burgesque, one might say;—however, the other tenth is worth striving for.

Something, if one be an editor, to cheer his sojourn in a strange land, to confirm his belief in the divine right of Editors, and to make him feel that editorship means more than just having one's name on the board, is the recent Editor's Number of the Amherst Lit. There is pretty good verse, (On An Old Piano and At Sunset, the best of it), good fiction (The Blunting of the Sword, particularly) and two excellent discriptive articles (Burges Johnson's Freshman Memories, the finest thing in the book) and localities worth a visit in the other departments, Editorials and Window Seat particularly.

Now for some general remarks about a common character in school and college verse—the enevitable *maiden*, whose only recommendations commonly are her skirts, symbolical of her exquisite feminimity, occasionally eked out with violet eyes, and crimson

lips (valuable perscription for a poem requiring a delicate soupcon of Harvard spirit.) In "The Plaint of the Shepard" from the Amherst Lit, the writer sings very pleasanty:

Glad in the sun of the afternoon
The flocks graze over the hill,
And the valley, all bathed in the golden light,
Lies beautiful, calm and still.
God's world is a rose-sweet paradise,
God's sky is a foam-capped sea,

---until---

But ah! for a maiden at my side
To wonder and gaze with me!

But ah, indeed, the inevitable maiden! She seems, this female, having girded up her loins in a deal of wishev-washey sentimentalism, to be meditating a march upon those fat meadow lands of amateur verse, long sacred to "Beautiful Snow" and "Spring." Snow is beautiful and Spring is nice, and without doubt there is nothing in God's world so fair as Love-and in the case of us who are the muse's youngest sons, surely our sincere appreciation of the sweet girl graduate and others of her kind will cover a multitude of poor verses—but there are other things than love in the world for making poetry of, and other kinds of love —as per witness of the excellent lullabyes and verses on friend-love one finds occasionally in college literature—than this calf-emotion so aboriginally characteristic of the fundamental animal.

The following criticism, relative to Kipling and clipped from one of our High School exchanges is humorous:

One class of stories which he has lately taken up, is not as creditable to him as the rest; namely, that class of stories dealing with college life at Oxford and Cambridge, or rather the pranks of the students there. These really have a bad influence, inciting other young fellows to similar acts, under the mistaken impression that it is smart.

The Sea-Mother.

Brine drips black from the green sea-weed. The round-backed rollers slip away. Phosphorous glows beneath the shore. Slowly the tide drops toward the day. Above the oily, slippery rocks, Where swash the waters, black and cold, Stands high a buttressed cliff of stone, Scarred by the sweep of age untold. The birds hide in the juniper, Under its gnarled and knotty spread. A man creeps, shaking, up the cliff. Two crows watch near above his head. Above his head they sit and nudge Each other with their wings; they see That e'er the day drives forth the night, They both shall feast most merrily. The shipwrecked man sinks down alone. The mariner's Death Stars sing. The crows, they nudge and snap their beaks, And each flaps loud a dusky wing. The sailor lifts his death-mask face, And sees the watchers on the tree. "Sea-Mother, thou who gave me life, Now I come back," he cries, "to thee."

He's gone. The crows sit still alone. The air is raw. The snow sinks grey. The Mother Sea laughs mightily. She has her child. Slow comes the day.

Max Savage, in the Harvard Monthly.

Dusk.

The maid sits by the spinning wheel,
With head bowed low in dreaming;
And looks not where the shadows steal
Or dusk's lone star is gleaming.

The tremulous wheel stirs into rest,—
Clasped lightly are her fingers,
And only in her swelling breast
A pulse of movement lingers.

Through casement dim a faint wind drifts,
Since morn asleep 'mid roses;
The yellow hair it lightly lifts
That on her cheek reposes.

A bird is singing far away,
Beyond the upland meadows,
One late clear song across the gray
And drowsy world of shadows.

Ah! vain the wind of twilight stirs, Sings thrush from distant cover: She hears not them, but moaning furs That darken o'er her lover.

And all unwatched the shadows steal, So fast her tears are gleaming,— Dear maid beside the spinning-wheel, With head bowed low in dreaming.

B. F. G., in Harvard Advocate.

A Ring.

She said the ring I gave to her Was not a perfect fit,
Ah fatal error! Now I've got
Another girl for it.

Love's Labour Lost.

I lost a button from my coat.

She said she'd do her best;
It took one hour, and then I found
She'd sewed it to my vest.

Berzazus, in Exeter Lit.

THE MONTH.

March 18. A team from Andover competes in the Interscholastic games held in Boston.

March 21. The Musical clubs gave their annual concert in the town hall.

March 22. A mass meeting held in chapel at which, after speeches from Stearns, Rogers and Murphy, about \$1900 was raised for a new athletic field.

March 25. The Andover Chess team plays a tournament with the M. I. T. team, which resulted in a tie.

March 28. Second term ends.

April 6. Third term begins. The Means prize speakers announced.

April 14. The seventh annual Philo-Forum debate held in the Academy Chapel. Decision rendered in favor of Forum.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.—

v'47.—George Ellery Clarke, Williams College 1851, died at Falmouth, Mass., December 12, 1898.

'49.—Joseph W. Smith of Andover, was one of the speakers at a service in memory of the lost fishermen of Gloucester.

'50.—William R. Plunkett is president of the Berkshire Life Insurance Co. of Pittsfield, Mass.

'55.—A bronze tablet in memory of Gen. William Cogswell has been placed in the Cadet armory in Salem. It bears this inscription: "To the memory of William Cogswell, 1838-1895, colonel 2nd Mass. Inf., brevet brigadier-general U. S. V., a faithful officer in the war which preserved the Union and destroyed slavery, his companions in arms of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States have here placed the tablet. Lex Regit, Arma Tuentur."

√'56.—Othniel Charles Marsh, since 1866 professor of Palaeontology and curator of the Peabody Geological Museum of Yale University, died of pneumonia at New Haven, March 18, 1899.

- '64.—DeForrest Richards in November was elected Governor of Wyoming.
- '73.—Dr. Flavel S. Thomas has compiled a dictionary, giving the meaning of University degrees.
- '79.—The President has appointed Hugh R. Belknap paymaster in the army. Mr. Belknap has served two terms in Congress and is the son of Gen. Belknap, former Secretary of War.
- '88.—Dr. Stuart Webster has opened an office at 100 State St., Chicago, Ill.
- '89.—Donald C. Haldeman has been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, a trustee of the State Lunatic Hospital.
- '89.—Henry C. Stetson has opened a law office in the Tremont building, Boston.
- '90.—Arthur G. Cummings has been chosen principal of the Hubbardston, Mass., High School.
- '90.—Carleton G. Smith is connected with the College Book Store at Williamstown.
- '91.—A. Ray Clark has been appointed clerk of the court of bankruptcy of Erie county, N. Y.
- '92.—Sherwood O. Dickerman has been elected tutor of Greek at Yale. For two years he has studied at the American school of classical studies at Athens, Greece.
- '92.—Thomas B. Hitchcock is studying the manufacture of woolens at the Lowell textile school. His address is 91 Mansion St., Lowell, Mass.
- '93.—Guy Ernest Stevens died of typhoid fever March 7, 1899, at Philadelphia, Pa. He was born at Scranton, graduated at Sheffield in '95, married Jan. 20, 1896 at Los Angeles, Cal., to Miss Maud Manderson McLean.
- '95.—Robert C. Merwin is president of the Merwin Brick Co. at Berlin, Conn., and secretary of the Central New England Brick Co., with offices at New Britain, Conn.

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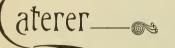
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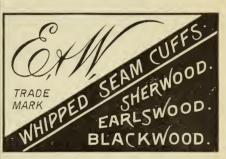
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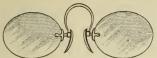
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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

Vol. VIII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 7.

The "New Romance" of Tkipling's Poetry.

FIRST MEANS PRIZE.

THE Romanticists and Idealists of the mid-century never dreamed that there could be any poetry of romance in that which was familiar and near at hand.

Their poets dealt with a far-distant, heroic world, through which King Arthur and Amadis, Charlemagne, Roland and the Cid, stalked with impossible strides to cope with mythical dragons. Their prose writers found no literary material in the conditions and aspects of life as it existed about them, but sought in the strange and extraordinary for tales to interest their readers.

Thus both poets and prose writers alike, used their talent to invent unreal, ideal men and women, instead of studying the great stream of human life which whirled and eddied about them on every side. From their imaginations issued those marvellous characters who were made to be what they were not, to do what they could not; from them came the blood-curdling novel through whose pages waded deep in gore, troops of mysterious bandits; from them came the novel with stately Grandisonian heroes, and for heroines, dummies of impossible sweetness; from them, the fashionable novel, filled with fanciful tales of high life and the society drawing room, and here,

"Our lips in derision we curl, Unless we are told how a duchess, Conversed with her cousin the earl."

Here Albert, who was never less than a count, addressed words of melting tenderness to his adored

Leonora or Angelina;—and, all this while the real material for literary art lay so close at hand! All this while living, breathing humanity called for a voice to speak of life as it is.

But the air of tiresome unreality over all the work of poets and novelists alike, wearied the public. Readers grew tired of the inconceivable, inconsistent characters and thirsted for realities. As this taste for the artificial and high-flown gave way before the desire for the real and the simple, there came a demand for realistic instead of romantic writers. This demand was inadequately met by the first prose writers of the realistic school, and it remained for a poet to show the "New Romance" in all its simple earnestness. This poet was Rudyard Kipling.

From the time of his first appearance ten years ago, Kipling has steadily disregarded all the orthodox poetical traditions, and has aimed always to draw a true and realistic picture of modern life in all its phases. Instead of celebrating the deeds of legendary warriors, Kipling tells us of the warriors of our own time, of the common British soldier, "dog-stealin"," "beer drinkin" Tommy Atkins, who is described for the first time in the "Barrack-Room Ballads." Here is the soldier with all his coarseness and natural blackguardism, softened and redeemed by many rugged virtues of generosity, endurance, heartiness and simplicity, and by unexpected gleams of tenderness Here too, for the first time we read of the perversities of the "commissariat camel," the joys of the "cell," the fascinations of the "loot," the fatigue and exhilaration of "route-marchin"." Or we catch the true spirit of soldier life from the "Widow at Windsor," or "Gunga Din," or "Mandalay." Here for the first time we see leaping through the stanzas of poetry the black warrior of the Soudan, henceforth immortalized as the Fuzzy-Wuzzy who broke a British square.

"E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn

For a regiment o' British Infantree.

So 'eres to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with Your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air— You big black boundin' beggar,—for You broke a British square!"

Critics may be aghast at the slang and the roughness of the barrack-room, but these pictures of soldier life, though often coarse and brutal, are far more truthful and genuine than the old style of high heroic verse.

And then there is introduced to us by the "New Romance of Kipling's Poetry," the British sailor. Through the pages of the "Seven Seas," blows the salty breath of the ocean, that ocean of which the British sailor is so enamored, that he can no more resist her awful fascinations, than Tommy Atkins can keep away from the army. He is just as human as Tommy, just as bad and just as good, and just as true to life.

And what is true of Kipling's soldiers and sailors is true of all his other men. They are hardy men, and they live natural lives. His incidents are incidents that may and do occur every day. His poems are not inspired by the unsure flickerings of a literary imagination. They are inspired by what he himself has seen, on Afghan battlefields and Vermont hill-sides, in Indian mess-rooms and on London streets.

This is the ideal of Realism. This is the high aim of the "New Romance."

"Each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as they are."

Alan Fox.

A Remedy for Pellow Journalism.

SECOND MEANS PRIZE.

THE expression, "yellow journalism," originated, I believe, from the picture of the "Yellow Kid" which a New York daily gave prominent and frequent place to in its paper and in flaring posters. The kid was exploited as a boy of the boys. The yellow of the kid was extended, in popular parlance, to the entire paper. And so the phrase "yellow journalism" became current.

Our plea against yellow journalism is that it sacrifices fact for sensation. It feeds a community on excitement. It is intrusive. It tramples upon personal rights. It violates the sanctities of the home. There is no privacy which it will not invade. It lies without compunction. Interviews are invented that never occurred. It hesitates not at any vicious exposure. It gloats over the worst exhibitions of human depravity. It revels in what is brutal and gives undue prominence to crime and indecency.

Such journalism cannot but corrupt the mind. It is a disease from which it is extremely hard to recover. It vitiates the atmosphere of thought and sentiment. It is a very cancer eating into the life of the press.

What a prostitution of the noble sphere of journalism! a source from which the masses take their opinions. It is justly claimed that "today the press competes with the pulpit as a teacher of morals; with fashion as a regulator of manners; with the courts of justice as a detector of crime; with institutions of learning as an educator; and that through its advertising department it is the mainstay of commerce."

Our indictment against yellow journalism convinces us that this is an era when some of the journals of our large cities are deteriorating. Of our large cities, I say, for yellow journalism seems more prevalent, more daring, more rampant in the larger than in the smaller cities. But, wherever it abounds, it is a plague spot and a nuisance.

Now, what is to be done about it? What remedy can we suggest for yellow journalism? Some believe in a censorship of the press. But such a means of repression is beset with obvious difficulties. It would be impracticable to conform journalism to a given standard. The attempt would lead to endless litigation and keep the reading public in a continual ferment.

But why might not journalistic responsibility be more definitely located? Let us remember in this connection that the greatest offenders are not the reporters, but the editors and managers of the yellow journals. Let there be less of impersonality. Let a given writer sign his name, or be otherwise identified. Let the man behind the journalistic gun be revealed and he will be more careful about his ammunition and his aim.

Again, let the higher type of journals emulate the business enterprise, the editorial ability and the cheapness of the yellow journal. One admires the cleverness, the versatility and the power to turn out work as shown by the editor of a New York yellow journal, who, when a general strike deprived him of his usual force of workers, vowed that his paper should appear on time, and was as good as his word. But it was ability abused.

It is related, and I believe trustworthily, that a New York paper, on the day of the last election for mayor in that city, printed two editions! the one on the supposition that one of the leading candidates would be elected, the other on the supposition that the other candidate would be successful. The instant the result was known, the paper was ready with its issue, and of course held the field against all competitors. Let the "white" journals equal the "yellow" in these respects and, further, let them be sold as cheaply. By such means, among others, a countertide to the yellow journal would be excited.

Again, if the demand for the yellow journal be

lessened, the abating of the supply will necessarily follow. We have in mind the fact that a yellow journal has been excluded from certain influential clubs in New York city. Such a move serves to set the pace for other associations and societies.

The question has been asked, "How long would yellow journals exist if the advertisements were taken out?" They would not be published! The patronage of merchants, then, sustains yellow journals. The moral is clear.

But before the demand is lessened there must be, and this, in a word, is the radical remedy for the evil of which we have been speaking, there must be a clarified popular taste that simply has no use for the yellow journal.

We have tried to describe yellow journalism, and have suggested several antidotes. Journalism at its best "is an estate of the realm; more powerful than any of the other estates; more powerful than all of them combined, if it could ever be brought to act as a united and concentrated whole. It furnishes the daily reading of the millions."

Let it be, as it may and ought to be, the leaven that shall leaven the popular mind and heart with what is true and pure and ennobling.

Henry Hamlin Stebbins, Jr.

as

Is the Exposition of a Moral Idea Desira= ble in Fiction?

THIRD MEANS PRIZE.

A LONE and barren Island may remain unnoticed, but when the fertile Isle is found, man's interest is directed towards it and he uses it. So fiction is not a dreary spot upon the world of letters; it stands forth in all the glory of a well established place. It demands our interest because it has earned it;—earned it, not only by its pleasure-giving power, but by its effect upon the mind and morals of man, and so upon the world at large.

Were the output of fiction meagre and but slightly read this discussion would be of little avail. Not so however, its hold is upon mankind and its grasp is a mighty one. Thus, it is an honest question that we ask ourselves, whether the exposition of a moral idea is a desirable one in fiction.

The abundance of fiction, the very cause that brings this question so prominently before us, argues that its influence must be something more than a neutral factor in the life of man. That it should be a hindrance to his highest manhood no one will affirm. Then there is left for it, what in true seriousness we must desire, to help man to the development of his best citizenship.

"All men are created equal." We believe it as a general truth in its civic and political aspects. But the mind of every man is different, and different minds incline to different pursuits in life and divers manners of looking at the world.

Slowly, persistently, bending over his work, the scientist searches and is rewarded.

Lightly skipping along the beach, the gay, careless child catches the bright gleam of a shell, and claims it as his own with a leap of joy.

Thoughtfully, with a sense of his growing manhood, a young man walks briskly along. He makes no studied search, no joyous leap. The hidden secrets and the bright gleams of the shell are there, but they stir no outward show. Only the moving of his soul gives testimony to what his eye has seen.

The Ethical Scientists are the men who delve in the secrets of the moral life and in the ways and means of bettering life. They strive to live their best in the face of all evil. Their minds are lofty and their hearts are pure. But they are human, subject as well to hindrance as to help.

The gay, thoughtless youth and the growing man are types of many. They will hardly search for moral truth. It must come to them, if it come at all,

in the lustre of something that attracts, in the form of something along their path of life.

Fiction is this something. It can and does invite. We call it light reading for pleasure and for rest,—hence its great volume. Here is shown one of the urgent needs for its high character. The mind in moments of recreation is, in a sense, off guard. It becomes more susceptible to certain influences, for most of us absorb better than we learn. This unconscious influence wielded over the reader, demands more than anything else that fiction holds in its hand, not only the vital truths of religion, but that which every man of sense believes in, the values of right living.

So mighty is this sway of power over the mind of the reader that, to a certain extent, the character of the people becomes the character of the fiction. No matter how much men may need the deeper works of profound truths, lighter material flows into the channels of their minds, and this lighter material, to fulfill its greatest mission, must have the qualities that the reader needs for a well rounded life.

And this gentle moral force need not detract from the pleasure of reading. It may be so interwoven into the very fibre of the story as to render it unseen until the whole is finished, and it has done its work. Its beauty then stands out. The enjoyment is even greater; for it is of a higher kind.

The mind receives every bit as much rest as when gorged with a meaningless yarn.

Moreover, it has a benefit in causing the mind to grow in quality and power of appreciation for the best, according to the strength of the story. This growth in quality will re-act in requiring higher standards, and the march of evolution goes on.

The nobler an author's ideals, the greater should be their expression in his writings, for the value of time demands that we read only the best.

Example is stronger than precept. The writings of Charles Dickens warrant all that has been said in favor of a moral idea in fiction. We abhor the low and reject the indifferent, but we praise that which has the merit of worth. The novels of Dickens have been the amusement and recreation of all people. Yet they have been positive in their influence for good. The wretched systems of training in the private schools of England by such monsters of brutality as Squeers, and child-murderers as Creakle have been abolished; many of the attendant evils of their barbarous methods have been lessened, and love for the youth at school has worked and reaped its reward. All this results from the influence of one man's writings. What more may we not expect if all novelists should follow this great example.

Wm. J. Colby.

Lines.

See! yon stream from mountain gushing,
Madly past those trees of fir;
Wildest music, shimmering, rushing
Onward to the valley, where
Lilies silvern, lilies golden
Plume their petals to and fro,
Which from Psyche's wings were moulden
By the gods, time, long ago.

Irvine Goddard.

The Other Balf-Rome.

I HAD read Esther's note over till I knew it by heart and my delight grew with every reading. What fun to spend a Sunday in Andover! "Isn't it fine, mamma?" I said over and over again.

"Yes, my dear," mamma would reply, "I am very glad that you are going to visit in such a famous old town, and I hope that you will be sure to see all the historic spots."

I said nothing, for I was not thinking so much of Andover's historic interest as of something else. I had lived all my life in a New England village where I could count all my boy acquaintances on one hand without using the thumb, and the idea of ever seeing plenty of boys was pleasant, to say the least. When we were at school together it always seemed to me that Esther took her blessings in a very matter-offact way, but of course I never said anything for fear she would think me frivolous. Perhaps Esther was frivolous inside too, but it certainly never came to the surface.

Well, at last the moment came when I descended from the train in the Andover station and for a few minutes my delight at seeing Esther kept me from noticing that the station in famous Andover did not look very different from that in my own native village, and there was not a boy in sight so far as I could tell.

At my request we put my suit-case in a hack and then walked. We had not gone far when we met several boys who took off their hats to Esther. "I suppose you know all the Phillips' boys," I remarked in an off-hand manner, and then experienced a distinct sense of disappointment when Esther said, "Dear me, no, I don't know one-twentieth of them." Esther certainly was a queer girl.

We walked on some distance after we had passed the boys, when Esther stopped to show me a place of note. While we were standing still, I heard the strains of a banjo vigorously played. "That's for your benefit, dear," said Esther, "you look so very fine in your new suit."

"What's for my benefit?" I asked blankly. Esther laughed. "I can't imagine any girl's not knowing every inflection in that—I can't call it time," and then she began to sing in a low tone:

"There she goes, there she goes, All dressed up in her Sunday clothes," I hardly understood even then, but Esther walked on down another street so I followed, asking no questions.

As we were sauntering along this street, I heard someone tapping on the window of a house opposite us. I stopped and looked over, remarking to Esther that I would wait till she found out what was wanted of her. Esther turned a distressed face upon me and said in a low but very imperative tone, "Come along, Ruth, quick! Don't you see those are some good-for-nothing boys?" Much abashed, I meekly followed, as Esther walked away in a haughty manner in order to show the boys, I suppose, that my turning around had been all a mistake.

For a few minutes I walked along with my eyes upon the ground, feeling that there might be some disadvantages in having so many boys around. When I raised my eyes it was to behold on the corner right in front of us a group of, it seemed to me, at least fifty boys, I looked appealingly at Esther.

"Must we pass all those?" I asked.

"I am afraid that we shall have to," was the reply; so I set my teeth and marched on. At our approach the boys began pushing one another to the side, with such remarks as "Get out of the way, can't you?" "Don't take up the whole sidewalk."

Esther walked along as if the boys were so many posts, but I could feel the blood surge up into my face, although I held my head high and tried to look like Esther. We had just passed through this terrifying group when one of its members asked audibly, "Who are those girls; do you know, fellows?" The answer I could not hear; I was thankful.

After this trying ordeal I felt rather limp, but I still kept up appearances to the best of my ability and talked calmly with Esther about some school friends, I had just heard from. Two boys were walking just behind us, but I had hardly noticed it until "Tut,

tut, tut," came from the other side of the street. Involuntarily I glanced across, but one look was enough, and I turned hastily to Esther with some remark or other, hoping that she had not seen that glance. Her cheeks were a shade redder than usual, I thought, but otherwise she gave no sign except to quicken her pace a trifle.

"Here we are!" she exclaimed some minutes later, and I was devoutly thankful, for I felt myself to be a disgrace to all my friends. Once in the house I sank into a chair with a sigh of relief and the remark, "Esther, if you love me, don't take me out of this house until you have given me a lesson on how to conduct myself in Andover streets, and oh, dear, the very idea of going to church tomorrow makes me shudder. Do begin my instruction immediately."

Esther laughed and proved herself such a good teacher that on my next visit to Andover I could defy those terrible boys to tell me from a born-and-bred Andover girl, and though I know it's frivolous, I may just as well admit that I often wish I were.

Ruth.

In the "botel de Chartres."

In the early years of the French Renaissance, Henri, Duc de Chartres, built a magnificent winter palace in Paris, on the Rue de la Dagarie, which was then the fashionable quarter for the nobility. It remained in the possession of his family until the outbreak of the Revolution, when Paris passed into the hands of the mob, and the rightful owners of the Hotel de Chartres were driven into English exile.

When affairs finally became more settled in France, this magnificent building, with many others, which had once been the pride and the homes of the élite of the nobility, was turned into a species of tenement. The splendid halls and salons were partitioned off and leased piecemeal to shopkeepers; the beautiful sleepiny apartments, with their many relics of past

grandeur, were rented as they stood to poverty-stricken gentlemen and families of the middle classes; in the stories above every conceivable occupation and trade belonging to the common people was carried on, while the spacious roof was hired by laundresses, who could have had no better ground on which to exercise their vocation. In fact, from the end of the Revolution until its destruction in 1876, this building was a constant thorn in the flesh of the Parisian *gendarmerie*. They never knew how many gambling dens were concealed among its hundreds of halls and passages; how many crimes were committed in the depths of its secret rooms and hidden closets.

One evening in August, 1875, a small party of Americans were walking slowly down the Rue de la Vagarie. They strolled along leisurely, looking in the shop windows, and talking quietly, until they arrived at the Hotel de Chartres, as it was still called. Here two of them turned in at the third door, while the others, after going on a little way, returned to the opposite side of the street, and after a careful survey of all the approaches, followed them. All four then ascended together to the fourth floor, where they knocked at a door, which, unlike its surroundings, was handsomely made in the latest fashion. This was opened by a smiling Frenchman, who immediately ushered them into a back room, small, but handsomely fitted up, and filled with a motly crowd of men of all classes. In short, the place was a typical gambling den.

The roulette wheel was arranged at one end of the room, while at the other wine was served to all who entered. Around the wheel men were to be seen in all stages of excitement. The boy who was staking his last gold piece rubbed shoulders with the hardened gambler, whose cold face showed neither gains nor losses, while behind the wheel the owner of the den, a little weazened old man, swept in the glit-

tering coins, or paid them out, with the same habitual smile. Now and then a man would leave the circle of betters and stagger to the door, leaving his last franc behind him, and sometimes one would enter with a gold piece or two, and be wise enough to leave after gaining a moderate amount.

Our Americans played on with the rest. o'clock struck and one by one the gamblers dropped off and silently disappeared, until at the half hour the room was empty save for the foreigners and a few Frenchmen who were vainly attempting by desperate play to win back the money which luck had torn from them during the evening. Three of the Americans had now ceased to take an active part in the play, and stood watching their companion, who, with flushed face and trembling hands, was raking in the gold pieces which the bank paid him at every turn of the wheel. The Frenchmen, with one or two exceptions, had also ceased to play, and were watching the young American with faces that seemed almost frightened. The bank was utterly impassive, and paid out its losses with stony face and steady hand. The little Frenchman's gains during the evening had been large, but he and the others who were watching knew alike that these could not last much longer before the tremendous drain which was now being put upon the bank. Red and Black, Black and Red flashed before the eyes and through the brain of Jack Fothergill, and he placed his money at random, but luck remained ever the same and whether the red or the black sustained his money and his hope, the wheel always stopped at the right place. The fumes of the hot wine he had taken made his head reel and the smoky air of the place nearly stifled him, but still he played on with the obstinacy of a man who rarely gambles. Already his friends had warned him that his luck would not, could not, last much longer. Uselessly they had urged him to be satisfied with gains which were then enormous. No, indeed;

Jack was too old a bird to be trapped so, and the wine had made him just stupid and obstinate enough to refuse to talk of any other plan than that of more play. They could go if they wanted to; he, Jack, knew a good thing when he saw it, and, if they chose to be obstinate, would join them later.

Seeing that it was useless to oppose him in his present condition, they finally consented to go, intending, as it afterwards transpired, to return shortly and take care of him on his way home. The three went out with rather anxious faces, but Jack continued to stake his gold pieces, paying little attention to their actions. Midnight passed, but his luck never changed, and at twenty-five minutes past the hour the bank broke. The few remaining gamblers left, and one by one the lights were turned out, while Jack gathered up his winnings and proposed to leave. The mass of coin was so heavy that he was obliged to ask the proprietor, who stood ruefully looking at him, for some kind of a bag in which to transport it. The latter replied that he could accommodate Monsieur easily enough, but that he was thinking whether it would be safe to travel the streets at such an hour, especially as Monsieur had a small sum of money upon his person. Jack, with customary American carelessness, merely remarked, "Nonsense!" and again desired that he would bring the bag without delay. The little Frenchman pattered off at once, and while he was gone Jack thought better of his resolution to take his departure, concluding finally to ask for accommodations for the remainder of the night. Consequently, when the proprietor returned, he said curtly that he had changed his mind and would stay until morning, if suitable lodgings could be found. The other, with many smiles and gesticulations, which contrasted strongly with his hitherto impassive demeanor, said that he would highly appreciate the honor of entertaining Monsieur in his humble apartments, did not sheer necessity demand

that he exact a niggardly payment for any accommodation. As it was, he could furnish an apartment which, though far from sumptuous, would, he felt sure, satisfy all Monsieur's needs for the night. Jack cut him short and told him to lead the way to the room he was talking about, whether it was small or sumptuous, free or expensive. So long as there was a bed to sleep on, it made little difference.

The old man led the way, up flights of stairs, the carved balusters of which were now chipped and mouldy, through passages and across halls, until at last they reached a door which he unlocked and opened, ushering Jack into a room of some size with a high ceiling decorated in mouldy fresco work, and walls hung with portraits which once had been the cherished heirlooms of a great family. They were of little value now, however, for nearly all had been grotesquely mutilated: St. Joseph had lost an eye, and most of the de Chartres ancestors were more or less cut and slashed. One picture, however, was whole and unhurt, save where age had blackened it. was the portrait of an Italian brigand, attired picturesquely in the fantastic garments attributed to his class, with a belt full of all sorts of pistols and daggers and a dark slouch hat pushed well up from his forehead. The face was dark and sinister and Jack shuddered a little as he noted it. The rest of the furnishings coresponded to the decorations. The bed was huge and partially draped with heavy tapestry which showed the ravages of time and vandalism, and hung from a great canopy that was almost grotesque.

The old man went out with a quiet "Bon soir, Monsieur," and left Jack alone with a lighted candle, which threw dancing, flickering shadows upon the scarred walls and ancient portraits. He took out his revolver and thrust it under the pillow; the next thing was to lock the door. Unfortunately upon trial he ascertained that the cumbrous lock which once had secured the door had been completely torn off. Jack was a

man of resources, however. He piled up a barricade of all the articles which he could easily carry to the door, and so arranged them that it would be impossible for any one to enter without making noise enough to wake him up. Then he went to the window and looked out. He could see dimly down into the street which he had left several hours before and it looked four stories down, at least.

The distance gave Jack a sudden shock, which affected him more than the ghastly influence of the place he was in. He could sould see that he was in a trap with his money, if there was anyone to take advantage of him. The window was near an angle in the wall and about six feet distant was a water conductor which probably ran down to the ground. An escape in that direction was not to be thought of, however, for the pipe was too far away to be reached.

He turned away and sat down on the bed, intending to keep awake during the remainder of the night. The wine he had drank so affected him, however, that he fell into a stupid doze. He did not fall asleep, but lay in a kind of torpor. His eyes fixed themselves upon the face of the Italian brigand, opposite the bed. He wondered whether that was an ancestor of de Chatres and would have laughed at the idea, if he had not been too lazy. Then he began to think of the painting, how effective it was. The hat came down a little too low, though.

Suddenly, his eyes became glassy with horror, and he could feel the hair rise on his head. The hat was moving!

Slowly, Slowly, he could almost *feel* it creep down over the picture's eyes. He lay rigid as a bar of steel, and now those piercing black eyes were covered with the pall which seemed to be dimming his mind. Down Down, down crept the hat, and concealed all the face except the lower chin. With a tremendous effort Jack broke the fetters that held him in a trance, and lay gasping, every nerve in his body unstrung. The

air seemed strangely close. He raised his head and brought it into contact with some heavy substance not an inch above it!

Like a flash he slid off the bed with not half an inch to spare and fell heavily on the floor. With difficulty he got to his feet and looked at the thing he had just escaped.

The canopy, which was solid and as much as a foot thick, now rested on the bed itself and had been propelled in its downward course by a huge screw let down through the ceiling above. Even now this was turning in its last evolutions and stopped as Jack watched.

He recoiled in horror and instinctively felt for his pistol. He had left it under his pillow! Even now he could hear stealthy steps in the hall, approaching the door. Jack Fothergill was counted a brave man by his friends, but at that sound he rushed madly to the window. He took hold of the sash and strained at it. It did not move!

The steps were at the door and he could hear the barricade being softly forced. Once again he tugged at the sash. It gave a little. Again he wrenched and this time it flew up. Like a flash he sprang out onto the sill and leaped blindly for the pipe he knew was there! He caught it with one hand and by a gigantic effort grasped hold and hung safely. Then hand under hand he commenced that terrible descent. Hand under hand, hand under hand he let himself down. The money in his pocket seemed to weigh a hundred pounds and several times his arms nearly gave way. Down, down, down he went. His arms would clutch no more and his senses reeled. Then a dense blackness came over his mind and he fell.

Jack never knew how he ever reached the ground alive. When he recovered consciousness he was in a

large room with high walls and two men in uniform standing over him. It was light out-side.

"L'Hotel de Chartres", he murmured.

The man who was bathing his head looked at the other.

"It burnt down last night," he said.

Arthur S. Wheeler, '98.

"The Flying Dutchman."

A MONG my acquaintances I number one Captain Sampson, an old sailor of Gloucester town. I don't think he ever rose above the rank of able-bodied seaman, but Gloucester has a way of calling every retired mariner "Cap'n," whether he has spent his entire life before the mast on a fishing schooner, or has stood upon the bridge of a trans-Atlantic liner.

The Captain had this pleasant trait: whenever he smoked his pipe, he told yarns of the sea, and he smoked whenever he was not eating or sleeping. When his pipe was filled with Perique he related tales of storms, of capture by savages, of shipwreck and of pirates. If, perchance, he was smoking medium, his tales savored of the grotesque, as, for instance, that one which related of the sea-serpent's swallowing a barrel of rum which had fallen overboard, and becoming so drunk that sailors, hearing him hiccough, thought that the end of the world was coming, and wasted their fresh water in a grand baptism all round. But a mild smoke produced stories of the wind, the ghostly superstitions with which a sailors' mind is filled. Whatever he smoked he told lies, but told them in such a matter-of-fact sing-song tone that you could almost make yourself think he believed them.

In point of stories he was like a gramophone—wind him up ever so little and he would go as long as you wished; but he was wound up with a pipe instead of a key.

I remember distinctly one of his yarns, which always impressed me as rather ingenious. He had taken me out sailing in his little cat-boat in which he had navigated the coast ever since his retirement from active service. When we were some miles from shore the wind fell off and we were becalmed. After trying for some time to whistle it back, the Captain drew his pipe from his mouth and knocked out the ashes of the pipeful on which he had been telling me how a ship on which he once was "turned turtle" in a storm. He, himself, being below at the time, had only saved himself by chopping a hole in the bottom and climbing through onto the outside. Now he put his hand into his right hip pocket, where he happened to have a bag of "mild," and refilled his pipe, poking it carefully into the bowl with his yellowed thumb.

"This ca'm puts me in mind of something that happened to me and my mate, Jim Hawkins, onct," he remarked, and looked expectantly at me.

This was the beginning of the usual formula. I was now expected to ask him to tell the story; he, as a matter of policy, must demur, then I must arge him and he would finally agree. After this was done he began:

"Onct upon a time when I was a young man, I was on a ship called the "Albert Smith" in the silk trade betwixt Boston and Hong Kong, around the Cape. One time, when we was about two weeks out from Hong Kong, we was beca'med 'way out of sight of land. Seven days and seven nights we lay there without a breath of wind, and I never was so tired of whistlin' in all my born days.

"We was beca'med on a Saturday and Saturday night a week later, me and my bunk-mate, Jim Hawkins, was on the watch, though it didn't seem as if there was any watch needed, 'cause why, we couldn't run into anything and anything couldn't run into us without no wind, so we thought. "Wal, about eleven o'clock, as we was sittin' on the deck, smokin' our pipes, just as you see me a doin' now, we thought we saw a kind of a thing comin' our way. I saw it first, and says I to Jim, 'Jim, wot's that light thing over there?' 'What light thing?' Then I pointed it out to him and says he, 'Thank the Lord, it be a steamer!' 'No,' I says, 'No, Jim Hawkins, that aint no steamer, nor nothin' else to thank the Lord about. That's the Flying Dutchman or I'm much mistaken.'

"All this time she was a-bearing down on us twoforty, and we could make out her lines pretty well by now. Sure enough, it was the Flying Dutchman, and it was coming like everything with all sails set and not a breath of wind stirring! It looked just like a hunk of white fog with a lot of lamps shinin' through it.

"Jim and me was scared blue, the more so because it was runnin' right at us, and, not having any breeze we couldn't get out of the way. But when it was only about twenty yard away it suddenly hove to, and, flyin' past our port rail, shot out in front of us and sailed on like thunder.

"But we wasn't, by no means, done with it yet, 'cause, first we knew, we was follerin' it, first slow, then faster and faster, till we was goin' as fast as the spook in front of us. Then the orful truth came over us—we was bein' took in tow by the Flyin' Dutchman! Jim and me was glued where we sat. We could neither move nor holler. We knew as well as any sailor man knows that the Dutchman'd pull us into eternity if he only got time. But we also knew that when Sunday mornin' came he'd have to disappear.

"Well, on he towed us for about two hours, and then it began to get a little light. Then we knew it was Sunday mornin' and I never was so thankful for Sunday before or since. "The Dutchman knew it too, and with a shriek and a hiss like stickin' hot iron into water, he sunk out of sight. Then Jim and me fell in each other's arms and fainted with joy and fright. When we came to, there was a regular gale a-blowin' and we was goin' at lightnin' speed.

"We told our story and the captain, who was a durned land-lubber, thought we was loony and put us in irons. But the crew swore they'd mutiny if he didn't let us go, so he had to. And we wasn't loony, 'cause there was a scorched place on our bows where the Dutchman's tow-line was made fast. And that story's as true as me and you 's sittin' in this boat."

And I think it was as true as any he told me.

C. T. Ryder.

MIRAGE.—

"Do you see that man over there?" asked my friend, the Judge, as he pointed out to me an old, bowed man standing on the other side of the court room. "Yes," I said, "is he a friend of yours!" "Not now, but he was formerly," answered my friend. "He graduated from college with honors in my class. In fact, he was called one of the brightest men in his class, though he doesn't look that way now—all because he started out wrong in his profession. I happened to know about the case, as I was the assistant counsel for the prosecution and through him lost my first case. Perhaps you would like to hear about it." Upon my answering in the affirmative, he told me the following story:

"Snell and I, for that is his name, graduated from college together, as I said, and likewise from the law school. He was always a very enterprising fellow with his own opinions, and no sooner did he leave the law school than he set up in business for himself, while I contented myself with going into the office of the state attorney. From the start he was very successful, and at length undertook to defend a

murderer, whom all the lawyers had given up as a hopeless case. It chanced that I had to assist the prosecution and I was not a little pleased to have so good an opportunity of beating Snell, for the case seemed to be ours without doubt.

"When finally the case was tried, the witnesses for the defence were first questioned, but to no purpose, as their testimony had little effect upon the case. Our witnesses were then called up and among them a young fellow named James Mayne, who had been the first to discover the murder. The first witness gave some very damaging testimony, and was about to sit down when Snell asked him how first he had learned of the murder. The man answered that Mayne had come to his house early one morning, with the news, and had asked his assistance in reviving the wounded man. Accordingly, with Mayne, he had rendered what assistance he could, but to no effect.

"Mayne was then called up and was asked how he first learned of the murder. 'I was going by the house,' he replied, 'when I heard outcries from within and soon after a man rushed out whom I should say was the prisoner.' 'You then went for aid, did you?' asked Snell. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I went to the nearest house and got a man to go back with me.' 'Was that man the first witness?' 'Yes, he was.'

"The third witness then took the stand and testified substantially the same. 'Did you find anything lying around when you got there?' Snell asked. 'Yes,' the man replied, 'we found a revolver with one cartridge shot off.' 'Were there any marks on the revolver?' 'Yes, the letters J. M. were scratched on the handle.'

"That will do, said Snell. I think you will see, Your Honor, that the real author of the crime is not the defendant. Here we have a man who says he saw the defendant leave the house soon after the murder and was the only one to see it. A

revolver was also found with the initials J. M. on it and one cartridge shot off. What stronger testimony is needed to prove who is guilty?' During his speech Mayne had sat like one overcome, either from astonishment or from guilt. Of course I was astounded, and when it came my turn to address the jury I had almost nothing to say. Things now began to look hopeless for Mayne, although I felt sure of his innocence. His face alone seemed almost to prove his guilt, but nevertheless he firmly denied the charge. The jury then retired and upon their return declared the first defendant discharged but poor Mayne guilty.

Soon after, in spite of all my efforts, Mayne was hanged. Life had but just left his body when Snell rushed upon the scene, crying out that Mayne was innocent. However, it was too late to save him. When Snell discovered the fact, for a moment he seemed prostrated, but with a great effort he explained the true state of affairs before the assembled people. "It was all my fault," he said, "I defended my man at the expense of an innocent one, as I saw that otherwise my client would surely be convicted, and now, too late, I see my mistake."

"This matter of defense was of course wholly unscrupulous unless there were real grounds for it, which was not true in the case of Mayne. Ever since then Snell has been without ambition and without success, apparently crushed by his first mistake."

E. W. Baker.

The Digamma.

PROFESSOR.

These many days have I with patience strong Observed your lessons poor, your efforts vain, But now your day of doom will dawn ere long, Unless this word to me you can explain.

PUPIL.

This word familiar is, I know it well; In early Greek, in epic poem or drama, Though strange it looks, I can its meaning tell, For now, I see, it once had a Digamma.

PROFESSOR.

A scholar thou, a sage, come to my heart,
I nevermore will rate thee for a dunce;
This ancient letter plays a wondrous part,
And he knows all, who fairly grasps this once.

W.I.A.N.

B00KS. ———

- * "Mistress Content Craddock"* by Anne Eliot Trumbull, is a charming little story of Puritan days. Mistress Content and her two love affairs form the greater part of the story, which, while it does not revel in exciting incident, nevertheless gives a pleasant account of life in the colonial days, and is told in a way which is convincing. The pretty Puritan girl adds to the stern virtues and high ideals of those early days, a broadness of mind and quickness of wit which is quite disconcerting to her worthy father.
- The gradual culmination in disappointment and discomfiture of the one lover—a young court dandy playing the ignoble part of spy upon the colonists, and the successful termination of the doubts and fears of the other—a friend and disciple of Roger Williams— in the apple-orchard when Mistress Content puts her pretty hand in his, is a fresh instance of triumphant virtue. There is a very obvious moral. A bit of color is added to the ascetic gray in the picturesque character of Salome, a mysterious lonely woman who lives outside the town and is the friend and confidante of Content.

 B.

*Mistress Content Craddock, by Anne Eliot Trumbull. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.25.

*The tremendous success achieved by Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" in France and England has caused no little literary commotion on this side of the ocean, also. It has given birth to a great deal of print in translations for reading, arrangements for

the stage, reviews of both, and finally even in claims for the authorship. The latest to come is a little green bound volume, published by Doubleday, McClure & Co., which contains "A Voyage to the Moon,"* the best known of the real Cyrano's works. The version given is a translation made in 1678 by a certain A. Lovell. The whole has been revised, annotated, and a short biographical introduction has been added by Curtis Hidden Page.

- & Considerable interest centres about the book. is not generally known that a Cyrano lived; the majority seem to think that he is but a created character. However, from the position he occupied in his time, it is certain that he did live, and he seems to be, even away from the glaring lime-light of the stage, the same mixture of poet, bully and hero. Aside from the interest regarding its author, it can be seen that Rostand drew many of his details from the "Voyage to the Moon"; he evidently knew the work well enough to seek circumstances and characteristics where he could get them at first hand. Moreover, it is claimed that Dean Swift, in the days when the terrible hue-and-cry of "Plagiarism" was not so easily roused, derived from it much of the inspiration for his Gulliver's Travels.
- With regard to the book as a piece of literature, it is hard to judge. It is amusing to see how Cyrano's fancy gallops away with him, lumbering over reason and literary propriety something as a highly indignant cow saddled by a tight-clinging Cyrano, might shamble off, regardless of fences, ditches or dignity; his fanciful easily degrades into the fantastical. All through there is none of the finer imagination or the biting sarcasm that distinguish all of Swift's works and have done the most to preserve them. The Frenchman seems of coarser grain: one who is too conceited over his efforts to reach far. And yet, consistently with the Cyrano we are acquainted with, he bravely battles against the prevailing blind ortho-

doxy of his time, preparing by his breaches a way for advance. But now, in these later days, all his philosophy seems so musty, so unseeing, so hopelessly restricted by the prevailing form of argumentative style that the reader struggles along only to finally succumb and leave the book. The day of the drudging disciple of Aristotle is past, and his greatest work is hidden because it is so near the foundation of philosophy.

However, in the end, we should consider from its associations and from its author's love of truth, there is value enough to place the "Voyage to the Moon" with the other literary curiosities.

B.

*"A Voyage to the Moon," by Cyrano de Bergerac. Doubleday, McClure & Co. \$.50.

- Of late publications, none enter more into the spirit of these hot June days of heralded dawns and lingering eves than "Tiverton Tales,"* by Alice Brown. One learns to anticipate this author's magazine work. Few writers of today have as keen an insight into old New England nature or greater familiarity with New England dialect.
- *"Tiverton has breezy upland roads and damp sweet valleys"—we lave at once in almost tangible sunshine and in the homely aroma of farmhouse door-yards. There is the same joy—joy distilled in sweat drops—which was ours for "A Summer in Arcady."
- In all there are twelve annals, of varying degrees of excellence. With the exception of "The Flat-Iron Lot," the style is fresh and vigorous. The author at times mars the perfect art of unconscious felicity by too apparent striving after effect; yet this will be endured for pleasure of such a thought as the following: "The day slipped over an unseen height and fell into a sheltered calm." The twelfth tale, which is also "l'envoi," bears some resemblance to Hawthorne's "Clippings with a

Chisel;" otherwise all the stories are characteristic of their author. One is well repaid for reading "Tiverton Tales."

'98.

*"Tiverton Tales," by Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50

- One of the latest authors to come before the reading public is Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. And Mrs. Peattie's latest book is "The Shape of Fear and Other Ghostly Tales;"* an attractive title, and one which leads us to look within. And doing so, we find thirteen original and ingenious stories, cleverly planned and well worked out.
- "The Shape of Fear," the first of the group, is not pleasing. It lacks the pathos which softens these others which deal with the town-side of life. In parts it comes a little too near coarseness. Still, it is clever in plot and told with a bright succinctness of style.
- For actual, straightforward "ghost stories," "On the Northern Ice" and "From the Loom of the Dead" are the best. The style of the latter is particularly good, for the story is told in "language so simple that even great scholars could find no simpler, and the children crawling on the floor can understand."
- "Their Dear Little Ghost," though somewhat weird, is sweetly pathetic. "A Child of the Rain" is pathetic, too, but much more pitiful.
- Thought" is the most horrible. The influences of the room were so strong for evil that everyone who stayed there—even the dear old grandmother—was seized with a terrible desire—"the desire to do an awful thing." "So they called it the Room of the Evil Thought. They could not account for it. They avoided the thought of it, being happy and healthy folk. But none entered it more. The door was locked."
- Several of the tales, such as "The Story of the Obstinate Corpse," have a grim humor of their own, while "The Grammatical Ghost" is quite humorous.

Since the days of Poe there have been but few literary ghost stories written—almost none which have become classic. Mrs. Peattie's stories are certainly literary; it remains to be seen whether they will be permanent.

The Shape of Ghostly Fear and Other Ghostly Tales by Mrs. Elia Peattie. Scribners, \$1.50.

When we read a novel we read it for the story or for the moral or both; but when we read history we want to know the facts, pure and simple, and just when and where they happened. The "History up to Date,"* by William A. Johnston, gives us the facts seemingly without prejudice; but, owing to a lack of maps of any description, we are somewhat lost in the confusion of words, where a very meagre drawing might clear up every point. In the attempt to make the history a succinct account of the war, the author has left out such accounts as the American troops singing on the eve of the battle of San Juan. While these are apparently insignificant events, still they show the spirit of the people and give the essence and spice to a history.

The book is well bound, beautifully printed, handsome in its simplicity and worthy of any library.

R. E.

"History up to Date." William A. Johnston. \$150. A. S. Barnes & Co. New York.



THE

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number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communica-tion between the undergraduate body and the alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the contributing board will be filled all the vacancies arising

from time to time on the Editorial staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of Phillips Andover Mirror, and all business communications to

> KIKBURN D. CLARK, Business Manager.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.

EDITORIALS.

"χαὶρετε υικῶμεν."

Let it be our first duty to present our sincerest congratulations to the base-ball team for their victory on the Exeter campus last Saturday; a victory all the more grateful since we were fighting on the enemy's territory, since, on account of its inexperience, the team was not expected to win, and since, now, we are fully revenged for our recent defeat on the track. During the whole spring each player has done hard, conscientious work of the kind that means victory in the long run, and they can feel that they have fully earned the applause in their honor. Besides the "Andover Spirit," that strange, evanescent, fleeting, spirit, of which we have heard so much in chapel, was stirred into external demonstration. It is true that the Exeter cheering was more spontaneous and more continuous than ours, but the spirit was willing, though the flesh was sorely tried by the awful, indenting hardness of the Exeter bleachers. Mr. Stearns deserves the greatest praise not only for developing a winning team from unpromising material, but also for the sportsmanlike spirit which he instilled into our nine. Andover might have passed over a defeat in thinking of this; she could not have deplored one as something lost. So how much more must we rejoice in a victory.

- Now that Andover is tied with Exeter in athletic contests, won or lost during this year—foot ball, no one's; track, Exeter's; base ball, ours—we look to the tennis men for a victory for themselves and the school next Wednesday.
- In this number we print an article written by one of the graduates from our sister-institution, Abbot Academy. It is interesting to get the ideas of some one who has a different point of view. Editorially, we do not agree with our fair contributor. How can it be possible for an average Fem. Sem. to dislike the languishing look, ay, even the whistle, of a dashing "Phillippian," as, we believe, they call us? By the inevitable law of barter and exchange, since we derive pleasure from admiring the Abbot Academy students (title stiff and formal as whale-bone for such pure maidenhood) as they trip, surpassing sweet, "in maiden meditation," from the Sunday chapel, they too must be repaid in the same coin. If, to follow the noble example of Cynthia and Reuben, the Fem. Sems. were not allowed their little constitutional around Davis Green or down town, they would quickly pine away to unhappy death. And what success would attend their field day, or ours either, were there not spectators to urge the competitors on

to broken records? But we are wandering—our

great thanks for the article.

Another debt of thanks, of longer standing, is due to Mr. George T. Eaton for preparing through the year a department, that has no small interest to the school and great value to the alumni. Mr. Eaton's name has not appeared at the head of Leaves from Phillips Ivy; therefore we extend our thanks to him through these editorials.

We announce the resignation from the MIRROR board of Jean Ross Irvine, chairman for the past

vear.

And now we take up the editorial pen for the last time, to present a brief retrospect of the year. We cannot presume to offer any criticism or to tell what we have done. Those who have read The Mirror already know, and those who do not, care nothing. To ourselves, if to no one else, this year has done much good. As we look back, all the minor defeats and crosses have sunken into gray oblivion, while the experience gained and the exhilaration of the hard work assure us that could the fellows know our advantages there would be a far greater number trying for the editorial board. And if, in writing, we have felt any inspiration of the divine spirit, any at all, even the least spark, who can ever count this year wasted?

We have kept each number small in order that the standard might be of the highest possible. Perhaps the editors have had a good many articles published, but editors are optimistic as regards their own work, and moreover, the year has been poor in a literary way. However, if conceit were not absolutely wanting in our nature, we could reprint quite a number of sweet nothings whispered into our editorial ear by the

exchange editors of other papers.

The present Mirror board intends to leave this year with a blaze that will help to guide future editors. A constitution is at present being drawn up with the help of one or two of the faculty, which will crystallize the precedents that have formerly ruled our actions, and introduce some new clauses that have been deemed wise. It is sad that the framers will not have the pleasure of seeing their wisdom immortalized in this number, since the constitution will be drafted and voted on after The Mirror goes to press.

We have also done our best toward next year's prosperity by electing the following editors: Emerson Woods Baker, 'oo; Charles Tripp Ryder, 'o1; Roland J. Dodd, '02; Fred Lewis Collins, '00. Fred Lewis Collins will act as business manager. There will be no managing editor elected until after the Christmas number is published. We can only hope that the sincere wishes of good-will and prosperity that we deeply feel will be realized. May they enjoy and love The Mirror as we have.

Mow we warn every fellow to enjoy these last few days at Andover. The Commencement week with all its vulgar hurry and fevered pleasure-seeking will pass with galloping haste. Luckily, there remain for such of us as have reached years of discretion sufficiently to try prelim. or final exams., a few days of quiet in which we can take our final leave. It is probably from these last days that we shall take a large share of our remembrance of Andover. May they be the purest and happiest of our lives. And, lastly,

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane, The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;

How oft hereafter, rising, shall she look

Through this same garden after me—in vain?

And when Thyself with shining fort shall pass Among the guests, Star-scattered on the grass, And in the joyous Errand reach the Spot

Where I made one-turn down an empty glass.

EXCHANGES.

After prayerful consideration we have selected the following poems from the indiscriminate, chaotic mass of paper, glue and ink which lies under our desk:

Passion-Tossed.

Women who love with the strength of your hearts, Women who hate, with the hate that lasts, By the blood that the step of the loved one starts, By the hope that the voice of the hated one blasts, Swear to this truth.

"Love such as ours can never die; It may change to hate, but it cannot die; For the mothers that bore us did not lie When they told us late, with their last faint sigh, That the love within us could not die.

"Hate such as ours will last forever, Mayhap forced back by that mighty lever,— The love of the one who we thought could never Bring back our hearts to love again.

"But be it love, or be it hate,
The tide runs strong,
A force that hurls our lives along,
Up to and past the huge flood-gate
That marks the end of pulsing life.
But not for such as us the strife,
Nay,—that goes on."

Cornelia Brownell Gould in Smith College Monthly.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

I come from the icy North, I come from the Boreal Pole,

From the land of the lashing hail. Borne in the boisterous North wind's flight, Far from Aurora's flashing light, Borne with my people the snow flakes white, With a fleecy cloud for a sail.

We struggled and strove, we fought with the heat, We humbled the pride of the sun, But my warriors bold, o'ercome in the fight, Whirling and drifting adown in their flight Covered the earth in her trembling fright: At last the heat has won.

Now back to the icy North, back to the Boreal Pole, To the land of the lashing hail.

Borne in my flight by a hurricane's might,

Back once more to the Northern Light,

Back to my people the snow flakes white

Soaring swiftly I sail.

Lawrenceville Lit.

THE PAST.

I said, "The Past it is dead,
I will bury it deep and still
With a tablet over its head—
'Of the dead one may speak no ill."

I dug deep down in the loam,
I sealed up the grave with prayer;
But the Past was the first one home,
And waited to greet me there.

Columbia Lit.

THE MONTH.-

May 8. Means competition.

May 10. Andover beaten by Amherst with a score of 14 to 4.

May 17. Inter-class meet won by 'oo.

May 20. Class game won by 'oo.

May 24. Andover-Exeter track meet won by Exeter.

May 27. Yale beat Andover with the score of 8 to 2.

June 1. Andover won from Lawrenceville, with a score of 7 to 2.

June 10. Andover won from Exeter with a score of 11 to 8.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.-

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., '73.

'36.—Frederick Smyth of Manchester, N. H., died at his winter residence, Hamilton, Bermuda, April 22, 1899. He was born in Candia, N. H., in 1819, and was four times Mayor of Manchester, twice Governor of the State, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition and had filled many positions of trust and responsibility. His picture hangs in the school hall.

'37.—Rev. Alexander Huntington Clapp died at his home in New York City April 27, 1899. Born at Worthington, Mass., in 1818; a graduate of Yale in 1842; a chaplain in the 10th Rhode Island Infantry in the Civil War; connected with the Congregational Home Missionary Society since 1865.

'39.—Died at Brookline, April 17, 1899, Hiram Orcutt, aged 84 years, an educator and author of national repute. He was a graduate of Dartmouth

College in 1842.

'45.—For thirty-two years Rev. Edwin A. Buck has been a church missionary of the Central Church in Fall River. He was a classmate of President Dwight at Yale. At a recent meeting it was voted that Rev. Edwin A. Buck is made missionary emeritus of Central Church with salary. Mr. Buck is now seventy-five years of age.

'59.—Rev. Dr. James G. Merrill, on the first Sunday in May, preached his farewell sermon at Scarboro, Me. He also ceases to be editor of the Christian Mirror of Portland and becomes dean of Fisk Uni-

versity, Nashville, Tenn.

'61.—Rev. James Brand, D. D., pastor of a Congregational Church in Oberlin, O., since 1873, died at his home April 11, 1899. He was color-sergeant in the 27th Infantry Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, and was awarded a gold medal for bravery in the battle of Gettysburg. He graduated at Yale in 1866, eminent alike in scholarship, literary ability, oratory and character.

'69.—Walter Davidson has been connected for twenty-five years with Barnard, Sumner & Co. of Worcester, and is Secretary of the Society of Antiquity of that city.

'69.—George R. Fessenden is a physician in Ashfield.

'73.—Frederic C. Van Duzer is the Honorable Secretary of the American Society in London and has lived abroad twenty-six years.

'80.—Walter F. Wilcox, Ph. D., for six years professor in Cornell University, has been appointed chief of the Statistical Bureau of the United States census for 1900.

'86.—Fritz E. Lovell is manager of the Eastern Township's Electric Co., St. Katherine's County, Quebec.

'92.—J. O. More has published a book entitled "Intercollegiate Athletic Calendar," containing records of all intercollegiate athletic contests since 1852, with photographs of all the athletic teams of the larger colleges.

'92.—Miss Mary Josephine Gregg of Denver, Col., was married March 25, 1899, to Lewis Rogers

Yeaman.

'93.—Edward Winslow Cross, Amherst, '97, a member of the Harvard Law School, died at Manchester, N. H., April 23, 1899. His father, Judge David Cross, was at Phillips in '35, and his brother, Rev. Allen E. Cross, in '82. He was well versed in Entomology.

'94.—Wiber C. Goodale is a member of the real estate firm of S. B. Goodale & Son, 6 West 24th

street, New York City.

'94.—Carl Rudolph Schultz and Miss Clara W. Shields were married April 26, 1899, at Canton, O.

'01.—Ernest Elwood Penley died of consumption April 17, 1899, at Dover, Me., aged 21 years.

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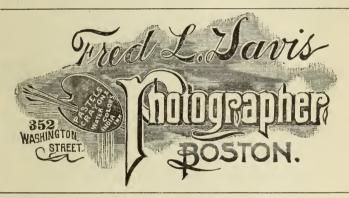
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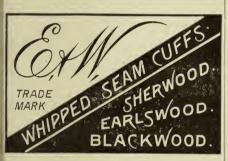
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The Languages.—Constance G. Alexender, A.B. (Radcliffe College), Max Benshimol. A.M. (Harvard University), George N. Henning, A.M. (Harvard University), Charles H. Rieber, A.B. (University of California), Hollis Webster, A.M. (Harvard University.)

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